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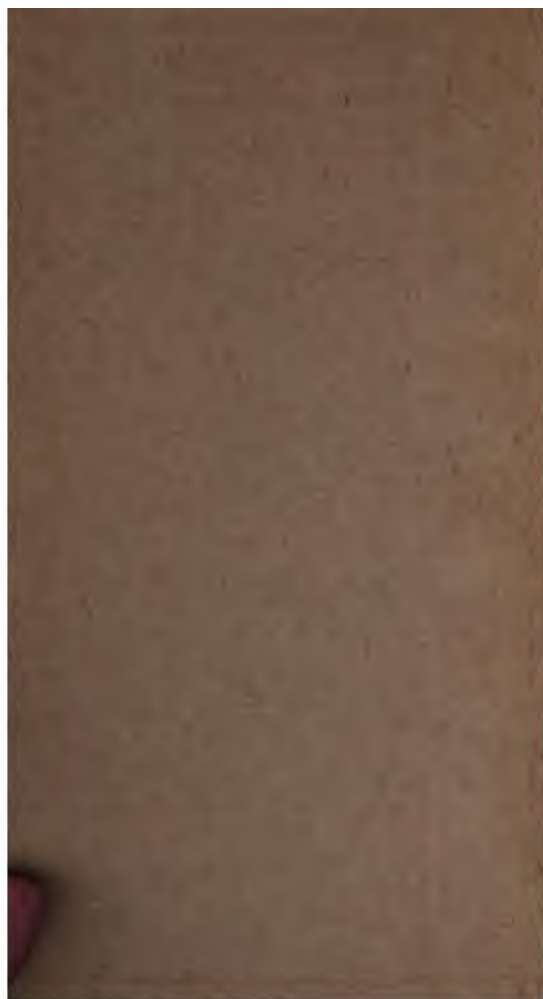
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*Robert Lenox!*  
NEW YORK.

May 1958

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HISTORICAL ACCOUNT  
OF THE MOST CELEBRATED  
VOYAGES,  
TRAVELS, AND DISCOVERIES,  
FROM THE  
TIME OF COLUMBUS  
TO THE  
PRESENT PERIOD.

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*"Non spēs inde tulit collatū sedula fœci."* Ovid

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By WILLIAM MAVOR, LL.D.

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VOL. XVI.

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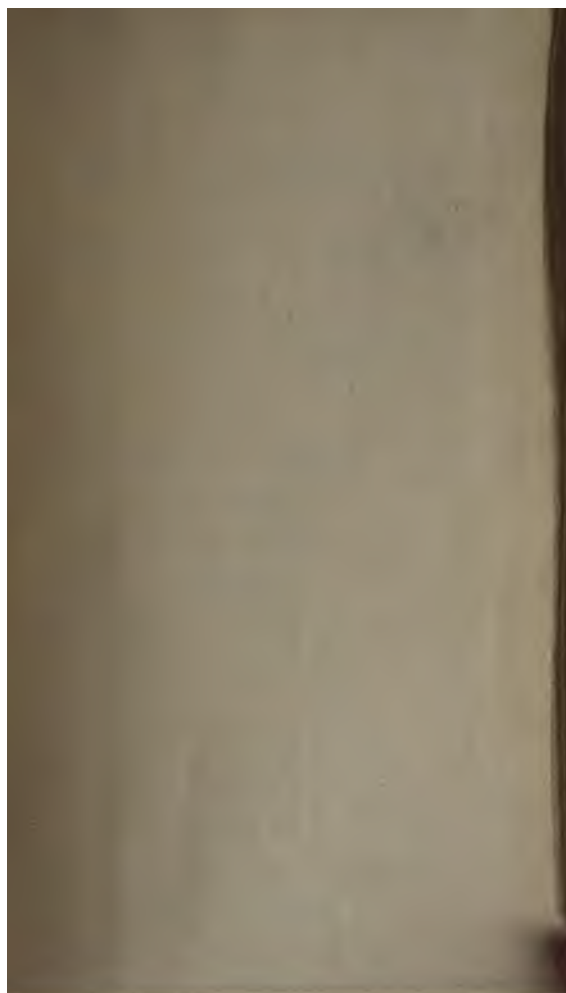
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TOUR THROUGH  
*SICILY AND MALTA,*

IN 1770, BY

P. BRYDONE, Esq. F.R.S.

---

THIS interesting tour, which unites animated descriptions of places with just and philosophical remarks on men and manners, was originally published in the epistolary form, and addressed to William Beckford, of Somerly in Suffolk, Esq. To abridge such a work, and to preserve its spirit, is a difficult task. There is a freedom and variety in letters, which will ill bear the trammels of regular history.

Being at Naples \*, in May 1770, our author, in company with Messrs. Fullerton and Glover, formed the plan of visiting Sicily, a country little known to scientific travellers, and therefore presenting a wide field for novelty and observation. After waiting some days for a favourable wind, at last they embarked on the 15th of May, and in

\* Mr. Brydone gives a very unfavourable account of the climate of Naples, particularly when the sirocco, or south-east wind blows. This wind is extremely relaxing, and brings on such a degree of lassitude, that neither body nor mind can perform their usual functions. Even the natives do not suffer less than strangers from its baleful effects, which are almost sufficient to extinguish every passion for the time.

have given of it; but he owns that he saw it in a calm, and therefore was incompetent to judge of its sublime effects, when agitated by a storm.

As soon as the ship entered the current, they were carried along with great velocity towards Messina, which lies twelve miles from the entrance of the straights. The approach to Messina is the finest that can be imagined; it is less grand indeed than that of Naples, but it is much more attractive. The key is very beautiful: it is built in the form of a crescent, and surrounded by a range of magnificent structures, four stories high, and exactly uniform, for the space of an Italian mile. The street between these and the sea is one hundred feet wide, and forms one of the most delightful walks in the world. It enjoys the freest air, and commands the most charming prospect imaginable.

They cast anchor in this enchanting port on the afternoon of the 18th, but the felicity they expected immediately to taste on landing, was soon damped, by the discovery, that an unfortunate omission had been made of the name of one of their servants in the bills of health. Had this been detected, they would have been obliged to perform a long quarantine; but by shutting the poor fellow up till the health officers were gone, they escaped this unpleasant ceremony.

Having got on shore, they took up their lodging at one of the first inns in Messina, though they found it a very wretched place. However, after sea-sickness and tossing on the waves, any house appeared a palace, and any dry land a paradise.

*The harbour of Messina is formed by a small promontory, or neck of land, that runs off from the east end of that city, and separates this basin*  
from

The whole island of Strombolo is a mountain, that rises suddenly from the sea. It is about ten miles in circumference; and its crater is absolutely inaccessible. In clear weather it is discoverable at the distance of twenty-five leagues, so that its visible horizon cannot be less than five hundred miles, which requires a very considerable elevation; and in fact some say that it is higher than Vesuvius.

The island of Lipari, from which all the rest take their name, is by far the largest, as well as the most fertile. By the description of Aristotle, it appears that it was in his time what Strombolo is in ours, the constant lighthouse of mariners, as its fires were never extinguished.

On the 19th, they were pretty close to the coast of Sicily, which is low, but finely variegated. The opposite shore of Calabria is high and covered with the finest verdure. It was almost calm, so that they had time to get a complete view of the famous rock of Scylla on the Calabrian side, Cape Pylorus on the Sicilian, and the celebrated straits of the Faro, that run between them. At the distance of some miles they heard the roaring of the current, like the noise of some large impetuous river, confined within its narrow banks. This increased in proportion as they advanced, till they saw the water in many places raised to a considerable height, and forming large eddies or whirlpools.

When the weather is calm, there is little danger; but when the waves meet with this violent current, it makes a dreadful sea, in which ships are frequently wrecked. Our author, however, does not think that this place comes up to the formidable description which the ancients have

appearance. He was carried through the with vast ceremony, and received the homage of the public with a becoming dignity; after he was again lodged in his chapel, where he performs a number of miracles, to those who bring plenty of money and faith to spare.

His ministers, however, a set of greasy capuchins did not seem to have enriched themselves in his service. St. Benedict, who does not pretend to his sanctity, keeps his servants in far better plight.

The devotees continued to dance in soft Sicilian measures till after sun-set, when they retired. Many of the country girls were extremely handsome, and all, being in their holiday clothes made a good appearance.

One part of the ceremony had a grand effect. About two thousand small iron cannon, not more than six inches long, were planted in a triple row before the church, and rammed to the muzzle with powder. A train being laid between them, they went off so quick, that that the ear could not separate the reports, which were re-echoed for

thinks, as the climate is also very favourable, no situation is better adapted than this for valetudinarians, who annually leave England with the swallows, in search of warmer regions.

On the 21st, they paid a visit of ceremony to the prince of Villa Franca, who received them with politeness, and offered them the use of his carriages. They observed that they were obliged to leave Messina the following day, and only requested his protection on their journey, which he readily promised, together with mules and guards. He added, that they might entirely rely on those guards whom he should assign them, as they were men of determined resolution and approved fidelity.

The men, whom the prince so highly extolled, are, however, the most daring and hardened villains on the face of the earth, and in any other country, would be brought to condign punishment; but here they are publicly protected, and universally feared and respected. As they are certainly faithful to their engagements, though, in other respects, the most infamous banditti, the prince of Villa Franca has found it for his interest to patronise them, to dress them in his livery, and to treat them with unbounded confidence, which it does not appear they have ever abused.

In fact, they have high and romantic notions of honour, and in respect to each other, and to those, to whom they have once pledged their faith, they are just and firm, however criminal they may be with regard to society in general; for they are the most determined robbers, and the terror of the whole country.

Such of the number as have enlisted themselves in the service of society, are known and respected all over the island; and the persons of  
those

those they accompany are ever he  
this reason, most travellers hire a  
from town to town; and in this  
not only safe from danger, but in

Mr. Brydone says, except the ha  
na, there is little worth notice in t  
of the churches are handsome, and  
tolerable paintings; but in gener  
art are not very remarkable.

In this vicinity, however, one  
traordinary phenomena in the wor  
observed. Both the ancients and  
remarked, that in the heat of sun  
sea and air have been much agitate  
and a perfect calm succeeds, there  
the dawn, in that part of the he  
straights, a great variety of singu  
at rest, and others in rapid motion  
toms, in proportion as the light in  
become more aërial; till at last, b



the mountains are highly cultivated, and present the most agreeable aspects. Corn, wine, oil, and silk, are produced in great abundance. The roads are lined with flowering shrubs, and many of the inclosures are hedged with the Indian-fig, or prickly pear.

The road from Messina to Giardini is extremely romantic. It lies entirely along the coast, and commands the view of Calabria and the intervening strait, covered with vessels of various descriptions.

In this route they passed the mountain of Neptune, celebrated for a gulph, or crater, on its summit, from whence, at particular times, issues a piercing cold wind with such violence, that it is difficult to approach it.

Taurominum, once so famous, is reduced to an insignificant burgh; yet its remains of antiquity still evince its former magnificence. The theatre is accounted the largest in the world, and is sufficiently entire to give a pretty correct idea of its parts and vast extent. The seats front Mount Etna, which makes a glorious appearance from this spot. Its ascent is computed at thirty miles on each side, and the circumference of its base at one hundred and fifty.

After viewing the theatre of Taurominum, they went to examine the Naumachia, and the reservoirs for supplying it with water. About one hundred and fifty paces of one side of the wall of the Naumachia remain; but its original dimensions cannot be ascertained. There are four reservoirs to fill it, one almost entire, and all upon a very grand scale.

Having slept at Giardini, at the foot of Mount Etna, they set out early in the morning to ascend the

that celebrated volcano. About half a mile from the commencement of the first region of Etna, they came to the statue of a saint, erected to prevent the lava from running up the mountain of Taurominum, which the country people think it must have done, but for the interposition of the saint.

Leaving the Catania road on the left, they began to ascend the mountain, in order to visit the celebrated tree, known by the name of the Chestnut Tree of an hundred Horse, which for some centuries has been regarded as one of the greatest wonders of Etna.

As they advanced in the first region of Etna, they observed that there had been eruptions all over that track, though so far distant from the summit or principal crater. On their way to the village of Piedmonte, they noticed several very considerable craters, and stones of a large size, which had issued from them, scattered round.

Though the distance from Giardini to Piedmonte is only ten miles, so bad were the roads, that they were nearly four hours in travelling it. An aqueduct, which supplies the last-mentioned place with water, was their guide for five miles. At the end of this, the ascent became much more rapid, till they arrived at the beginning of the second region of Etna, called La Regione Sylvana by the natives; because it is composed of one vast forest that extends all round the mountain.

Part of this sylvan track was destroyed in 1755, by a torrent of boiling water, which issued, as it is imagined, from the great crater of the mountain; and in an instant poured down to its base, *overwhelming* and ruining every thing that lay in *its course*. The same kind of torrent, in the last century,

century, swept away five hundred persons, who were marching in procession, at the foot of the mountain, to implore the mediation of St. Januarius.

Near this place they passed through some beautiful woods of cork and evergreen oak, growing out of the lava; and proceeding about five miles farther, they came to the chestnut tree already mentioned, which, in the old maps of Sicily, always makes a conspicuous figure. Mr. Brydone says he was rather disappointed; as it appeared rather a cluster of five trees, growing together, than one single root; however, he was assured that they were all once united in the same stem, and that in days of old it was regarded as the beauty of the forest, and visited from all quarters. It measured no less than two hundred and four feet in circumference; and if, as it is pretended, it was formerly one trunk, it must, indeed, have been a wonderful phenomenon in the vegetable kingdom. There are many other trees in this vicinity of extraordinary magnitude. Our author measured one which rose in a solid trunk to a considerable height, that was not less than seventy-six feet in circumference, at two feet from the ground.

The climate here was more temperate than in the first region of Etna, and the barometer had fallen to 26 deg.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  min. which indicated an elevation of very near four thousand feet.

They dined in the ruins of a house in the inside of the great chestnut tree, with an excellent appetite; and being convinced that it was in vain to attempt to reach the top of the mountain in that direction, they began to descend; and after a fatiguing journey over old lava, they arrive

arrived about sun-set in a fertile spot at Jaci, Reale, where they took up their lodgings in a convent of Dominicans.

The first lava they passed in their way thither, was not less than six or seven miles broad. It had run into the sea, and driven back the waves for upwards of a mile; and had formed a large black promontory, where it was deep water before. From appearances, this seemed to have been thrown out in a recent eruption; but on referring to Seignior Recupero, the historiographer of Etna, it appeared to be the very lava that burst from Etna in the time of the second Punic war, as recorded by Diodorus Siculus.

In the lowest part of the region of Etna, the harvest was already over; but in the upper parts of the same region, near the confines of the woody track, it was not nearly ripe. The reapers, as they went along, abused them from all quarters, with extraordinary fluency. This rude custom of the Sicilians has been mentioned by Horace.

In their way they passed the source of the famous cold river, celebrated by the poets in the fable of Acis and Galatea. It was here that Acis was supposed to have been killed by Polyphemus; and that the gods, out of compassion, transformed him into this river, which rises at once out of the earth, a copious stream. It is so cold, and probably so much impregnated with vitriol, that it is reckoned dangerous to drink it; and cattle have often been killed by it.

A little to the east of the river Acis, is the *mouth of the Alcantara*, one of the most considerable rivers in the island. It takes its rise on the *north side of Etna*, and defines its boundary for  
about

sixty miles. Its course has, in many places, interrupted by the lava.

city of Jaci, or Aci, and indeed all the on this coast, are founded on immense of lava, piled one on another, in some places amazing height. Many of the places on ore still retain their ancient names, but the tes which the classics give them are no

n Jaci to Catania their road lay over lava, nsequently was very fatiguing. Within a iles of the last-named place, they counted mountains formed by eruption, with each nguished crater. Some of these are very nd of great compass.

ome little distance from the shore, are three of lava, which Pliny takes frequent notice l calls them the Three Cyclops. It is pret- ular, that they still retain the same name.

fate of Catania has been very remarkable, ll even appear fabulous. It is situated im- tely at the foot of this great volcano, and en several times destroyed by it. It would have been extraordinary had it escaped; at signalizes it most, it was always in great of a port, till by an eruption in the six- century, what was denied by nature it re- from the generosity of the mountain. A

of lava running into the sea, formed a which no expence could have supplied. answered for some time the purpose of a d commodious harbour, till, by a suble- eruption, it was entirely filled up and de- l. For the benefit of the port, the Canta- think themselves indebted to St. Agatha; hen it was destroyed, they confessed they  
 . XVI, C had



had given just cause of offence to that saint, whole veil they preserve, and imagine it capable of performing many miracles. Indeed, every thing that has touched this piece of sacred attire, is supposed to be impregnated with some extraordinary qualities. Thus there are numerous little bits of cotton and linen fixed to the veil, which, after the bishop's benediction, acquire a reputed power to save a person's house or garden; and whenever this expedient fails, it is ascribed to the want of faith in the devotee, rather than want of efficacy in the veil.

On their arrival at Catania, they were amazed to find, that, in such a noble and beautiful city, there was no such thing as an inn. By the assistance, however, of Canonico Recuperò, to whom they carried letters of introduction, they soon procured comfortable lodgings in a convent. The prince of Biscaris, governor of the place; on whom they waited, soon after returned their visit, and made them many obliging offers.

Seignior Recuperò, who has written the history of the mountain, acted as their Cicerone. He confessed that he was embarrassed in his enquiries, by the Mosaic date of the creation; for that it required two thousand years or upwards to form a scanty bed of soil on a surface of lava; and that a pit had been sunk to a great depth near Jaci, in which they pierced seven strata of lava, each covered with a thick bed of rich earth; consequently, reasoning from analogy, the lowest must have flowed from the mountain fourteen thousand years ago. He owned, that he could *not, in conscience*, make his mountain so young as *Moses* made the world; and that his bishop, *who is a good Catholic*, warned him to be on his

did not pretend to be a better natural than that prophet.

26th they went to see the house and of the prince of Biscaris, which is rich in antiques; and what enhanced the gem to the possessor, they were chiefly to light by the prince himself. He had out of the ancient theatre of Catania, edible expence; but happily his pains were repaid by the number and variety of objects he had discovered. It is impossible to enumerate them, as they embrace a wide variety of ancient treasures.

Since behaved with the most engaging civility to our travellers, and his own manners were more attractive than all the curiosities he

one afternoon they went in company to Supero, to visit a splendid building at a distance from the town, which appeared more like a royal palace than a convent of benevolent monks, which in fact it was. These families possessed no less than fifteen thousand acres of land; and seemed determined to make a paradise in this world, however they might be in the next.

Lessons of humility, temperance, and mortification, received and entertained their visitors with civility and politeness, and even with attention. Their museum deserved notice.

The garden was the greatest curiosity; situated on the surface of the rugged and barren rock, it is distinguished for neatness and beauty. The walks are broad and paved with marble, and the trees and hedges, though cut into

a number of fantastic forms, thrive extremely on the artificial bed of earth.

The church belonging to this convent, would be a noble pile, were the whole plan executed; but being founded on the surface of the porous and brittle lava, several of the arches have given way before more than a fifth of the edifice is completed. The organ is particularly grand.

Our travellers next went to examine where the lava had scaled the city walls. The walls are near sixty feet high, and of great strength, or they could not have resisted the torrent, which, accumulating at the bottom, instantly mounted over the top, and carried every thing along with irresistible violence. In its destructive course it covered up some fair fountains; one of which was so much esteemed, that the inhabitants pierced through the lava to recover their favourite spring.

Catania, notwithstanding its dangerous situation, is looked upon as one of the most ancient cities in the island. Some of the Sicilian writers pretend that it was built by Deucalion and Pyrrha, as soon as the waters subsided. It is now reckoned the third city in the kingdom, though since the fatal pestilence in Messina, it may justly be considered as the second. It contains upwards of thirty-thousand inhabitants; and is the seat of an university and a bishopric. The bishop's revenues chiefly arise from the sale of snow on Mount Etna, one small portion of which, lying on the north, is said to bring him in one thousand pounds annually.

*It should be observed, that ice and snow are universally used in Sicily by all ranks; and Etna not only supplies that island, but likewise Malta*  
and



miracles, like the heathen gods of old. The walls of the temples are covered with the vows of pilgrims, as they were formerly. The holy water is again revered and sprinkled about with the same devotion as in the time of Paganism. The same incense is burnt by priests, arrayed in the same manner, with the same grimaces and genuflections. In short, so nearly do the rites coincide, that were the Pagan high priest to come back and reassume his functions, he would only have to learn a few new names and a few prayers, which would be easy to him, as they are in a language he would understand; while his modern successors only repeat them by rote\*.

On the 27th of May, at day-break, they set off to visit Mount Etna, that venerable and respectable father of mountains. His base and his immense declivities are covered over with a numerous progeny of his own; for every great eruption produces a new mountain.

Etna, as has been previously observed, is divided into three distinct regions; the Fertile Region; the Woody Region; and the Barren Region. These three are as distinct, both in climate and productions, as the three zones of the earth; and might, with propriety, have been styled the torrid, temperate, and frigid regions. The first surrounds the mountain, and constitutes the most

\* Even the sensible Catholics themselves cannot help seeing and ridiculing the superstition of their rites. As Huet, one day, was passing the statue of Jupiter, in the Capitol at Rome, he pulled off his hat and made him a bow. A Jacobite gentleman, who had fled from his country, observing it, asked why he paid so much respect to that old gentleman: For the same reason, replied Huet, that you pay so much to the pretender; because there is a probability that his time will come round again.

ile country in the world, on all sides of it, to extent of about fourteen or fifteen miles, ere the woody region begins. It is composed soft entirely of lava, which, after a number of s, is at last converted into the most fertile of s.

At Catania the harvest was over, and the heats soft insupportable; while at Nicolosi, twelve es up the mountain, the corn was yet green, l the climate temperate. The fruit of this ren is reckoned the finest in Sicily, particularly figs, of which they have a great variety. One these, of a very large size and superior flavour, pretended to be peculiar to Etna.

The lavas, which form this region of the moun- n, take their rise from an infinite number of most beautiful little hills, which are every ere scattered on the immense declivity. They all of a regular figure, either conical or he- spherical, and are generally clothed with trees d the richest verdure. Every eruption gene- ly forms one of those hills.

As the great crater of Etna itself is raised to ch an enormous height above the lower regions the mountain, it is not possible that the inter- l fire, raging for a vent, even round the base, d probably below it, should be carried upright the height of twelve or thirteen thousand feet, e computed elevation of the summit. It has, erefore, generally happened that, after shaking e mountain and its vicinity for some time, it at t bursts open its side; and this is denominated eruption.

At first it sends forth only a thick smoke and owers of ashes, that lay waste the adjacent coun- y: these are followed by red-hot stones and  
rocks

rocks of a great size, thrown up to an immense height in the air. The fall of these stones, together with the quantity of ashes discharged at the same time, at last form a spherical or conical mountain. Sometimes this process is finished in a few days; and sometimes it lasts for months, as happened in the great eruption of 1669, when a mountain, upwards of seven or eight miles in circumference, and one thousand feet perpendicular height, was raised.

After the new mountain is formed, the lava generally bursts out from the lower side, and bearing every thing before it, for the most part terminates in the sea. However, the volcano sometimes discharges stones and ashes from its crater without forming any new mountain, but only increasing the height of some old one; till at last the lava, rising near the summit, bursts the side of the crater, and the eruption is at once declared.

Recupero assured our author, that he saw, in an eruption of Etna, large rocks of fire discharged to the height of some thousand feet, with a noise more terrible than the loudest thunder. He measured from the time of their greatest elevation to their reaching the ground, and found it took up the space of twenty-two seconds, which, according to the usual rule of computing descents, must give a height of more than seven thousand feet. This requires a force of projection beyond what natural powers give us any conception of.

Their landlord at Nicolosi gave them an account of the singular fate of the beautiful country near Hybla, at no great distance. It was so celebrated for its fertility, and particularly for its honey, that it was called Mel Passi, till it was  
overwhelm

verwhelmed by the lava of Etna, when, by a pun, its name was changed to Mal Passi. In a subsequent eruption, by a shower of ashes from the mountain, it soon recovered its ancient beauty and fertility; but in the unfortunate era of 1669, it was again deluged by an ocean of fire, which reduced it to the most wretched sterility. However, the lava, in its course over this fine country, left several little hillocks, or islands, which appear in all the bloom of luxuriant vegetation; and, contrasted with the large fields of black and rugged lava, have a romantic effect.

Mr. Brydone visited Monpelieri, which is of a spherical shape, and perfectly regular on every side. Its perpendicular elevation does not exceed three hundred feet, and its whole surface is covered with the richest profusion of fruits and flowers. Its crater is as exactly hollowed out as the best made bowl, and may be about a mile in circumference.

This beautiful mountain was formed by the first eruption that destroyed Mel Passi, which buried a great number of villages and country houses; and particularly two noble churches, more lamented than all the rest, because they contained some statues of great celebrity. Many ineffectual attempts have been made to recover them, as the spot on which the churches stood could never be exactly ascertained. Indeed it is impossible it should; for these churches being built of lava, it melted as soon as it came in contact with the torrent of new erupted matter.

Massa says that, in some eruptions of Etna, the lava has poured down with such sudden impetuosity, that in the course of a few hours, churches, palaces, and villages have been entirely melted  
down

down and run off in fusion, without leaving a trace of their former existence. But if the lava has had any considerable time to cool, this singular effect never happens.

In the great eruption of 1669, after the whole country had been shook for four months, and several mountains of stones and ashes formed, the lava burst out like a torrent, about a mile above Monpelieri, and bearing against the middle of that mountain, made a deep impression; then, flowing round it, united on the farther side, and laying waste the whole country, scaled the walls of Catania, and poured its flaming stream into the ocean. In its way it is said to have destroyed the possessions of thirty thousand people, and to have reduced them to beggary. It formed several hills where there were formerly valleys, and filled up a large lake, of which not a vestige is to be seen.

In this extraordinary eruption, a vineyard belonging to a convent of Jesuits lay directly in its way. The vineyard was over an ancient lava, with a number of caverns and crevices under it. The liquid lava entering these caverns, soon filled them up, and by degrees raised the vineyard. The Jesuits, who expected every moment to see it buried, beheld with amazement the whole field begin to move off. It was carried to a considerable distance, and though the greatest part of it was destroyed, some of it is still visible.

The mouth from which this dreadful torrent issued, they were surprised to find was only three or four yards in diameter. Opposite to it is a vast cavern, so dismal and gloomy, that their landlord informed them, some persons had lost their senses by advancing too far, imagining they saw devils and damned spirits; for the notion is



very general here, that Etna is the mouth of  
l.

Our travellers found a degree of wildness and  
ocity in the inhabitants of this mountain be-  
nd what they had been accustomed to. It was  
h difficulty that the person recommended by  
supero could be permitted by his countrymen  
attend them. This man obtained the appella-  
n of the Cyclops, from his intimate acquaint-  
e with Etna.

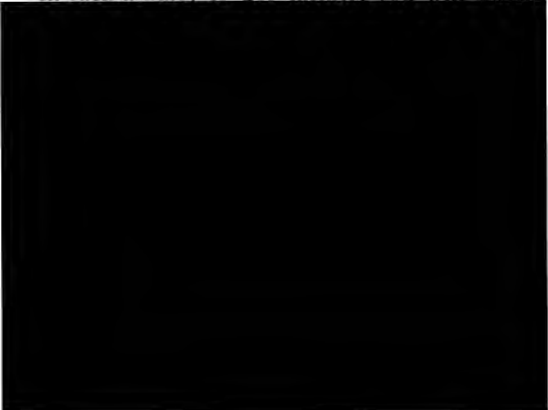
It was no easy matter to convince these moun-  
neers, that they were Christians, and that they  
d not for their object the discovery of hidden  
asures. Every bit of lava, or pumice stone,  
y took up, was watched with a jealous eye.  
ey asked what use they could be applied to;  
when Mr. Brydone, in jest, said, that some  
ple in his country could extract gold from  
m, they wished to acquire this secret, which,  
y observed, would make them the richest peo-  
on earth.

Our author, at last, being apprehensive that he  
ht have carried the jest too far, by pretending  
ay that gold could be extracted from lava,  
he should be importuned for a secret he did  
know, pulled out some pieces of lava to the  
t party he fell in with, and told them they  
e at their service. But they refused, saying,  
r wished to the Virgin and St. Agatha that he  
dd take away the whole of it, as it had ruined  
finest country in all Sicily.

the fellow, who assumed a superior air of wis-  
and dignity to the rest, making his country-  
form a circle round Mr. Brydone, began to  
rogate him with great gravity and compo-  
He desired to know, with truth and pre-  
cision,

cision, what was the real motive, for coming to visit Etna; and when he was told, in one word, curiosity, he observed, a very pretty reason truly.

He was then questioned as to his country, and whether he was a Christian. - They knew not even where England lay, though one of them recollected that several Inglese had at different times paid visits to Mount Etna, and that they could not find out the reason, unless it was out of respect to an English queen, who had burnt in the volcano for many years past. Mr. Brydone was anxious to discover the name of this queen, whom superstition had consigned to such a punishment; and with some difficulty, found it was the unfortunate Anne Bullen, whose imputed crime, in the eyes of the Catholics, was making a heretic of her husband. And what became of Henry VIII. asked our author, surely he must be here too? *Sicuro*, "certainly," said the mountaineer, "and all his heretic subjects likewise; and if you are of that number, you need not be in such a hurry to get thither, you will be sure



The woody region of Etna ascends for about at or nine miles, and forms a zone, or girdle, the brightest verdure all round the mountain. After passing through half this track, they took their lodgings for the night in a cavern, where they were enraptured with the prospects, and seemed already to have been elevated above earth.

This cave, which has received the name of Spelonca dal Capriole, was surrounded by olive trees, of the dry leaves of which our travellers made very comfortable beds, and with their branches kindled a good fire. The thermometer here had fallen below sixty, and the barometer stood at twenty-four degrees two minutes. At one extremity of the cave they found a large quantity of snow, which was a very fortunate circumstance for them, as no water was to be had in the vicinity.

After returning to their beds of leaves, their sleep was somewhat disturbed by the noise of a mountain that lay a good way off, on their right, which had been formed by an eruption four years before; yet the fire was not yet extinguished, nor was the lava by any means cold. This lava spent its fury on a beautiful forest, which it laid waste to a great extent. In their road, next day, they descended over part of this lava, the surface of which appeared cold and solid; though it was evident, that the internal part of the mass was still hot and liquid. A solid body of fire, of some hundred feet in thickness, requires many years to cool, particularly as the external air is excluded by the incrustation that speedily forms on its surface.

By degrees they got above the region of vegetation, and looked back on the forests of Etna,  
*Vol. XVI.* D which



which now appeared like a dark and gloomy gulf, encompassing the mountain. The prospect before them was wholly different. They beheld an expanse of snow and ice which alarmed them exceedingly, and almost staggered their resolution to proceed, though under the trusty guidance of the Cyclops. In the centre of this expanse, but still at a great distance, they descried the lofty summit of the mountain, rearing its tremendous head, and vomiting out torrents of smoke. It appeared, indeed, altogether inaccessible, from the vast extent of the fields of snow and ice that surrounded it. The Cyclops increased their apprehension, by informing them that it sometimes happened, that the surface of the mountain being hot below, melted the snow in particular spots, and formed pools of water, where it was impossible to foresee the danger; that it likewise happened, that the surface of the water, as well as the snow, was covered with black ashes, which gave a fallacious appearance of security; but he concluded by assuring them of his utmost

er Plato had undergone the same labour for the same object, to see the sun rise from the top of

After incredible fatigue, intermixed with some fine prospects, they arrived before dawn, at the ruins of an ancient structure, called *Il torre filosofo*, supposed to have been built by the philosopher Empedocles, who took up his habitation here, the better to study the nature of Mount Etna. By others, however, it is said to be the ruins of a temple of Vulcan, whose workshop, as all the world knows, was in Mount Etna, where they rested for some time, and made a small application to their *liqueur* bottle. The sky was clear, and the immense vault of heaven appeared in awful majesty and splendor. They felt themselves more struck with veneration looking below, and at first were at a loss to account for the cause; till they observed with astonishment, that the number of stars seemed to be infinitely increased, and their lustre doubled. The brightness of the milky way was like a pure flame shot across the heavens; and with the naked eye they could discover clusters of stars, that were invisible below.

It was a natural consequence of having passed through ten or twelve thousand feet of gross vapour, which blunts and confuses every ray before it reaches the surface of the earth. They exclaimed, what a glorious situation for an observer!


They regretted that Jupiter was not visible; they think it probable they might have perceived some of his satellites with the naked eye, at least with a pocket telescope.

They observed a great way below them, a bright light, probably an *ignis fatuus*, and they likewise

likewise took notice of those meteors, call falling stars, which still appeared to be as much elevated above them as when they were on the plain; so that in all probability, those bodies move in regions much beyond the bounds that philosophers have assigned to our atmosphere.

Having contemplated these objects for some time with delight, they again set off, and so arrived at the foot of the great crater of the mountain. This is of an exact conical figure and rises equally on all sides. It is wholly composed of ashes and other burnt materials, discharged from the mouth of the volcano with its centre. This conical mountain is of great magnitude; its circumference cannot be less than ten miles.

Here they found the mercury had sunk to deg.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  min. and they took another rest, as most toilsome part of their journey still remained. The mountain now became excessively steep and though it was externally black, it was nevertheless covered with snow, under a pretty thick



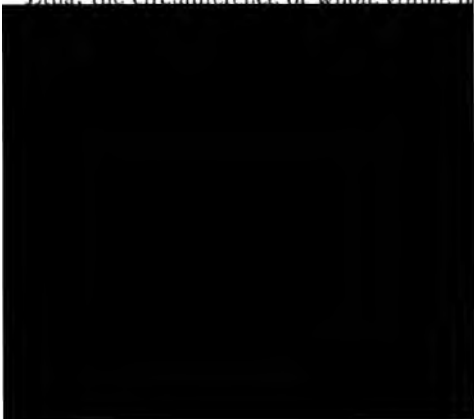
But here description must ever fall short, for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene: Neither is there on the surface of the globe, any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects. The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn, as it were, to a single point, without any other mountain for the senses and imagination to rest on, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world. This point, or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks with a noise that astounds, and a force that often shakes the whole island. Add to this the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity and the most beautiful scenery in nature; with the rising sun advancing in the east to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere, by degrees, kindled up and dimly shewed the boundless landscape. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning by degrees, advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which just before seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from whence no ray was reflected, to shew their former colours, appeared a new creation, rising to the sight, catching life and beauty from every brightening beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to expand itself on all sides, till the glorious orb of day, rising in the east, with his plastic ray, completes the mighty scene. All appears enchantment, and it is difficult to conceive this is earth. The senses, unaccustomed to

the sublimity of such a view, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it.

The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracks both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, Panari, A Strombolo, and Volcano, with their summits, appear beneath the spectator's feet. He looks down on the whole of Sicily, as if on a map, in which he can trace every river through all its meanders, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side, nor is there any object within the circle of vision to interrupt it, so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity; and nothing but the perfectness of the organs of vision can prevent the prospect of the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, which are certainly above the horizon.

Such is the animated picture Mr. Brydone presents us of his pleasures and feelings on the summit of Etna, the circumference of whose visible horizon



sides to the distance of about eight miles. In the centre of this circle, the great crater of the mountain rears its burning head; and the extremes of intense cold, and intense heat, seem to be united in the same point.

This region is immediately succeeded by the Regione Sylvosa, which forms a circle or girdle of the most beautiful green, presenting a remarkable contrast with the desert region. It is not smooth and even, like the greatest part of the latter; but is finely variegated with an infinite number of those delightful little mountains, that have been formed by the different eruptions of Etna.

The circumference of this zone, or great circle, on Etna, is not less than seventy or eighty miles. It is every where succeeded by vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields, which compose the Regione Culta, or fertile region. This last zone is much broader than the others, and extends on all sides to the foot of the mountain. Its whole circumference, according to Recupero, is one hundred and eighty-three miles.

This last track is likewise covered with a number of little conical or spherical mountains, and exhibits a wonderful variety of forms and colours, which make a delightful contrast with the superior regions. It is bounded by the sea on the south and south-east, and on all other sides by the rivers Simetus and Alcantara, which almost encircle it.

On the sun's first rising, the shadow of the mountain extends itself across the whole island, and makes a large visible track, even in the sea and in the air. By degrees this is shortened, and in a little time is confined to the neighbourhood of Etna.

*The present crater of this immense Volcan about three miles and a half in circumference*  
regu

It goes shelving down on each side, and is a regular hollow like a vast amphitheatre. In many places of this space issue volumes of sulphureous smoke, which, being heavier than the circumambient air, instead of rising in it, immediately, on its reaching the verge of the hollow, rolls down the side of the mountain like a torrent; till reaching a part of the atmosphere of the same specific gravity with itself, it floats off horizontally, and forms a large track of air, in the direction of the wind.

The crater is so hot, that it is dangerous to descend into it, and in many places the surface is so soft, that there have been instances of persons sinking down into it, and losing their lives. In the centre of the crater is the great mouth of the volcano, that tremendous gulf, so celebrated

bly ages ago ; as the ruins of Torre del Filosofo, so near the top of Etna, prove that few eruptions of any magnitude have risen so high in the mountain, for a period beyond historical evidence.

Empedocles, to whom this structure is ascribed, was a native of Agrigentum, and is supposed to have died about four hundred years before the Christian era. He is said to have thrown himself headlong into the gulf of Etna, to confirm the idea that he was a god, by preventing people from accounting for his death ; but the treacherous mountain threw up his slippers, which were of brass, and announced that he was only a mortal.

Mr. Brydone, on leaving this stupendous scene, had the misfortune to slip on the ice, and sprained his ankle to such a degree, that he was obliged to be supported for some way by two men. At last they reached their mules, and took some repose once more in the Spelonca del Capriole on a bed of leaves, which they thought a paradise after all their fatigues.

It was about six in the morning when they left the summit of Etna, and it was eight at night before they reached Catania. They observed, with mingled pleasure and pain, the change of the climate as they descended. From the region of the most rigid winter they soon arrived in that of the most perfect spring. On first entering the forests, the trees were as naked as in December ; but after descending a few miles, they found themselves in the mildest and the softest of climates ; the trees in full verdure, and the fields covered with all the flowers of summer. *No sooner again had they left the woods, and entered the lower track, than the heats became altogether*



altogether insupportable, and they fully from it before they could rea

Though the want of a quadrant author from measuring the height metrically, from the most accurate he could make, by means of the barometre, did not exceed twelve thousand feet per little more than two miles.

It seems that philosophers are much divided on this subject, some making it higher than the Andes, or indeed than any mountain; and in general the altitude appeared too high; though nothing was to be ascertained with proper instruments, than to ascertain the precision.

The wind and our author's unfitness in a great measure prevented their experiments; however, they found that the air was in a very favourable situation on the top of Mount Chimborazo. Here the liquids, when insulated, were sensibly affected each other above an inch. In

on her principal operations. It is a fifth  
 at, distinct from, and of a superior nature  
 to the other four, which compose only the corpo-  
 parts of matter; but this subtle active fluid  
 and of soul that pervades and quickens eve-  
 ticle of it\*.

highly electric is the vapour of volcanos,  
 has been observed in some eruptions, both  
 at Vesuvius, that the whole track of  
 , which sometimes extended one hundred  
 produced the most tremendous effects;  
 shepherds and flocks on the mountains,  
 g trees, and setting fire to houses, where-  
 fell in with them on an elevated situation.  
 variety of waters about Etna is very re-  
 ble; some are extremely cold, some are  
 ical, and others are highly deleterious.  
 ero informed them that about twenty years  
 rent opened in the mountain, which for a  
 derable time sent forth such a mephitic va-  
 that, like the lake Avernus, birds were sus-  
 d in flying over it.

re are many caverns about Etna, where  
 r is insupportably cold, which serves the  
 ts as ice-houses. Kircher speaks of one  
 e of containing thirty thousand men, where  
 people had been lost by their temerity in

ere have been instances of the human body becoming  
 without the mediation of any electric substance, and  
 itting sparks of fire with a disagreeable sensation, and  
 me degree of nervous sensibility. It is not unlikely,  
 that many diseases originate from an excess or defect  
 electric principle in the constitution. The malades  
 res, or hypochondriacs having too small a quantity of  
 , should increase it by wearing some electric substance  
 in skin, such as flannel and silk.

advancing.

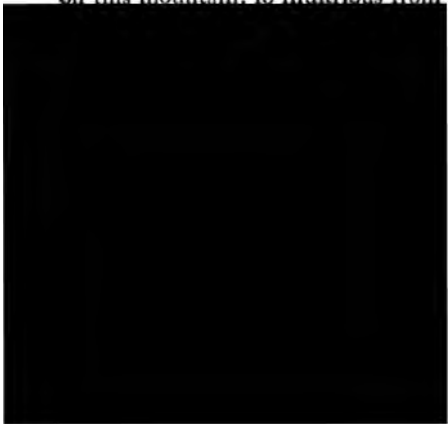
advancing too far. One of those cav-  
tains the name of Proserpine, from it  
posed, by the ancients, the passage by  
to conveyed her into his dominions.

This mountain is likewise celebrate  
getable stores. Among others are sai-  
namon, sarsaparilla, saffrafras, rhubar-  
ma christi, from the seed of which  
extracted.

There were, formerly, a great num-  
beasts in the woody region of Etna  
number is now greatly reduced.  
still, however, the wild boar, the roe  
a kind of wild goat. The race of st-  
as of bears, is thought to be extinct.

The horses and cattle of Moun-  
esteemed the best in Sicily. The ca-  
very large size, and their horns are  
panion, that they are preserved as c-  
some museums.

Our travellers having satisfied the-  
on this mountain, so illustrious from



different colours and proportions, exposing at once every climate and season :

Where blossom, fruits, and flowers together rise,  
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

They passed the mouths of several rivers. The first and most considerable was the Giarretta, or river of St. Paul, formerly the Simetus, and, under that name, celebrated by the poets. This river was navigable in the time of the Romans. It takes its rise on the north side of Etna, and surrounding the west skirts of the mountain, falls into the sea near the ruins of the ancient Morgantio. Near its mouth it throws up large quantities of fine amber, which is carefully collected by the peasants, and brought to Catania, where it is manufactured into crosses, beads, saints, and other articles, and sold at high prices to the superstitious.

The generation of amber has long been a controverted point among naturalists. It is generally supposed to be a kind of gum, or bitumen, that issues from the earth in a liquid state, and afterwards becomes indurated by exposure to the air.

Not far from the mouth of the Simetus, are two of the largest lakes in Sicily; the Beviere and the Pantana; the first of which is supposed to have been formed by Hercules; and in consequence was reputed sacred by the ancients. They are full of a variety of fish, one species of which, called Molletti, is much esteemed.

In a few hours sailing, they came in sight of the city of Augusta, beautifully situated on a small island, that was formerly a peninsula. Both the city and fortifications appeared consi-

Soon after, the remains of the mighty Sy appeared, the remembrance of whose glory, nificance, and illustrious deeds, filled them veneration. But how are the mighty f This proud city, that vied with Rome here now reduced to a heap of rubbish; for w! mains of it scarcely deserves the name of a They rowed round the greatest part of the without seeing a human creature; those walls that were the terror of the Roman from whence Archimedes battered their and with his engines lifted their vessels the sea, and dashed them against the rocks

They found the interior part of the city : but too well with its external appearance. was no inn to be found; and after visiti the monasteries and religious fraternitie search of beds. they found them so wret

is situated on an island, of the same and contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants. The ruins of the other three, Tyche, Adina, and Neapoli, are computed at twenty miles in circumference; but almost the whole of this space is now converted into rich meadows, orchards, and corn-fields.

The principal remains of antiquity are, a theatre and amphitheatre, many sepulchres, the theatre, the Catacombs, and the famous Ear of Dionysius, which it was impossible to destroy. Latomie now forms a noble subterraneous quarry, and is, indeed, one of the most beautiful and romantic spots in the world. Most of it is one hundred feet below the surface of the ground and of an incredible extent. The whole is cut out of a rock as hard as marble. The bottom of this immense quarry, from which the best part of Syracuse was probably built, is covered with an exceeding rich soil, and because secure from every wind, produces shrubs and trees, of the utmost luxuriance and beauty. Oranges, citrons, bergamots, pomegranates, figs, and figs, are of a remarkable size and fine quality.

In this garden there is a variety of wild and romantic scenes, in the midst of which they were surprised by the appearance of a figure under one of the caverns, that accorded with the solemnity of the place. It was an aged man, with a long white beard that reached to his waist. His limbs were shook by the palsy; his face was furrowed with years, and his locks scanty and grey. He supported himself on a kind of pilgrim's staff; from his neck hung a string of large beads, and a crucifix appended.

This venerable figure was the hermit of the place, and belonged to a convent of Capuchins on the rock above; but had now bid adieu to the upper world, and was determined to spend the rest of his life in this solitude, in prayer and preparation for heaven. They left some money for him on the rock; for the Capuchins touch no money except with a pair of pincers, which convey it to their sack or cowl, to carry to market.

The Ear of Dionysius is no less a monument of the ingenuity and magnificence, than of the cruelty of that tyrant. It is a huge cavern, cut out of the solid rock, in the form of the human organ of hearing. The perpendicular height is about eighty feet, and the length is not less than two hundred and fifty. The cavern was said to be contrived so that every sound was collected and united into one point, as into a focus, which was called the tympanum. Exactly opposite to this the tyrant had a small aperture, communicating with an apartment in which he used to conceal himself. To this opening he applied his ear, and is said to have heard distinctly every word that was spoken in the cavern below.

No sooner was this apartment finished, and a proof made of it, than he put to death all the workmen employed in its fabrication. He then confined all whom he suspected to be his enemies; and by listening to their conversation, determined as to their guilt, and punished or acquitted them accordingly.

As this chamber of Dionysius is very high in the rock, and now totally inaccessible, they had *not an opportunity* of making proof of this curious *experiment*. The echo in the Ear, however, is *prodigious*, and superior to any thing they ha

er heard. The holes in the rock, to which the prisoners were chained, still remain, and even the lead and iron in several of them.

The amphitheatre is in the form of a very eccentric ellipse, and is much ruined; but the theatre is so entire, that most of the gradini, or seats, still remain. Both these lie in that part of the city called Neapolis.

They searched among the sepulchres, several of which are very elegant, for that of Archimedes, but it could see nothing resembling it. At his own desire, it was adorned with the figure of a sphere inscribed in a cylinder; but had been lost to his ungrateful countrymen, even before the time that Cicero was questor of Sicily. That great orator and philosopher, with an enthusiastic admiration of the genius of Archimedes, undertook the search for his tomb, and had the felicity to discover it among some brakes.

The catacombs are little inferior to those of Rome or Naples, and are constructed in the same style. There are many remains of temples. A few columns shew where that of Jupiter Olympus stood. The temple of Minerva, now converted into a cathedral, and dedicated to the Virgin, is almost entire.

As the celebrated fountain of Arethusa has ever been looked upon as one of the greatest curiosities of Syracuse, our travellers were anxious to visit it.

This fountain was dedicated to Diana, who had a magnificent temple near it, where great festivals were annually celebrated. They found a number of nymphs, up to the knees washing their garments in it; but these were not of Diana's



na's train, and they had no reason to dread the fa-  
of Actæon and Alpheus.

Arethusa is indeed an astonishing fountain and rises at once out of the earth to the size of a river. The poetical fictions concerning it are numerous. Many of the people here believe, to this day, that it is the identical river Arethusa, which sinks under ground, near Olympia in Greece, and continuing its course for five or six hundred miles below the ocean, rises again in this spot.

In confirmation of this, it is said, that after the great sacrifices at Olympia, the blood of which fell into that river, the waters of Arethusa rose for several days tinged with red. This, like many modern miracles, was probably a trick of the priests. Those of Diana had the charge of the fountain of Arethusa; and no doubt were much interested in supporting the credit of their gods.

At a little distance from Arethusa, is a large spring of fresh water, that boils up in the sea. It is called Occhi di Zilica, or Alpheus, and is fabled by the poets to have pursued Arethusa below the sea all the way to Sicily. This probably did not exist in very early ages, as the most ancient authors do not mention it.

Syracuse has two harbours, the largest of which, on the south-west side of Ortigia, is reckoned six miles round. It is said by Diodorus to have run almost into the heart of the city; and the entry was so strongly fortified, that the Roman fleets could never penetrate it.

The smaller port is on the north-east of Ortigia, and is likewise recorded to have been highly ornamented.

Nex

Near this port, they shew the spot where the house of Archimedes stood; and likewise the tower from whence he is said to have set fire to the Roman galleys with his burning glasses; a story long believed, but now generally exploded, unless the powers of the ancient specula were much superior to any that modern times have produced. Our author, however, thinks this might have been effected by means of common looking glasses, or highly polished plates of metal.

Our travellers were soon tired of Syracuse, which was the most wretched of all wretched places they had ever seen. To contrast its former magnificence with its present meanness, is a melancholy task. The mighty Syracuse, the most opulent and powerful of all the Grecian cities, which, by its single strength, was at different times a match for Carthage and Rome, and contained within its own walls fleets and armies, that were the terror of the world, is now reduced below the consequence of the most insignificant burgh. Even its few remaining inhabitants are covered with filth and disease, and miserable beyond description.

The want of any decent or even tolerable accommodation in Syracuse, induced them to abridge their stay in it; and accordingly they hired a Maltese sporanaro to carry them to that island. This is a small six-oared boat, made entirely for speed, to avoid the African corsairs, with which those seas are infested.

On the 2d of June they left the Marmoreo, or great port of Syracuse; and though the wind was contrary and pretty strong, by dint of rowing they got on at the rate of four miles an h

Soon after the wind became favourable, but speedily increasing to a hurricane, they were in danger of being overset, and ran for shelter to Cape Passero.

Cape Passero, anciently Pachinus, is the remotest and most southerly point of Sicily. It is a small island about a mile in circumference, with a fort and small garrison, to protect the neighbouring country from the Barbary rovers.

As there is no other habitation of any kind on this sterile spot, they refreshed themselves in a small cavern; and then sallied out to examine the face of the country, when they found the soil and productions wholly changed. Neither corn nor wine grew here; but the fields were adorned with an infinite variety of flowers and shrubs, and the rocks were entirely covered with capers, then fit for gathering.

Here too they found, in the greatest perfection, that beautiful shrub, the palmeta, resembling a small palm tree, with a very elegant flower; but unfortunately the seeds were not ripe.

As soon as it was dark, they got on board their little vessel, and rowed out about one hundred yards to sea, that they might be safe from the attacks of the natives in the night, who were represented as little better than savages. Still, however, they had the Turkish corsairs to fear, and on that and other accounts, they passed a very uncomfortable night.

In the morning an officer from Cape Passero visited them, who pretended to be weather wise, and assured them that they must relinquish all *thoughts of getting farther till the fall of the moon, which had just entered her second quarter* however, in spite of his sapient remarks, the v

same afternoon the wind became propitious, and they immediately got under sail.

In a short time they came in sight of a sulphureous lake, the smell of which was so strong, that it was perceived at the distance of more than a mile. The water boiled up with violence in many places, though the heat at the banks is very inconsiderable. Our author is of opinion that this is the celebrated Camerina, which Æneas saw immediately after passing Pachynus, and which Virgil says the fates had decreed should never be drained.

This collection of water is surrounded with a variety of fine evergreens and flowering shrubs, of which the palmeta and the arbutus are the most beautiful. Here they saw a great many wild fowl; but could not get near enough to shoot any of them. They killed, however, a black snake, which Mr. Brydone thinks, answered the description of the asp. They dissected the tongue, and found the end of it sharp like a sting, and entertained little doubt but the animal used it for that purpose, though it is generally believed by naturalists, that the serpent race convey their poison through their teeth. This snake, however, had no teeth, but only very hard gums.

About sun-set the wind died away; the coast of Sicily began to recede, and they soon found themselves in the ocean. It was a dead calm, and the moon shone bright on the waters. The waves, from the late storm, were still high, but smooth and even, and followed one another with a slow and measured flow.

In the morning, no land was in sight, save *Polaris*, which is the polar star of those seas. They had now a fine breeze, and about five in the afternoon

ternoon, they reached the city of Valetta. The approach of the island is very fine, though the shore is rather low and rocky. It is every where made inaccessible to an enemy, by an infinite number of fortifications.

The entry into the port is very narrow, and commanded by a strong castle on each side\*. They were hailed from the shore, and obliged to give a strict account of themselves. The English consul soon conducted them to an elegant inn, and they found themselves once more in a land of elegance and splendor.

The industry of the Maltese, in cultivating their little island, is inconceivable. Not an inch of ground is any where lost, and where there is not soil enough, they have transported it by ships and boats from Sicily. The whole country is full of inclosures of free stone, consequently has a naked aspect, and in summer reflects such light and heat as to be very disagreeable and offensive to the eyes.

The island is covered with country houses and villages, besides seven cities; but Valetta and Civita Vecchia alone deserve that appellation. Every village has a noble church, and indeed, the religious structures are eminently beautiful.

Malta does not produce corn enough to support its inhabitants one half of the year. The crop they most depend upon is cotton, which is sown and reaped in four months. Their oranges are the finest in the world, and are in season for seven months in the year. Many of them are of the red kind; and our author was told, that they

\* As Malta has already more than once fallen under our review, we shall confine ourselves to what appears novel in remark or description.



were produced from the common orange bud, ingrafted on the pomegranate stock. The juice is as red as blood, and of a remarkably fine flavour. The greatest part of their crop is sent in presents to the different courts of Europe, and to the relations of the chevaliers. It was not without a good deal of difficulty that our travellers procured a few chests for some of their Italian friends.

The evening after their arrival, they were entertained with the departure of a Maltese squadron, to assist the French against the bay of Tunis, who had fallen under the displeasure of the grand monarque, because he refused to deliver up some Corsican slaves. This squadron consisted of three galleys, each carrying from seven to nine hundred men; with about thirty knights; and several galliots and scampavias. Though these chevaliers are under vows of celibacy and chastity, they pay little regard to the latter; and kept making signals all the way to their mistresses, who were lamenting their departure from the bastions. Numbers of boats attended this expedition at its outset; the ramparts and fortifications were crowded with company; and the fort resounded with the discharges of heavy artillery, which were answered by the galleys and galliots, as they left the harbour.

The fortifications of Malta are chiefly cut out of the solid rock, and are really stupendous. All the boasted catacombs of Rome and Naples are mere trifles, compared to the immense excavations that have been made in this little island.

One half of Etna was clearly perceptible from hence, though two hundred Italian miles distant; and they were assured that in the great  
erupt

eruptions of that mountain the whole island illuminated and often shook.

As the city of Valetta is built upon a hill, all of the streets, except the key, are level. They are all paved with white stone, which is extremely injurious to the eyes. The principal buildings are the palace of the grand master, the infirmary, the arsenal, the hotels of the Seven Tongues, the great church of St. John, and the palace of the grand master, whose name was Pinto, and to whom our travellers had the honour to be introduced. He was of a Portuguese family, and had been upwards of thirty years at the head of this little state. He received them with great politeness, and was happy to hear that they had all visited his native country, which he considered closely connected with Britain.

Though almost ninety years of age, he retained all the faculties of his mind in perfection, and managed every thing without the assistance of a minister. Considering his age, his activity and quickness in business were truly wonderful.

His household attendance and court are princely; and, as grand master of Malta, he is more absolute, and possesses more power than most sovereign princes. His titles are, Serene Highness and Eminence; and as he has the disposal of all lucrative offices, he models his council as he pleases.

The grand master is chosen by a committee of twenty-one, which committee is nominated by the seven nations, three out of each nation. The election must be finished in three days from the death of the last grand master; and during this space, all is bustle, cabal, and intrigue.

two islands of Malta and Gozzo contain one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, the land force is equal to the whole number fit to bear arms; for all are soldiers when armed. Their sea force consists of a great number of vessels of different descriptions, all manned and equipped.

The catacombs, near the ancient city of Melitah, about the centre of the island, are an immense work. They are said to extend fifteen miles underground, and to consist of so many labyrinths, that it is dangerous to venture too far in them. At no great distance from Melita is a small church, dedicated to St. Paul; and just by a statue of the saint, with a viper on his hand, supposed to be placed on the very spot where the house-reeck, and where he shook off the innoxious serpent into the fire.

The Maltese believe that the apostle at that time freed the island from venomous animals forever; and the fact is certain, that none are now to be found here; nor will they live, if imported from other countries.

Adjoining to the church is the celebrated grotto, in which the saint was imprisoned, which is still regarded with the utmost reverence and veneration. It is extremely damp, and produces a whitish kind of stone or petrification, which being reduced into a powder, is said to be a sovereign remedy in many diseases. However this may be, whether faith effects a cure, or whether it has specific virtues, certain it is that every house in the island is provided with this remedy, and many boxes of it are annually exported. What may be recorded as a standing miracle, if true, is that, notwithstanding



finding this perpetual consumption, been exhausted, but even sensibly *diminished*.

Our travellers were permitted to fight with this wonderful stone. It cures ague, and is esteemed a certain remedy against the bite of all animals. In the small-pox and fevers to the quantity of a tea-spoonful or much serves.

Notwithstanding the natural bigotry of the Maltese, the spirit of toleration has so prevailed, that they have allowed a mosque to their enemies, the Turks; nor are slaves, of the Mahomedan faith, distinguished from the rest of their religion.

Perhaps Malta is the only country in the world where dwelling is permitted by law to the whole establishment of this singular order, originally founded on the wild and

nishment of all Malta, in whose annals there is not a similar instance; after so great a provocation, absolutely refused to fight his antagonist. The challenge was repeated, yet still he declined. In consequence, he was condemned to make the *amende honorable*, in the great church of St. John, for forty-five days successively; then to be confined in a dungeon for five years without light, and afterwards to remain a prisoner in the castle for life. The young man too, who received the blow, not having an opportunity of wiping off the affront in the blood of his enemy, was likewise in disgrace.

This anecdote may serve to shew the romantic principles that actuate this society, which has now subsisted for seven hundred years; and as it was the first born of chivalry, so it has long survived every other child of this visionary parent.

The weather at Malta is frequently so clear and serene, that not a cloud is to be seen in the sky. Mr. Brydone was charmed with the beautiful appearance which the heavens exhibited for some time after sun-set. The eastern part of the horizon appeared of a rich deep purple, and the western in the true yellow glow of Claude Lorraine. The heat, however is very intense; the thermometer commonly standing in the beginning of June at 75 or 76 degrees.

They left the port of Malta on the 9th of June, in a *sporonaro*, and coasting along the island, took a view of its north port, its fortifications, and lazaretto. The mortars, cut out of the rocks near the different creeks, where a debarkation might be attempted, are tremendous works. The mouths of some of them are six feet wide; and

they are said to be capable of throwing  
nishing quantity of common balls or stones

The distance from Malta to Gozzo is no  
four or five miles, and between them is a  
very small island of Commino. Gozzo is  
ed to be the celebrated isle of Calypso;  
must be totally changed, or else it never  
ed the descriptions of Homer and Fenelon.

As they sailed along the coast, they look-  
vain for the grotto of the goddess; neither  
they see the verdant banks eternally covered  
flowers, nor the lofty trees, ever in blossom,  
afforded a shade to the sacred baths.

Finding their hopes frustrated, and that the  
isle of Calypso afforded nothing to recompense  
their trouble of investigating it, they launched  
farther into the deep; and night coming on, they  
wrapped themselves up in their cloaks, and slept  
most comfortably.

Next morning, they had a distant view of Si-  
cily, and a little before sun-set, they landed oppo-  
site to Ragusa, not far from the ruins of the Lit-

curious plants, in that climate, always blowed the sixth year, and for the most part in the fifth.

The city of Agrigentum, now Grigenti, is irregular and ill built, but enjoys a delightful situation, little inferior to that of Genoa. It contains only about twenty thousand inhabitants, though in ancient times its population amounted to nearly a million.

Here the Canonico Spoto, to whom they were recommended by Mr. Hamilton, gave our travellers a kind and hospitable reception, and insisted on their being his guests.

The ruins of the ancient city of Agrigentum lie about a short mile from the modern one. These, like the ruins of Syracuse, are mostly converted into corn-fields, vineyards, and orchards; but the remains of the temples are much more remarkable. Of the temple of Venus, almost one half exists. The temple of Concord has not yet lost a single column. It appears, by an inscription, to have been built by the people of Lilibitani, probably after having defeated the Agrigentines.

These temples are precisely in the same style and after the same model. They are supported by thirteen large fluted Doric columns, on each side, and six at each end.

The temple of Hercules is wholly in ruins, but appears to have been of much superior magnitude to the former. It was here that the celebrated statue of Hercules stood, so much celebrated by Cicero; which the natives of Agrigentum defended with such resolution from the rapacious Verres. In this temple, likewise, was a famous painting by Zeuxis, representing Hercules in his cradle, killing the two serpents.

Near to this lie the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, supposed to have been in the heathen world. It is now called the Giant's Temple, as the people cannot imagine that such immense masses of rock could be raised by the hands of common men. The remains of the columns are indeed enough to give a vast idea of the fabric. It is said to have stood till the year 1100; but is now in ruin.

There are also the ruins of many more, particularly that of Juno, which has been supposed to have contained one of the most famous pictures of antiquity, from the pencil of Zeuxis, who was employed to produce a model of human beauty by assembling all the finest women of Asia. They were even ambitious to appear before him, and from their blended charms he

so hard as to be, perhaps, more durable than marble itself.

The accounts which ancient authors give of the magnificence of Agrigentum are amazing. Pausanias says, that the great vessels for holding wine were commonly of silver, and the litters and carriages of ivory, richly adorned.

On the 13th, they visited the great church, in which is a beautiful piece in alto relievo, on white marble, representing boar hunting, and thought equal to any thing of the kind in Italy. The church is farther remarkable for a singular contrivance in the manner of our whispering gallery at St. Paul's, though more difficult to be effected for. If a person stands at the west end and another places himself on the cornice, at the most distant part of the church, exactly opposite the great altar, they can hold a conversation in very low whispers.

In many years this singularity was little suspected; and several of the confessing chairs being placed near the great altar, some wags, who were in the secret, used to station themselves at the door of the cathedral, and by this means to overhear every word that passed between the penitent and the confessor. In consequence of this, most secret intrigues were discovered; and a woman in Agrigentum changed either her husband or her confessor. Yet still it was the same ill the cause was found out, and precautions were taken to prevent the discovery of these sacred my-

The country round Agrigentum is delightful, producing corn, wine, and oil in the greatest abundance, and the fields are, at the same time, covered with a variety of the finest fruits, such as  
orange

oranges, lemons, pomegranates, almonds, and pistachio nuts.

On the 15th of June, Mr. Brydone and his friends dined with the bishop, by invitation. They found that the ancient character of the Sicilians, for hospitality and good living, was not altered. There were thirty persons at table, and not less than one hundred dishes of various kinds, dressed with the richest and most delicate

The Sicilians ate of every thing, and endeavoured to make their guests do the same. The company was remarkably merry, and in the evening they got half seas over before they retired to table. They begged our travellers to make them a bowl of punch, in which they succeeded so much to the liking of the company, that the bowl was frequently replenished.

In short, these reverend fathers and their

among the Roman Catholic clergy. There is so much nonsense and mummary in their worship, that they are afraid lest strangers should believe they are serious, and perhaps too often fly to the opposite extreme.

The presence of the bishop did not check, but rather increased, the jollity of the company. He was a man highly and deservedly respected, and behaved with the greatest ease and politeness. Though not forty years of age, he had got the richest bishopric in the kingdom. He was a good scholar, and his genius was in no respect inferior to his erudition.

After taking leave of their jolly friends at Agrigentum, they embarked in a *sporonaro* at the new port. The weather then was fine; but after sun-set, the sky began to be overcast, and in a short time the whole atmosphere appeared fiery and threatening. The wind rose to a storm, and they were glad to put back to Agrigentum, which they at last reached in safety, about one in the morning.

They now unanimously agreed to have nothing more to do with *sporonaros*, and sent immediately to engage mules to carry them over the mountains to Palermo. After travelling about twenty miles along a road, where their guides constantly terrified them with stories of robbers and banditti, they arrived at a wretched place, where they refreshed themselves.

However, they found the country eminently beautiful, wild, and romantic. The fertility of many of the plains is truly astonishing, and it was with reason the Romans called this island *the granary of their empire*. Were it cultivated to the utmost, it still would be the great granary



granary of Europe. Yet and wretched above exparises from the baneful invernment, which impoveriture spontaneously made

Palermo, where they a June, is the great capital gularity, uniformity, and its destination. The appr The alleys are planted wi American aloes in full bl

As there was but one i vellers were obliged to p very indifferent lodgings noisy Frenchwoman, wh her impertinence and van a fine caricature of her; rest in copying the pic it may be. All French fame, in whatever part Pert, vain, and intriguing guished from the natives

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*Mr. Brydone paying a Lying-in  
to the Princess of Paterno.*

*Published Sept. 21, 1797 by H. Newbery, corner of St. Pauls.*

chief pleasures of the nobility of Palermo. bounded on one side by the city wall, and on the other by the sea, from which there is always a constant breeze. In the centre of the Marino is an elegant temple, which, during the summer months, is made use of as an orchestra for

The concerts begin at midnight, and at the same time the walk is crowded with carriages, and people on foot. The better to favour inquiry, there is an order, that no person shall presume to carry a light with him on the Marino. The flambeaux are, therefore, extinguished at the Porta Felice, where the servants wait for the owners of the carriages; and the company generally continue an hour or two together in utter darkness. The concert finishes about two in the morning, when the company retire.

Every night there are various conversaziones. There is a general one supported by the nobility, which opens every evening at sun-set, and continues till midnight. This meeting really deserves the appellation; whereas, in most parts of Italy, they assemble at the conversaziones to play at cards and eat ice.

What appears singular is, that no sooner is a lady of quality brought to bed than conversations are held in her apartment every night. Our travellers, soon after their arrival at Palermo, were informed that the Princess of Paterno had been delivered, and that it was absolutely incumbent on them to pay their respects to her.

Accordingly, that they might not be reckoned idle, they went about sun-set, and found the Princess sitting up in her bed, in an elegant manner, with a number of her friends about her. In this happy climate, child-bearing seems to be directed

divested of all its terrors, and is only as a party of pleasure.

The Sicilian ladies marry at sixteen, and are sometimes grandmothers at thirty. Our travellers were introduced to Princess Partana, who had a great number of children, and who still appeared so young, they actually mistook her, at first for her daughter.

Mr. Brydone says, that here he made an acquaintance with many sensible people, which made them replace him. The natives appeared cheerful, and possessed of unaffected civility. The viceroy set the pattern of hospitality, followed by the rest of the nobility. He was an amiable, agreeable man, and was beloved by the people. Mr. Brydone and

rating her praises. Soft pieces of music and y used to be performed, or sung, under their effes' windows; but serenading is less in on than when they had a more intimate con- on with the Spaniards. At one period it wittily said, that no person could pass for a of gallantry who had not got a cold, and sure never to succeed in making love, unless is done in a hoarse voice.

At the ladies of the present times are not so to their suiters, nor do they expect to meet such painful devotion. They are, in gene- sufficiently free in their manners, though se- licentiousness has by no means reached the t it has done in Italy. Though the esta- ment of cicisbeos is pretty general, our au- met with several amiable instances of the t conjugal love and fidelity. Yet, he says, fights are rare on the continent, which may puted to the style in which young people ough up.

La Bagaria and Il Colle, two districts ad- ng Palermo on the east and the west, the no- have many country houses. Our travellers d several of them. A villa belonging to a e arrested their attention, more for its singu- than its real merits. Its possessor, a man mense fortune, had devoted his whole life to ydy of monsters and chimeras, greater and ridiculous than ever entered into the ima- ion of the most romantic writers.

he amazing crowd of statues that surround his e, appear, at a distance, like a little army n up for its defence; but, on approaching, hole appears like the regions of delusion and ntment; for, of all the immense group, ther

there is not a single representation of in nature; nor is the absurdity of the imagination, that created them, less than its fertility. The heads of men to the bodies of every sort of animals; heads of every other animal to the bodies. Sometimes five or six animals, that of resemblance in nature, are composed. The head of a lion is fixed on the neck of the body of a lizard, the legs of a goat, the tail of a fox. On the back of this monster another, if possible, still more hideous, with five or six heads, and a bush of horns. It is no kind of horn in the world that has been collected; and his pleasure is to see them flourishing on the same head.

The statues that adorn, or rather decorate the great avenue and the court of the palace

windows, and side boards are crowded with pyramids and pillars of tea-pots, caudle-cups, bowls, tea-cups and saucers, strongly cemented together.

The windows are composed of panes of glass, of every colour in the rainbow, without either order or regularity. The house clock is cased in the body of a statue, and the eyes of the figure, moving with the pendulum, alternately turning up their white and black, make a hideous appearance.

The prince's bed-chamber and dressing-room contain almost every animal on earth, cut in marble, and coloured to nature. There are also many busts not less singularly imagined than the statues. Some of these make a handsome profile on one side, and represent a skeleton on the other.

The family statues, which are really fine, have been tricked out in new and whimsical suits of marble, that produce a most laughable effect. The shoes are all of black marble; the stockings generally of red; and the clothes of different colours, blue, green, and variegated, with a richness of gill antique.

The author and owner of this singular collection is a poor miserable lean figure, shivering at breeze, and seemingly afraid to speak to any one; yet, notwithstanding the marked insanity of his actions, he will converse speciously, and is perfectly innocent. Being likewise immensely rich, and expending such considerable sums in the rearing of monsters, which give bread to numbers, government, though provoked at his absurdities, has forbore interfering; though his hideous statues have been the occasion of several living monsters being produced.



Finding themselves quite domesticated in Palermo, they daily visited some remarkable places. On the 30th of June, they went to see a celebrated convent of Capuchins, about a mile from the city. The burial-place is a great curiosity. It is a vast subterraneous apartment, divided into large commodious galleries, the walls of which are hollowed out into niches, all filled with the bodies set on their legs, and fixed by the bands to the inside of the recess. They are all dressed in their usual clothes, and form a most venerable assembly.

The skin and muscles, by a certain preparation, become as dry and hard as a piece of stock, and though many of the bodies have been buried upwards of two hundred and fifty years, are yet reduced to skeletons.

Here the people of Palermo pay frequent visits to their deceased relations, and recal, with a melancholy pleasure and regret, the scenes of their past life: here they familiarize themselves with their future state, and chuse the company they would wish to keep in the other world.

These visits must prove admirable lessons of humility; nor is the sight so full of horror as might be imagined. The corpses are said to retain a strong likeness of their original features for many ages. The colours, it is true, are faded, and the pencil does not appear very flat, but still it is the pencil of truth, and not of a mercenary, who only strives to please.

Some of the Capuchins sleep in those galleries every night, and pretend to have many wonderful visions and revelations; but few give credit to their fictions.

No woman is ever admitted into this convent, either dead or alive; and this interdiction is written in large characters over the gate. This precaution is perhaps necessary, as the monks are said to be sufficiently frail, when exposed to the slightest temptation.

Many of the churches of Palermo are extremely rich and magnificent. The cathedral is a venerable Gothic building, supported by eighty columns of oriental granite, and divided into a great number of chapels, some of which are extremely rich, particularly that of St. Rosalia, the patroness of the city, who is held in greater veneration here than the Holy Trinity, or even the Virgin herself.

The relics of this saint are preserved in a large silver box, curiously wrought, and enriched with precious stones. They perform many miracles, avert the plague, and other similar services. In short, the credit of St. Rosalia is as high at Palermo, as that of St. Agatha at Catania.

The other riches of this church consist of some bones of St. Peter, and an arm of St. John the Baptist. There is likewise a jaw bone of prodigious efficacy.

The monuments of their Norman kings, several of whom lie buried here, are of the finest porphyry; some of them near seven hundred years old, and not ill executed for that era. Opposite these is a tabernacle of lapis lazuli, about fifteen feet high, and finely ornamented. Some of the presents made to St. Rosalia are of considerable value. The sacristy too is very rich.

The Jesuits' church is equal in magnificence to nothing of the kind in Italy. The Chiesa del Crocifero is wholly incrustated over with ancient mosaic.

mosaic, and the vaulted roof is demilunar style.

The cathedral of Monreale, at a distance from the city, is likewise mosaic, at an incredible expence. It is paved with oriental porphyry and marble monuments of the kings of Sicily. This pile was built by Roger the Good, whose memory is still in veneration among the Sicilians.

The Archbishop of Monreale was a saint, and it appears that he deserved better than most of those in the same rank. His vast income he reserved no more for himself than enough to procure the plainest food, the rest being devoted to charitable purposes. The people almost adored him, and followed him along, they crowded round him to receive his benediction, which was esteemed a great blessing.

een, she deserted the world, and disclaimed all human society. She then retired to the mountains on the west of Palermo, and was never heard of more for five hundred years. She disappeared about 1159, and it was imagined by the common people that she was taken up into heaven; till, in 1624, during a violent plague, a holy man had a vision, that the saint's bones were lying in a cave near the top of the Mount Pelicino. In this trance he learned, that if the remains of the saint were taken up with due reverence, and carried in procession thrice round the walls of the city, the plague would immediately cease.

Little attention was at first paid to the vision of this holy man, and he was looked upon as little better than a dreamer; however, he persisted in his story, grew noisy, and found adherents. The magistrates, at last, sent to the spot he indicated, and the mighty discovery was made. The sacred bones were found—the city was freed from the plague—and St. Rosalia became the greatest saint in the calendar. Churches were reared, altars were dedicated, and ministers appointed to this new divinity, whose dignity and consequence have since been supported at an incredible expense.

The people of fashion, however, hold the superstition of the vulgar in great contempt; and, perhaps, that very superstition is one principal cause of their infidelity. A refined and cultivated understanding, shocked at the folly of the mob, thinks it cannot possibly recede too far from superstition; and is often tempted to fly to the very opposite extreme. When reason is much offended at a particular dogma of faith, or act of worship

she is but too apt, in the midst of  
reject the whole. Hence deism is  
in those countries, where the peop  
est enthusiasts and the most bigott

On the 8th of July, the sirocco  
blow. The two preceding days ha  
monly cool, the mercury never be  
72½ deg. When our traveller  
morning of that day, he had no  
change; but, on opening the doo  
felt like the burning steam from t  
oven. The whole atmosphere se  
flame. On going in at another do  
to the wind, they found the heat  
able, but still as if they had bee  
stove.

In a few minutes they felt eve  
relaxed, and the pores opened to  
that they expected soon to be thr  
fuse sweat. The thermometer th  
deg. and the air was heavy and  
alone rendered moving about pra

After being almost dissolved b

spelled by urgent business. All their doors and windows are close shut, to prevent the external air from entering; and the servants are constantly employed in sprinkling the apartments with water, to preserve the air in as temperate a state as possible. By these means people of fashion suffer very little from the *sirocco*, except from the strict confinement to which it subjects them. It is worthy of remark, that, notwithstanding the scorching heat of this wind, it has never been known to produce any epidemical distempers, nor indeed any bad consequences whatever to the health of the people. It is true, they feel extremely weak and relaxed; but this is of no long duration, as the cool breeze soon braces them up again. Whereas, in Naples and many other places of Italy, where it is apparently less violent, it is often followed by putrid disorders, and never fails to produce almost a general dejection of spirits. There, however, the *sirocco* lasts for many days, and sometimes for weeks; so that as its effects are different, it probably proceeds from a different cause.

Our author met with an old man here who had often felt the *sirocco*, and who maintains, that it is the same wind which sweeps the sandy deserts of Arabia, where it sometimes proves mortal in the space of half an hour. He alleges, that it is cooled in its passage over the sea, which entirely removes it of its fatal effects before it reaches Sicily.

After the *sirocco* was over, the grass and plants that had been green the day before were become quite brown, and crackled under their feet as if dried in an oven.

On the 9th, they had the honour of being sent at a great entertainment in the palace of the Prince of Partana, from the balcony of which the viceroy reviewed a fine regiment of Swiss. The grenadiers were furnished with false grenades, which produced every effect of real ones, except that of doing mischief. The throwing of them seemed to entertain most. When a number of them fell together among a crowd, they defended themselves very dexterously with their hats, so that the only damage sustained was the singeing of a few caps and wigs.

The company at the Prince of Partana's was brilliant, and the entertainment noble. It consisted principally of ices, creams, chocolate, sweetmeats, and fruit, of which there was great variety. Some played at cards; the rest amused themselves with conversation, and walking on the terrace. The young prince and princess, who were very agreeable, with several of their companions, played at croquet, and other similar games.

Our countrymen were joyfully admitted into this cheerful little circle, where they spent themselves very agreeably for several hours. They found the young ladies easy, affable, and unassuming. Here the mothers shew a proper concern in their daughters, and allow their real characters to form and to ripen. Some of the families of Palermo live in the practice of all the domestic virtues, and appear altogether English.

About five in the afternoon of the 12th, the festival of Rosolia, which had been so long expected, began by the triumph of that fair. It was drawn with great pomp through the streets of the city. The triumphal car was preceded



horse, with trumpets and kettle-drums;  
city officers in their gala uniforms.

It was a most enormous machine: it  
seventy feet long, thirty wide, and up-  
eighty high; and as it passed along,  
the loftiest houses of Palermo. The  
lower part was galley-shaped, swelling  
in height, while the front was like  
theatre, with seats filled with a numer-  
of musicians. Behind this was a large  
supported by six Corinthian pillars, and  
with a number of saints and angels. On  
it of the dome stood the gigantic silver  
the saint herself. The whole machine  
d out with orange-trees and flower-pots.  
stopped every fifty or sixty yards, when  
it performed a piece of music, with  
honour of the saint.

Its fabric was drawn by fifty-six mules,  
s, curiously caparisoned, and mounted  
eight postillions, dressed in gold and  
s, with large plumes of ostrich feathers  
hats. Every window and balcony was  
well-dressed people, and an immense  
plebeians followed the car. The tri-  
it is called, lasted about three hours,  
preceded by the beautiful illumination  
rino, about a mile in length.

At the centre of this great line of  
magnificent pavillion was erected for the  
and his company, which consisted of the  
city of Palermo; and on the front of  
little distance from the sea, stood the  
works, representing one side of a palace,  
with columns, arches, trophies, and every  
architecture. All the zebecks, galleys,  
galliot



gallies, and other shipping, were  
this place, and formed a kind of  
the sea, inclosing it in the centre

These began by a discharge of  
their artillery, the sound of which  
the mountains, produced a very  
after this they played off a variety  
kets, and bombs of a curious co  
often burst below water. This co  
space of half an hour; when, in  
whole of the palace was beautiful  
At the same time, the fountains, t  
sented in the court before the pa  
spout fire, and made a representat  
the great jet d'eaux of Versailles:  
soon as these were extinguished, t  
ed the form of a great parterre,  
variety of palm-trees of fire, int  
orange-trees, flower-pots, and vase

At once the illumination of the  
lace ceased, when the front of th  
into the appearance of a variety  
and wheels of fire, which soon r

he Duke of Castellano, the pretor, or mayor, of the city. The principal nobility give similar entertainments every night during the festival, by turns; and vie with each other in their magnificence.

The fireworks being finished, the viceroy put to sea in a galley richly illuminated. It was rowed by seventy-two oars, and made one of the most beautiful objects imaginable, flying with vast velocity over the smooth and glassy surface of the water, which shone round it like a flame, and reflected its splendor on all sides.

A numerous band of musicians was stationed in the prow.

This day's entertainment was concluded by the Corso, which began at midnight, and lasted till two in the morning.

The great street was illuminated in the same magnificent manner as the Marino. The arches and pyramids were erected at small distances on both sides of the street; and when viewed from either of the gates, appeared a continued line of vivid flame.


Two lines of coaches occupied the space between these two lines of illumination. They were in complete gala; and as they open from the middle, and let down on each side, there was an advantageous display of the beauty of the ladies, the richness of their dress, and the brilliance of their jewels.

This beautiful train moved slowly round and round, for the space of two hours, and every person seemed animated with a desire of reflecting the happiness received. The company appeared in joy and exultation; and the pleasure that  
 VOL. XVI. H sparkle

sparkled from every eye, was communic kind of sympathy through the whole.

In such an assembly it was impossible heart not to dilate and expand itself; author says, his was often so full, that sometimes seen a tragedy with less emotion this scene of joy. Pomp and parade were laid aside, and every look spoke affection and friendship. "If superstition often produces effects, I sincerely wish," says Mr. B. "that we had a little more of it among ourselves. I could have paid homage to St. and blessed her for making so many people

On the 13th, the spectacles were not so though with less brilliancy; nor was it to prevent a falling off, both in the display and the eager taste to be pleased. Pleasures be equally exquisite in themselves, and be equally attractive, but the satiated appetite enjoy them less than when every pulse beats with desire, and every throb was full of emotion.



formed in a minute and thirty-five seconds, considering the small size of the horses, toned very great. They are generally a mixed breed between the Barb and Arabian.

At the moment before starting, the street appeared full of people, nor did the crowd open till they were almost close upon it; when the people, in a regular uniform motion, from one end of the street to the other, fell back without confusion, and the race went on. Some few accidents, however, happened, and from appearance any more might have been apprehended. The victor was conducted along the street in a carriage with his prize displayed before him. A piece of white silk, embroidered and lined with gold.

The great street was illuminated, as on the preceding night; and the grand conversation of the evening was held at the archbishop's palace, which was handsomely fitted up on the occasion.

At ten o'clock the triumphal car marched forward in, in procession, to the Marino. It was illuminated with large wax tapers, and presented a most formidable figure. Don Quixotte having taken it for an enchanted castle moved through the air.


At length, the illuminations were very grand. The great streets, and the four city gates terminate them, made the most splendid scene. The square, called La Piazza Ottomana, was richly ornamented with tapestry, and artificial flowers; and as the buildings which form its four sides, are uniform, and of a beautiful architecture, it made a grand display.

play. Four orchestras were erected provided with musicians.

From the centre of this square is a *terme* in all its glory ; and, indeed produces is very great. Some of the *deities* were seen on the gates, represented *triumphal* bearings, and *genii*, which had :

The conversation of the nobles was in the viceroy's palace, and the entertainment proportionably magnificent to the rank of the person who gave it. The great fireworks to the front of the palace, began at eight and ended at midnight, when those commenced, and continued till two o'clock. The last part of the entertainment was the most, and, indeed, the most interesting part that reached the heart.

The fireworks again represented a palace, of great extent, illuminated in a brilliant style. It was seen to great advantage from the balconies of the state apartments of the viceroy's palace.



it impossible to procure admission. On entering the great gate, one of the most magnificent sights the world opened on their view. The whole arch appeared a flame of light, which, reflected in ten thousand bright and shining surfaces, different colour and at different angles, produced an effect which exceeded all the descriptions of enchantment in poetry and romance. Human art could not devise any thing more splendid. The whole church, walls, roof, and pillars, were entirely covered with mirrors, interspersed with gold and silver paper, and artificial flowers, done up with great taste and elegance. Added to this fine scene, twenty thousand wax-tapers, and some faint conception may be formed of this splendid exhibition.

This spectacle was too glaring to bear any considerable time; and the heat occasioned by the immense number of lights, soon became intolerable. There were upwards of five hundred lustres, and twenty-eight altars, all dressed out with the utmost magnificence, particularly the high altar.

On this part of the exhibition, the people of Jerusalem value themselves most; and, indeed, with reason they may; for it is difficult to annex to it an adequate idea of grandeur and majesty.


On the 16th was a full illumination of all the streets. The assembly was held at the pretor's, where there was an elegant entertainment and a concert. Some of the best performers of the opera were present.

The festival was now drawing near to a close. The great procession, which terminates the pageantry, began about ten in the evening. It differed from other processions only in this, that the

besides all the priests, friars, and religious ord of the city, there were placed, at equal distan from each other, ten lofty machines of wood a pasteboard, ornamented in an elegant manner, presenting temples, tabernacles, and a variety beautiful pieces of architecture. These were f nished by the different convents and religious t ternities, who vie with each other, in the rich and elegance of the work. Some of them not less than sixty feet high. They are fil with figures of saints and angels, made of w so natural, and so admirably painted, that m of them seem to be really alive. All these gures are prepared by the nuns, and are dres out in rich robes of gold and silver tissue.

A great silver box, containing the bones of Rosolia, closed the procession. It was carried thirty-six of the most respectable burgeses of city, who look upon this as an office of the highest honour. The archbishop walked behind, giving his benediction to the people as he pass

No sooner had the procession finished the t



ral order. Every body was fatigued and exhausted with the perpetual watching, fasting, and dissipation of five successive days. However, our author observes, that every one seemed highly delighted with the entertainments of the feast at St. Rosalia; and indeed they appear to be superior to the most splendid exhibitions of this kind in Catholic countries.

This scene of festivity being at an end, Mr. Brydone employed the few days he remained in Palermo afterwards, in investigating the antiquities of Sicily, which are chiefly interesting to the classic; and in paying visits, and making excursions.

On the 20th of July, they walked up to the Monte Pellegrino, to pay their respects to St. Rosalia. It was a very fatiguing expedition. The mountain is extremely high, and so very steep, that the road up to it is, very properly, called the *air*. Before the discovery of St. Rosalia, it was considered as quite inaccessible; but a road is now cut, at a vast expence, through precipices almost perpendicular.

They found the saint lying in her grotto in the very attitude in which she was said to be discovered; her head gently reclining on her hand, and a crucifix before her. This statue is of the best white marble, and of exquisite workmanship. It is placed in the inner part of the cavern, at the very same spot where the saint expired. It represents a lovely young girl, of fifteen, in the act of devotion. The artist has contrived to throw something extremely touching into the countenance and air of this beautiful statue. It is covered with a roller of beaten gold, and adorned with some valuable jewels. The cav-



is of considerable extent, and extremely so that the poor saint must have had a comfortable habitation. A church is round it, and priests appointed to wait these precious relics, and to receive the offerings of pilgrims.

An inscription, graved by the hand of Rosalia herself, was found in a cave in Quesquina, at a considerable distance from the mountain. It is said she was disturbed in her retreat there, and had wandered from the Mount Pelegrino, as a more retired and inhabitable place. The inscription will afford a taste of the saint's Latinity.

EGO ROSOLIA  
SINIBALDI QUI SQUI  
NE ET ROSARUM

ated castle, the origin of which the Sicilians carry back to the most remote antiquity. Massia says it is supposed to have been built in the reign of Saturn, immediately after the fall of Troy, for in the time of the earliest Carthaginians, it was already much respected on account of its venerable antiquity. It was then a city of great strength, and is often mentioned by the ancients. Hamiliar kept possession of it for many years against all the Roman power.

Palermo is certainly viewed to great advantage from Mount Pelegrino. This beautiful city is situated at the extremity of a kind of natural amphitheatre, formed by high and rocky mountains. The intervening country is one of the most beautiful spots in the world. It appears a magnificent garden, filled with trees of every species, and watered by numerous fountains and rivulets, that meander through this delightful champaign.

The singularity of this situation, as well as the richness of the soil, Palermo has had many flattering epithets bestowed upon it, particularly by the poets, who call it the Golden Shell, the Valley, and the Garden of Sicily.

Its ancient name was Panormus, which some suppose to be derived from a Greek signifying, All a Garden. Others, however, say that it was called Panormus, from the great convenience of its harbours, one of which is recorded to have anciently extended into the very centre of the city; and, therefore, Panormus more properly signifies, All a Port.

The harbours are almost entirely destroyed by the sea, probably by the violent torrent of lava, which sometimes tumble from the hills. Fazzel  
speaks

speaks of an inundation, of which he *was* witness, that had nearly swept away the *city* itself. He says it burst down the wall near royal palace, and bore away every thing that opposed its passage. Churches, convents, houses, to the number of two thousand, drowned upwards of three thousand people.

Some Chaldean inscriptions have been found near Palermo, from which it has been maintained that this city existed in the days of the patriarch. The bishop of Lucera gives a literal translation of one, discovered about six hundred years on a block of white marble. It runs thus: "During the time that Isaac, the son of Abraham, reigned in the valley of Damascus. Esau, the son of Isaac, in Idumea, a great multitude of Hebrews, accompanied by many people of Damascus, and many Phœnicians, coming into this triangular island, took up their habitation in this most beautiful place, to which they gave the name of Panormus."

The same bishop translates another Chaldean inscription thus: "During the time that Isaac, the son of Abraham, reigned in the valley of Damascus. Esau, the son of Isaac, in Idumea, a great multitude of Hebrews, accompanied by many people of Damascus, and many Phœnicians, coming into this triangular island, took up their habitation in this most beautiful place, to which they gave the name of Panormus."



fisheries of Sicily are very interesting. Fishing the tunny-fish constitutes one of the principal Sicilian amusements during the summer; and the curing and sending them to foreign markets, one of the greatest branches of commerce.

These fish do not make their appearance in the Sicilian Seas, till towards the latter end of May, at which time the Tonnaros, as they are called, are prepared for their reception. This is a sort of aquatic castle, formed at a great expense of strong nets, fastened to the bottom of the sea by anchors and heavy leaden weights. The lower passage is left open, and as soon as the fish have entered this inclosure, it is shut. The Tonnaros have a great number of apartments, which are shut one after the other; till the fish are forced to the chamber of death, as it is called, where the slaughter begins with spears and poons.

The taking of the sword-fish is a much more interesting diversion. No art is used to ensnare him, but with a small harpoon fixed to a long line, he is hooked in the open sea, after the manner of whale-fishers. The Sicilian fishermen have a certain sentence, which they repeat as a charm to their prey near them. This is the only magic they employ, and they are superstitious to fancy it of wonderful efficacy.

These fish are of great size and strength, they sometimes run for hours after they are hooked and afford excellent sport. The flesh is white: it is more like beef than fish, and the usual way of dressing it is in steaks.

The fishing of the pesce spada is most common in the sea of Messina, where they have likewise

likewise great quantities of eels, particularly Morena, so much esteemed among the Romans, and which is, in fact, a most delicate fish.

Even mackarel are caught with a harpoon as soon as it is dark, two men get into a boat, one of them holding a lighted torch over the surface of the water, and the other a harpoon, and strike. The light of the torch soon brings the fish to the surface of the water, and as soon as the harpoon pierces him the same instant.

The coral fishery is chiefly practised at Trepani. It is performed by means of an engine composed of a great cross of wood, to the centre of which is fixed a large stone, capable of carrying a frame to the bottom. Pieces of small rope are tied to each limb of the cross, which are held horizontally by a rope, and let down into the water. As soon as it touches the bottom, the rope is made fast to the boat. They then pull it over the beds of coral; the consequence is, the great stone breaking off the coral, and they are immediately entangled in it. Since this simple invention, this fishery has increased out to considerable account.

The people of Trepani are reckoned ingenious. An artist there, lately discovered the art of making cameos, which are a perfection of the ancient ones engraved on agate. They are executed on a kind of hard stone, and pass for the best antiques, and so perfectly finished, that it is often difficult to distinguish the ancient from the modern.

The difficulties under which the poor labour, from the extreme oppression of the government, obliges them sometimes to turn to the branches of commerce that nature

The sugar cane was formerly much cultivated here; but the duties imposed were so onerous, that it has been almost abandoned.— Their crops of wheat alone, under a mild government, would soon be sufficient to render them the richest and most flourishing people in the island. Even the exportation of this is prohibited: the privilege must be purchased at a very high rate; though one good crop is sufficient to support the island for seven years. The common price of the *salma*, which is two loads, is reduced to five shillings and sixpence from this prohibition; and there is a probability that it will sink still lower.

This crop, when it is too abundant, it is said is scarcely at the trouble to gather in, because it will not pay for their labour. Such are the means that arbitrary power uses to humble the pride of its subjects!

In speaking of the natural riches of their island, the author informs us, they use this language: The mountains contain rich veins of every metal, many of the Roman mines still remain; but what end should we explore them? It is not what should reap the profit. Nay, a discovery of any thing very rich would probably ruin the island. In our present situation, the hidden treasures of the island must ever remain a profound secret. Were we happy enough to enjoy the blessings of a free constitution, many new sources of opulence would then be opened; and we should soon reassume our ancient name and consequence; but at present we are nothing.

The foundation of the feudal system was laid by the Count Rugiero, about the middle of the thirteenth century, immediately after he had driven the Moors out of the island.

ven the Saracens out of the island. He divided Sicily into three parts; the first, by the consent of his army, was given to the church; the second he bestowed on his officers; and the third he reserved for himself.

Of those three branches he composed his parliament, the form of which remains to this day. The military branch is composed of all the barons of the kingdom, to the number of two hundred and fifty-one, who are still bound to service. The three archbishops, all the bishops, abbots, priors, and dignified clergy, amounting to near seventy, form the ecclesiastical branch. There are forty-three royal cities, styled Demaniale, that have a right to elect members, and these resemble our burgessees in parliament. Their chief is the member for Palermo, who is likewise pretor, or mayor, of the city. He is an officer of vert

ts the prisons, with great pomp, twice  
er, and has the power of liberating  
prisoners he pleases, and of reducing  
their sentences.

whole military force of Sicily amounts to  
a thousand men, about one thousand  
red of which are cavalry. Many of the  
uld require numerous garrisons to de-  
n, but the support of internal peace  
be as much as is intended; for the  
my would be inadequate to attempt a

cilians still retain many of the Spanish  
The youngest sons of the nobility are  
o, and the daughters donna. The eldest  
commonly the title of count or marquis.  
common title here, as well as at Naples,

Though these were not created till  
of Philip II. of Spain, they take pre-  
f all the other nobility; some of whom  
r origin back as far as the time of the  
, and look with secret contempt on these  
inces.

luxury of the people here, like that of the  
ns, consists chiefly in their equipages  
s. Few of them put less than four  
their carriage without the walls of Pa-  
ough within they are, in general, re-  
two, by a wise, sumptuary law. Even  
servants of a man of fashion would be  
ashamed to be seen on foot as their mas-  
r travellers took the liberty to ridicule  
ostentation to some of their most inti-  
nds. The absurdity of the practice was  
but who had courage enough to break  
t!



It was regarded as a singular proof of condescension for some of the young nobility to walk the streets with our countrymen, during the illumination; nor would they be prevailed on to stir out, till they had sent their servants a few yards before them with flambeaux, though the whole city was a flame of light.

Foolish as this must appear, it is possible we overlook many customs of our own, which to foreigners appear not less ridiculous: for ridicule is mostly relative, and depends on time and place. When the prince of Anamaboo was in England, walking out in St. James's park in the afternoon, he observed one of his acquaintances driving in a phaeton with four horses. The prince burst into a violent fit of laughter. When he was asked what was the occasion of his mirth. "Vat the d—l" said he in his broken English "has that

The Sicilians are animated in conversation, and their action for the most part is so just and expressive of their sentiments, that, without hearing their voice, their meaning may be comprehended. The origin of this facility in gesticulation, they carry back as far as the time of the earliest tyrants of Syracuse, who, to prevent conspiracies, had forbidden their subjects, under the most severe penalties, to be seen in parties talking together. This obliged them to invent a method of communicating their sentiments by dumb shew, which they pretend has been transmitted from generation to generation ever since.

Till lately, the Sicilians retained a great number of foolish and ridiculous customs, particularly their marriage and funeral ceremonies, some of which are still kept up in the wild and mountainous parts of the island. As soon as the marriage ceremony is performed, two of the attendants are ready to cram a spoonful of honey into the mouths of the bride and bridegroom, pronouncing it emblematical of their love and union, which they hope will ever continue as sweet to their souls, as that honey is to their palates. They then begin to throw handfuls of wheat upon them, which is continued till the new-married pair reach their future abode. This is probably the remains of some ancient rite to Ceres, their favourite divinity. The young couple are not allowed to taste of the marriage feast. This, it is pretended, is to teach them patience and temperance. When dinner, however, is finished, a great bone is presented to the bridegroom by the bride's father, or one of her nearest relations, who pronounces this sentence, "*Pick you this bone, for you have now no bone in hand to pick one, which you will find*"

much harder, and of more difficult digestion." This probably has given rise to the proverb of such general circulation, "He has got a bone to pick."

The marriages of the Sicilian nobility are celebrated with great magnificence; and the number of elegant carriages produced on these occasions is astonishing. The ladies enter the bands of wedlock very young, and frequently live to see the fifth generation. In general they are sprightly and agreeable; and in most parts of Italy would be esteemed handsome. Nothing, however, is so vague as our ideas of female beauty; they change in every climate, and the criterion is no where to be found. The ladies here have remarkably fine hair; and they understand how to dress it to the greatest advantage. It is now only used as an embellishment, but in former times, during a long siege, their countrymen being distressed for bow-strings, they all cut off their hair and applied it for this purpose. "The hair of our ladies," says a quaint Sicilian bard, "is still employed in the same office; but now it discharges no other shatus than those of Cupid; and the only cords it forms, are the cords of love."

The Sicilians are more addicted to study than their neighbours on the continent, and their education is much more solid and complete. They take pleasure in discoursing on subjects of literature, history, and politics; but particularly poetry. At some period of his life, almost every person is sure to be inspired by the god of verse; and a lover is never believed as long as he can speak of *his passion* in prose.

*The best English authors are not unknown here in their original language. Several of the young nobles*

ity speak the English tongue, and more understand it.

enter on the natural history of this island, and open a vast field, which the present work is to traverse. Some general remarks must fore suffice. Mineral waters are most abundant; many boiling hot; and there are others, much colder than ice, that never freeze.

In several places they have fountains that throw a kind of oil on their surface, which the peasants burn in lamps, and apply to other purposes. Fonte Canalotto is covered with a thick scum of a kind of pitch, which, among the country people, is esteemed a sovereign remedy in rheumatism and other complaints.

The water of a small lake, near Naso, is celebrated for dyeing every thing black, that is put in it; though the water appears remarkably clear and transparent.

There are also various sulphureous baths, where the patient is thrown into a profuse perspiration, by the heat of the vapour alone. The most celebrated are those of Sciaccia, and on the mountain of St. Cologero, at a great distance from the sea; in the vicinity of which they might naturally be expected.

Indeed lava, pumice, and tufa are found in many parts of Sicily remote from the volcano, which sufficiently indicate the origin and the nature of the whole island. About a mile and a half to the westward of Palermo, at a small beach, many springs of warm water, that rise within a few fathoms of the tide.

At no great distance from this spot is a celebrated fountain, called Il mar Dolce, where are the remains of an ancient Naumachia; and it is

the mountain above it, a cavern is shewn where a gigantic skeleton is said to have been found. It fell to dust immediately on being exposed to the external air. The teeth alone resisted the impression; and Fazzello, who obtained two of them, says they weighed as many ounces.

Many similar stories are to be found in the Sicilian legends; and it seems to be an universal belief, that this island was once inhabited by giants, though no traces of them are to be found in any museum.

The population of Sicily has been estimated at upwards of one million souls, and about fifty thousand of that number belong to the different monasteries and religious orders. The whole number of houses in the island has been computed at two hundred and sixty eight thousand.

The great staple commodity of Sicily, and what has ever constituted its riches, is its crops of wheat. They preserve their grain in large pits or caverns in the rocks, where they ram it hard down, and protect the surface from the weather and in this state it will keep good for years.

Soda is much cultivated here, and turns out to considerable account. This vegetable, it is well known, is indispensable in the glass manufacture. Great quantities of it are annually sent to Venice.

Sicily likewise carries on a trade in liquors, rice, figs, raisins, and currants, the best of which grow among the extinguished volcanoes of the Lipari islands. Their honey is highly valued, and is found in abundance in the hollows of trees and rocks. The country of the Lesser Hybla is still as formerly, the part of the island which is most celebrated for honey.

The plantations of oranges, lemons, bergamots, almonds, and other fruits, yield no unprofitable returns. The pistachio nut, likewise, is much cultivated in many parts of the island, and with great success.

The cantharides fly is a native of Sicily, and is found on several trees of Etna, whose juice is supposed to have a corrosive or absterfve quality, particularly the pine and the fig-tree.

The marbles of this island would afford a great source of opulence, were there any encouragement given to work the quarries, of which they have an infinite variety, and of the finest sorts. Mr. Brydone says he has seen some specimens little inferior to the giall and verd antique, which are now so precious.

At Centorbi they have a kind of soft stone that dissolves in water, and is used in washing instead of soap, from which quality it has received the appellation of Pietra Saponaro. They likewise find here, as well as in Calabria, the celebrated stone which, on being watered and exposed to a pretty violent degree of heat, produces a plentiful crop of mushrooms. But it would be endless to enumerate all the various commodities and curious productions of this island. Etna alone affords a greater number than many of the most extensive kingdoms; and is no less an epitome of the whole earth in its soil and climate, than in its multifarious productions.

The first region of Etna covers their tables with all the delicacies that the earth produces; the second supplies them with game, cheese, butter, honey, and wood both for building and fuel; while the third, with its ice and snow, keeps them fresh and cool during the heat of summer; as it  
contributes

it mixes blessings with its chastisements, and prevents their affections from being estranged.

On the 29th of July, our travellers took farewell leave of the viceroy and their friends. The attentions they had met with, the reflection that they were about to part with a number of worthy people, which there was little probability of their ever seeing again, imbittered this scene.

In two days delightful sailing, they arrived at Naples, where they rejoined the friends they left on the commencement of the pleasing journey in which we have accompanied them. Mr. Gifford was a philosopher, and was well qualified to philosophize, which indeed he has done in places to too great an extent; but had he been acquainted with the divine science of botany, his journey to Etna would have possessed an additional charm to the admirers of nature, and would have entitled him to a still higher rank in the class of scientific travellers.



TRAVELS THROUGH

*S P A I N,*

BY

HENRY SWINBURNE, Esq.

In 1775 and 1776.

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THOUGH Spain was formerly as little visited as if it had belonged to a different quarter of the globe, so numerous are the modern tourists and travellers through that kingdom, that it is difficult to select from their different labours what is generally be allowed most valuable. We have preferred Mr. Swinburne as our guide, for no other reason, but because his work bears the stamp of accuracy, and gives us some insight into the nature of the soil, the government, commerce, and manners, which we conceive are the most interesting objects that can engage a traveller's attention.

We set out from Perpignan, a mean and ill-fitting town, on the 24th of October 1775, and proceeded towards Spain. The weather was fine, but the roads were so bad and the mules so scarce, that they were forced to give twenty louis d'ors for ten horses as far as Barcelona.

The heavy rains, which had fallen about the annual equinox, had swelled the torrents to a degree, that the roads were in many places quite



quite spoiled. It was night before they reached a poor inn at Boulou, near the mountains which separate Roussillon from Catalonia.

Next day they fell in with several persons travelling to the fair of Girona, and formed a kind of caravan singularly grotesque. Our traveller and friends were in the centre; the van guard was formed by a drummer and a tabor and pipe; while the rear was brought up by a camel laden with five monkeys, escorted by two men who carried his portrait.

After proceeding a few miles, they came to the chain of mountains that divides France and Spain, which are of no very considerable elevation. The road over the pass is a noble work, and reflects great honour on the engineer who planned it. Formerly it required the strength of thirty men to support, and almost as many oxen to drag up

or eight years; but this operation is repeated in the southern part of Spain every fifth

from Llanquieira to Figuera, an insignificant town, the country improves every step; the hills are clothed with evergreens; and the valleys are in the finest state of cultivation, are divided by hedges of aloe, christthorn, or wild pomegranate. The inhabitants look respectable in their dress, and the women are comelier than on the French side of the Pyrenees.

The journey from thence to Girona was very pleasant, and lay through a continuation of countably diversified by fertile plains, and eminences, crowned with evergreen oaks. The view extends as far as the sea over the olive plantations on the lower grounds. In every village they found the people employing the ropes, baskets, and shoes of a small reed, called *esparto*.

Girona is a large clean city, with some good houses, but it is poorly inhabited, and the houses, especially the churches, are dark and gloomy. The cathedral is grand; but had it not for the glimmering of two smoky lamps, it would say, they should not have discovered the py and altar of massy silver.

In the morning they travelled over a hilly country, but the dryness of the weather prevented it from being so fatiguing as they generally find. Advancing farther, they came to the rugged wilds in nature. Nothing but mountainous mountains, covered with pines; rumbling streams in the hollows, hanging over the narrow dells, saluted their view.

They reached San Salony on the 27th at night, and though it was on a Friday, the peasants brought them partridges for supper. The maid of the inn, however, by way of atoning for this irregularity, placed before them a well-dressed image of the Virgin, to whom it was expected they would make a liberal offering.

On the morning of the 28th, they came to the pass called El Purgatorio, which had nearly proved a hell to them, as their carriages were at one time almost immoveably jammed in between rocks. The prospects, however, were delightful. Nothing could be more agreeable to the eye, than the Gothic steeples towering above the dark pine groves, the bold ruins of La Rocca, and the rich fields on the banks of the Besos.

They got into Barcelona just before the shutting of the gates. Next day they paid the ne-

e prompters, for they had several, read aloud, by verse, what the player repeated after

Between the first and second acts, a fæla was sung, which though wild and un-, had some very moving passages.

After the second act, by way of interlude, an- was made on the actresses, by the actors in a corner of the front boxes. The wit was y bandied to and fro, and made the audience gain; but it appeared a string of poor quib-

the origin of the city of Barcelona, and the ac- of the aborigines of Catalonia, are like the ol history of Spain, lost in a cloud of fables. Massilians appear to have carried on a con- ple trade hither. Hamilcar Barcas is said e founded Barcino, now called Barcelona; e Carthaginians did not long keep posses- f it, as it is evident the Ebro was their ary, so early as the end of the first Punic

er the fall of the Carthaginian common- t, the Romans turned their whole attention ls Tarraco, and neglected Barcino, though ade it a colony under the name of Faven- n the fifth century, the Barbarians of the having pushed their conquests as far as this ula, Catalonia fell to the lot of the Goths, ter remaining about three centuries under ominion, it fell under the yoke of the Sa-

ous revolutions took place at a latter peri- this province became finally united to the of Spain. The enthusiastic love of liberty, s always actuated the Catalonians, has of- tered their country the seat of civil war and

and bloodshed. In the time of Ferdinand V. the peasants rose in arms, to emancipate themselves from the oppression of the nobles. About the time that the Portuguese shook off the Spanish yoke, the Catalans attempted to render themselves independent, but in vain. During the war of the succession, they made another bold and persevering struggle to break their chains, and become a free nation.

Lewis XIV. sent the Duke of Berwick in 1714, with a formidable army, to reduce Barcelona. The trenches were opened in July, and the works carried on with the greatest vigour for sixty-one days. A French fleet blocked up the port, and prevented any supplies or succours being thrown into the town. Yet notwithstanding the famine which raged within the walls, the terrible fire from the batteries, and the despondency of the regular

th a fullen patience; and government aid to irritate them to new resistance. is a sweet spot: the air equals in much exceeds in mildness, the boasted Montpellier. The situation is beautiful, both from land and sea. A of fruitful plains, bounded by an am- of hills, backs it on the west; the f Montjuich defends it on the south wholesome air of the marshes of the to the northward, the coast projecting forms a noble bay; while the Mediolos the prospect to the east. The well cultivated and studded with vill- ry houses, and gardens.

of Barcelona is almost circular; the n occupying the highest ground, al- centre of the new. The ancient walls ble in many places; but the sea has y hundred yards from the port gates, quarter of the town now stands on at were once the bottom of the har-

ense loads of sand hurried down into e rivers, and thrown back by the wind rent into this haven, will in all pro- ke it quite up, unless greater dili- d in preventing the accumulation of

is handsome; the mole is constructed e, and is a masterpiece of solidity and . Above is a platform for carriages; magazines, with a broad quay, reach- e city gates to the light-house. This the direction of the Marquis de la n-general of the principality, who long

long governed Catalonia more like an independent sovereign, than like a subject invested with delegated authority.

Great are the obligations this city is under that nobleman. He cleared and beautified streets, built useful edifices, and forwarded trade and manufactures, without laying any heavy expence on the province.

In 1752, he began building Barcelonnette, the neck of land that runs into the sea, and the port. This is now a regular town, consisting of about two thousand brick-houses, and a church in which the ashes of the founder are deposited under an expensive, but tasteless, monument.

The light-house at the end of the pier is a circular tower, near which ships perform quarantine.

Another capital work of La Mina, is the promenade, or great walk on the walls, extending the whole length of the harbour. It is built on a level, with magazines below, and a broad coach and foot path above, raised to the level of the first floor of the houses in the adjoining city. This pavement forms a very fine walk to the arsenal at the south-east angle of the city, where new fortifications are constructing.

At this corner, the rampart joins the Rambla, a long, irregular street, which is intended to be planted with an avenue of trees. Here the king and queen parade in their coaches, and sometimes go round the city upon the walls. This is a fine driving drive, having a sweet country on one side, and clusters of small gardens and orange yards on the other.

The citadel has six strong bastions, calculated to overawe the inhabitants, as much as to defend them from a foreign enemy. The

its situation renders it damp, unwholesome, and full of mosquitoes.

The streets of Barcelona are narrow, but well paved; and a covered drain, in the middle of each, carries off the filth. The houses are lofty, and little ornamented. To each kind of trade, a particular district is allotted.

The principal public structures are the cathedral, Santa Maria, the general's palace, and the exchange. The architecture of the cathedral is high Gothic, which in some places is inimitably beautiful. The stalls of the choirs are neatly carved, and hung with escutcheons of princes and nobles, among which Mr. Swinburne remarked the arms of Henry VIII. of England. The double arches under the belfry are deservedly admired, bearing on their centres the whole weight of the enormous towers. In the cloisters, various species of foreign birds are kept, upon funds bequeathed for that purpose by an opulent canon. Santa Maria is also a Gothic pile.

The palace is low and square, without external ornaments or gardens, and contains nothing remarkable, save a noble ball-room.

Opposite to the south front of the palace, a new exchange is erecting on an extensive plan, but in heavy taste. The expences of the shell of the building were estimated at three hundred thousand Catalan livres. This work is defrayed by a tax on imports. Among the Roman antiquities of this city are a mosaic pavement, in which are represented two large green figures of Tritons, holding a shell in each hand; between them a horse, and on the sides a serpent and a dolphin. There are also many vaults and cellars of an ancient construction; and the archdeaconry was  
one



once the palace of the pretor, or Roman governor. In the yard of this edifice is a beautiful cistern, or rather sarcophagus, which they call the tomb of Pompey's father; but there is no evidence for or against this opinion. A large bas-relief is round it, of hunters, dogs, and wild beasts. The chief person is on horseback, bareheaded, and in military dress. The figures and animals are well executed, and the whole is a fine monument of antiquity, though it is now used to water the garden.

In the house belonging to the family of the Count de S. Charles are many excellent busts and medallions. Augustus pater, with a corona radialis, an elegant Bacchus, and a woman holding a ruyter, supposed to represent Spain, the Provincia Lusitania, are the most remarkable.

The 9th of November, being the festival of St. Charles Borromeo, the king's patron, was celebrated as a day of gala. All the officers waited on the governor in grand uniform; the theatre was illuminated, and crowded with well-dressed company, and the price of admittance was raised. Seats are generally let by the year, or appropriated for particular purposes, a stranger finds some difficulty in obtaining a place.

The play was the *Cid Campeador*, an historical tragedy, written with a great deal of fire and force of character. In all tragedies, the nobles drop a curtesy, instead of bowing to kings and heroes. A pretty ballad was sung by a woman in the smart dress of a maja, or coquette; she wore her hair in a scarlet net with tassels, a striped gauze handkerchief crossed her bosom, and she had on a rich jacket, flowered apron, and a broad petticoat.

During his residence in Barcelona, our author employed part of his time in investigating the number and situation of the Spanish armies, and thinks that the regular troops do not exceed fifty thousand. The king's household is composed of three troops of gentlemen horse-guards, Spanish, Italian, and Flemish; one company of halbardiers; six battalions of Spanish, and six of Walloon foot-guards; and one brigade of carabiniers.

There are six regiments of Spanish infantry of two battalions, and twenty-seven of one battalion; two Italian, three Irish, and four Swiss regiments of one battalion; one regiment of artillery of four battalions; six thousand seven hundred and twelve marines; and a company of engineers.

White or blue is the colour of their regimentals, except one Spanish, and three Irish regiments, that are dressed in red.

The cavalry consists of fourteen regiments, of which six are in blue, four in red, three in white, and one in green. The dragoons form eight regiments, of which one is blue, one red, and six yellow.

Besides the regulars, they annually assemble forty-three regiments of militia, and twenty-seven companies of city guards. The corps of invalids contains forty-six companies on duty, and twenty-six excused. The African and American garrisons have also their respective militia.

The uniforms of the Spanish soldiers are ill made, and the soldiers are abominably nasty in their appearance. Their black greasy hair is seldom dressed.

The pay of a soldier is five quartos and a half and twenty-one ounces of bread a day. After fifteen years service, he has an increase of

... and it is known  
sign of a particular badge of distinction. A  
... is blue, embroidered  
... and three rows of or  
... : a lieutenant gene  
... and but two rows  
... de campo has but on

The ... of a lieutenant is two pazzettas  
... of an ensign two. As  
... in price, since their pa  
... it is become insufficient f  
... of officers. In the guards,  
... subalterns must live upon  
... fortune.

About seven thousand men form the g  
of Barcelona, of which four thousand two  
dred are guards: the rest Swiss and dra  
Each cor's has its separate quarters, wh  
provides with sentries, and hence they ne  
terfere with each other.

Our traveler acknowledges the civilities

climate, and few spots on the globe can  
in fertility.

afternoon, as the weather was charming,  
a ride to Saria, a convent of Capuchin  
the hills. The city and port of Barce-  
teared to great advantage from hence,  
ollected into a perfect landscape. The  
garden, on the slope of the hill, is truly  
, and streams of limpid water run down  
es with the wildness of nature, or spout  
the eyes of a little Magdalen, or from a  
is.

return to town was by a hollow way, un-  
s of Indian figs, cactus opuntia, where  
flies were sporting as in the middle of  
The women were busy making black  
e of which is spun out of the leaf of the  
is curious, but of little use, as it soon  
acilaginous with washing.

passed the convent of Jesus, belonging to  
eliers, and in a garden here saw the plant  
oma, a species of mimosa, or sponge-  
ring a round yellow flower, with a faint  
ell, to which many singular qualities are  
d. If the seed is chewed and spate out in  
it will immediately fill it with an over-  
ench, and turn all the white paint black.  
ening concluded with a ball, where our  
, for the first time, had the pleasure of  
e fandango danced. It is very voluptu-  
throws the body into such attitudes as  
f decency ought not to behold, nor mo-  
ractise.

12th, they visited the fortress of Mont-  
ere the fineness of the day and the  
the prospect gave an enchantment to  
every

every object. Montjuich is supposed to be derived either from Mons Jovis, or Mons Jucundus: it stands single on the south-west of Barcelona. The extent of its basis is very large. Large crops of wheat are produced on the north and east sides; and a great quantity of wine is made on the south-east angle; it is said to be imbibed with lime and mastic chips, to give it spirit and colour.

The face of the mountain, towards the south, is almost an insurmountable precipice. The ascent to the top is very steep; and about half way up is an ancient burial place of the Jews, with many monumental stones scattered about, covered with Hebrew inscriptions.

Every part of the old castle is destroyed. Large modern works erected on the site of the castle, however, Barcelona, and every individual

The badness of the roads having detained our traveller at Barcelona some days longer than he intended, he set out with his companions to visit Montserrat. For a few miles from Barcelona, they found the roads most excellent; but they soon relapsed into their usual state in this country. At Martorel, a large town, where the natives manufacture black lace, they passed a very high bridge, with Gothic arches, built on the ruins of a decayed one, which had stood for one thousand nine hundred and eighty-five years, from its first erection by Hannibal, in the 535th year of Rome, as an inscription records.

At the north-end of this structure is a triumphal arch, said to have been raised by that general in honour of his father, Hamilcar. It is almost entire, and well proportioned.

Continuing their journey through a large village, named Espalungera, they arrived, in the afternoon, at the foot of Montserrat, one of the most singular in the world for shape, situation, and composition. It stands insulated, and towering over a hilly country, like a pile of grotto work, or Gothic spires. Its height is about three thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea.

They ascended by the steepest road, to save time; and after two hours tedious riding, from east to west, up a narrow path, cut out of the sides of gullies and precipices, they reached the highest part of the road, and soon after came in sight of the convent placed in a nook of the road. It seems as if some violent convulsion of nature had split the eastern face of Montserrat, and formed in the cleft a sufficient platform to build the monastery on. The Llobregat roars at the bottom, and perpendicular walls of rock, of immense height, r

fantastic shapes, all blanched and bare; but  
their interstices filled up with forests of  
green and deciduous trees and shrubs.

Fifteen hermitages are placed among the  
and pinnacles of the rocks, or in cavities  
out of them. The rocks are composed of  
stones of different colours, of quartz, fre  
and some touchstone, cemented together by  
natural process. The assemblage and view  
whole are not only astonishing, but unnatu

As our countrymen carried a letter for  
bot, they found a polite and hospitable rec  
Saffron soup, however, and spiced ragout  
not much to their taste. After dinner a p  
carraways and a salver of wine were handed  
which reminded our author of the treat  
Shallow offers to Sir John Falstaff.

The monks here are Benedictines, and  
possessions are very considerable, though th  
has lately curtailed them. Their original  
dation in 866 gave them nothing but the

number of professed monks is seventy-six, others twenty-eight, and of singing boys five, besides a physician, surgeon, and ser-

morning, Mr. Swinburne and his com-  
ere conducted to the church, by one of  
ks. It is a gloomy pile internally, and  
gilding much sullied by the smoke of a  
mber of silver lamps continually burning.  
choir above stairs is decorated with the  
Christ, in handsome wooden carving. A  
on grate divides the church from the  
of the Virgin, where the image stands in  
over the altar, before which four tapers  
ly burn.

sacristy, and the passages leading to it,  
ses and cupboards full of relics and orna-  
f gold, silver, and precious stones. The  
uable and curious are two crowns for the  
and her son, of inestimable price, some  
among rings, an excellent canreo of Me-  
thead, the Roman emperors in alabaster,  
rd of St. Ignatius, and the chest that con-  
ashes of a famous brother, John Guarin,  
they relate nearly the same story as that  
the Guardian of the Santon Barisa and  
an's daughter.

use is the quantity of votive offerings to  
aculous statue of the virgin, and as no-  
in be rejected, or otherwise disposed of,  
ves are loaded with whimsical ex-votos.  
next visited some small rooms behind the  
ar, and a strong silver-plated door being  
open, they were bid to lean forward and  
*hand of Nuestra Señora*, which was al-



ready half worn away by the eager offer of its votaries.

Having seen every place about the c they set out for the hermitages, and to short road up a crevice, between two huge of rock, where, in rainy weather, the wa volve in furious torrents. They count hundred holes, or steps, so steep and perp lar, that from below they could not disc least track. A hand-rail and a few seats to on, enabled them, however, to perform t lade.

Soon after they arrived, through a wi of evergreens, at the narrow platform wh first hermit dwells. His situation is won romantic, and his accommodations very a ate. He seemed to be a cheerful, simple o in whose mind, forty years retirement ha terated all worldly ideas.

The hermits are all clad in brown, a long beards: their allowance from the co small, and their respective limits are very

over a precipice that descends almost to the bed of the river. The prospect was awfully fine. In a clear day, it is said, they can seeorca from this spot, though no less than one hundred and eighty-one miles distant.

The rock, that overhangs the hermit's cell, was formerly a castle with its cisterns and draw-ings, where some banditti harboured, and often committed their depredations over the neighbouring villages. At last they were overpowered; and in commemoration of this event, the hermitage is dedicated to St. Dimas, the good thief.

La Trinidad, the next cell they visited, the monks, by rotation, pass a few days in the summer season. It is a very pretty place, and has good accommodations to the other hermitages. The abbot of this spot gave them a glass of good wine, and a pinch of snuff, raised from tobacco in his own garden; but the officers of the monks have extended their tyranny even to these pleasures, and ordered the cultivation of tobacco to be discontinued.

Having satisfied their curiosity among the hermitages, which, in general, differ little from each other, except in the situation, they arrived at Sta Cecilia, the parish church where the monks of this Thebais meet every morning to hear mass, and twice a week to confess and communicate.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the fine views and the uncouth appearance of the different parts of Montserrat. A painter or a botanist might spend many days here with pleasure. The apothecary of the house has collected a list of one hundred and thirty-seven species of plants, and thirty of trees, that grew on this mountain.

One great inconvenience, in this romantic, and, in some respects, beautiful retreat, is the scarcity of fresh water. Except one spring in the parish, and another at the convent, the only cistern water of the worst kind. The deficiency of the necessary fluid prevents any beast ever encroaching on the mountain.

Having dined at the abbey, and received the customary donation of blessed crosses and medals, they set out on their return for Barcelona, which they reached the following morning.

Catalonia is, almost throughout, extremely mountainous. The nature of the country appears to have great influence on the inhabitants; they are a hardy, active, and industrious race, of middle size, brown complexion, and marked features.

The mocos, or mule-boys, are excellent peons; some of them have been known to go from Barcelona to Madrid and back again, in ten days, which by the high road is six hundred miles.

The loss of all their immunities, the ignominious prohibition of every weapon, even a common knife\*, and an enormous load of taxes, have not been able to stifle their independent spirit. By degrees, some of their ancient privileges have been restored; but this is done with a very sparing hand, and rather extorted from fear, than conferred from regard.

The common dress of a Catalonian soldier or muleteer is brown; and the distinctive mark by which they are known in Spain, is a red velvet cap, falling backwards like that of the

\* *Can the tyranny of despotism go farther, can man be more!*

ygians. The middling sort of people and ar-  
pers wear hats and dark clothes, with a half-  
le coat carelessly thrown over their shoulders.  
The women have a black silk petticoat over a  
le hoop, shoes without heels, bare shoulders,  
a black veil stiffened out with wire; so that  
y resemble a hooded serpent.

The Catalonians are excellent for light infan-  
on the forlorn hope, or for a coup-de-main;  
they are averse to the strictness of mili-  
discipline. Such is their pride, that they  
not submit to be menial servants in their own  
ntry; but will rather endure any inconveni-  
e at home or abroad, than appear in this capa-  
e. At a distance, however, they make excel-  
t servants, and most of the principal houses of  
drid have Catalonians at the head of their  
sirs.

Those who remain at home are extremely in-  
trious. Their corn-harvest is in May or early  
June; but as those crops are liable to frequent  
stings and mildews, they have turned their  
ention more to the culture of the vine, which  
y plant and nourish with infinite labour, even  
the summits of their most rugged mountains.  
eir vintages are commonly very plentiful.  
e best red wine of Catalonia is made at Mata-  
north of Barcelona; and the best white at  
ges, between that city and Tarragona.

There are mines of lead, iron, and coal, in the  
untains, but they turn to poor account. The  
nufactures are of more importance. Barce-  
a supplies Spain with most of the clothing and  
as for the troops. This branch of business is  
ied on with so much expedition, that they

can equip a battalion of six hundred men in a week.

The gun-barrels of Barcelona are much esteemed, and sell for from four to twenty guineas. They are made out of the old shoes of mules.

The devotion of the Catalonians seems to be pretty much on a par with that of their neighbours in the southern provinces of France; and is much less ardent than nearer the capital. But they are equally as superstitious as the greatest devotees. On the 1st of November, the Eve of all Souls, they run about from house to house to eat chestnuts; believing that, for every chestnut they swallow, with proper faith and unction, they shall liberate a soul from purgatory.

The proceedings of the inquisition are grown very mild. If any person leads a scandalous life, or allows his tongue unwarrantable liberties, he is summoned by the Holy Office, and admonished; and in case of non-amendment, he is committed to prison.

Once a year every person must answer at that tribunal, for the orthodoxy of his family; but foreign protestant houses are passed over unnoticed. By avoiding religious discussions, and conforming to a few insignificant ceremonies, a person may live here in what manner he pleases.

Mr. Swinburne left Barcelona on the 19th of November, and they set forward for Valencia. The first day's journey was very short, and the roads were good. They stopped at Cipreret, a neat house, in a wild mountainous country, with a few pines scattered about. Here they saw, for the first time, a true Spanish kitchen—a hearth *fixed* above the level of the floor, under a wide funnel.

el, where a circle of muleteers were huddled  
her over a few cinders.

ext morning they passed a broad glen, or  
w, over which a road had been attempted  
ches, but it failed. In the present state  
pass is dangerous; and farther on the road  
is worse, in a large forest of pines, where the  
and gullies almost render a carriage-way  
acticable.

ie country at the foot of the mountains is  
e and populous. About Villa Franca de  
des, the soil is remarkably light and easily  
vated.

the evening they passed by torch-light un-  
Roman arch, and returned next morning to  
ine it. This arch is almost entire, elegant  
s proportions, and simple in its ornaments.  
inscription is much defaced, but an ancient  
ish author reads it—EX TESTAMENTO L. LI-  
L. F. SERGII SURAE CONSECRATUM. This  
nius was thrice consul under Trajan, and was  
ous for his extraordinary wealth.

ext day was very delightful. The sun shone  
n all his splendor; the sea was smooth and  
y, and the prospect incessantly varying as they  
need, sometimes along the rich level of the  
e, and sometimes over gentle eminences.

little river Gaya distributes its waters in  
e channels to all parts of the valley, and gives  
ur to its productions. Here the tender olive  
are nursed up in long baskets, till they  
out of the reach of goats and other enemies.

s they descended the hill of Bara, Tarragona  
ented itself to their view, and they turned off  
e right into a wood of pines and shrubs, to  
monument, that tradition has named th

Tor



Tomb of the Scipios. They were the father and uncle of Scipio Africanus, both killed in Spain.

This building is about nineteen feet square, and twenty-eight high. In the front, facing the sea, are two statues of warriors, in a mournful posture, roughly cut out of the stones of the sepulchre. The inscription is so much defaced, that it is impossible to make any sense of it.

They now ascended the almost naked rocks of Tarragona, which produce nothing but the dwarf palm, or palmeto. This plant grows to the height of one or two feet, and is not only valued for its fruit and the pith of its roots, but also for its leaves, which make good brooms and ropes, and serve to fatten cattle.

The ancient Tarraco is now dwindled away to a very trifling city. Many antiquities have been found here, and are still to be seen in the town, and almost all round the walls. A few vestiges remain of the palace of Augustus, and of the great circus, an arch or two of the amphitheatre, and some steps cut in the solid rock, still exist, overhanging the sea.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. Thecla, is ill constructed; but the new chapel, dedicated to that saint, is a fine piece of architecture. The inside is cased with yellow and brown marbles, dug up in the very centre of the town, and ornamented with white foliages and bas-reliefs.

From this city they descended into the Campo Tarragones, a plain about nine miles in diameter, one of the most fruitful and best cultivated spots in Europe. Reus, which stands almost in its centre, has agents and factors from all the foreign houses at Barcelona. This town daily increases in size and population. Wines and brandies are the

staple commodities. Of the former, the best drinking are produced on the hills belonging to the Carthusians; those of the plain are best adapted for burning, as it is called. The annual exports are about twenty-thousand pipes of brandy.

Five pipes of wine make one of strong spirit, and four make one of weak.

This branch of trade employs about one thousand stills in the whole Campo. The brandy is carried in carts, down to Salo, an open but a long road, five miles off. Nuts are likewise an article of exportation, and upwards of sixty-thousand bushels have been shipped off in one year. Every thing here wears the face of business; but it is at the expence of the inland villages, many of which are left almost destitute of inhabitants.

Proceeding from Reus, where they met with most gratifying civilities, their view was soon confined on every side by groves of locust and olive trees, till they entered the desert, near the shore, at a ruined tower, called the Casa Yer-

In the afternoon they came to a rocky pass over the fort of Balaguer. Their evening journey lay among bleak uncomfortable hills, covered with low shrubs.

The approach of night, and the danger of venturing in such broken ways in the dark, obliged them to stop at Venta del Platero, a hovel so miserably wretched as to beggar all description. Mules, and human beings, all occupied the floor. A pool of water, on the level with their apartment, made their clothes so damp, that in the morning they might have been wrung. However, such is the salubrity of the climate, even this did not affect their health.



As soon as it was light they departed, and found the waste grow more and more barren. The acclivity of the roads made travelling in carriages almost impossible, nor was riding pleasant. The torrents had swept away the bridges and causeways, and washed the road to the very rock.

In a few hours they emerged from this desert, which is at least ten leagues long. A little turn of the road brought them in sight of the mouth of the Ebro, which appears to waste itself before it reaches the sea, by running through various channels in a flat track, which might be converted into very fertile land.

There are two good harbours at the mouth of the river, which is navigable for vessels of fifty tons burden as high as Tortosa, and for small craft much higher. The waters of the Ebro, though muddy, are constantly drank without any ill effects, by the natives; and, like the Nile, they have a fertilizing quality, when the plains are inundated by them.

Just before our travellers entered Tortosa, they

nering the plant, and about fifteen at constant work in the mills. He pays a certain sum to the proprietors of those lands, for the privilege of extracting the liquorice-roots. About four hundred tons of root make fifty of cake, which, in England, sells at about three pounds fifteen shillings per hundred weight.

Portofa is an ugly town on the declivity of a hill, north of the Ebro, over which there is a bridge of boats. Its commerce in silk and corn is now at a low ebb. They next traversed the vale of Garena, where the olive trees grow to great size. Here the peasants wear the Valencian dress, which consists of a monstrous pointed hat, cropt hair, a short brown jacket, a white waistcoat and trowsers, stockings gartered below the knee, and pack thread sandals.

At the passage of the Senia, they entered the kingdom of Valencia. After crossing a track of marsh, they descended to the shore, which is beautifully planted with olive, mulberry, fig and lotus trees. They found a rich red soil, and vineyards neatly trimmed. From this vicinity eight thousand pipes of a very strong, sweet, red wine are annually exported to Holland, Germany, and other places.

In this plain they suffer much for want of water; and the vintage is frequently diminished by excessive heats, which dry up all the springs. Wherever they can procure water from wells by means of a wheel turned by a mule, they have all vegetables all the year. They cut lucerne every week in spring, and every fortnight in winter; and mix it with the sweet bran of the loaves, as provender for their mules. Kid is the kind of flesh to be found here.

The peasants, on the adjacent mountains, live most part of the year on the roasted acorns of the ever-green oak, a food which is really very savoury and palatable, but not very nourishing. Even the proprietors of vineyards live in a very poor style.

From Benicarlo they had much stony road, alternately skirting the shore, or climbing up wild rocky hills. Few vales surpass that of Margal in beauty. The sea forms a picturesque bay before it, and the mountains run behind in a vast semicircle.

The moment they entered the petty kingdom of Valencia, they began to feel a sensible change in the climate: the days were disagreeably hot, though it was now the end of November, and the nights soft and mild, like the summer evenings in England.

The prospects along the calm Mediterranean are most enchanting. Creeks, promontories, towers, green woody vales, and rocks impending over them, are the constant scenes that present themselves in pleasing variety and succession.

In travelling through this country, for several nights, they heard the people singing doleful ditties under their windows to the sound of a guitar, which they struck without any idea of music, but merely as an accompaniment.

They were now approaching to Valencia, and from an eminence had a noble view of the valley of Almenara, a kind of land bay, surrounded by lofty mountains, and adorned with six pretty towns, rising out of the bosom of a forest of dark and light greens, charmingly tinted. The low range of turrets on the hill of Murviedro, once Saguntum, juts out towards the sea, from the

chain of mountains that separates the vale of Albenara from that of Valencia.

At Murviedro they stopped to view the ruins of that once celebrated city. The present town is very inconsiderable, and seems to stand upon the same ground as the ancient Roman city; but on all probability, the Saguntum, that was destroyed by Hannibal, was built on the summit of the hill.

Half way up the rock are the ruins of the theatre, in sufficient preservation to give a tolerable idea of its extent and distribution. It is an exact semicircle, about eighty-two yards diameter; the length of the orchestra being twenty-four yards. The seats for the audience, the staircases, and passages of communication, the vomitoria, and arched porticos are still easy to be traced. The back part rests against the hill; and some of the galleries are cut out of the rock.

As the spectators faced the north and east, and were sheltered from the west and south, nothing could be more agreeable in this climate than such a situation; open to every pleasant and salubrious breeze, and defended from all winds that might bring with them heat or noxious vapours. It is computed that nine thousand persons could conveniently be seated in this theatre.

From this fine remain of antiquity, which might have been more entire, had not the barbarous inhabitants wrenched off the facing stones to build their convents with, Mr. Swinburne and his companions climbed up to the summit of the mountain, a narrow ridge covered with Moorish bulwarks. A few uninteresting inscriptions, some mutilated statues, and some Roman arches,

thrown over a large cistern, were all the antiquities they saw.

The fortifications divide the hill into several courts with double and tripple walls, erected on huge masses of rock, laid in regular courses by the Romans. Over these are placed the Moorish works, which are perfectly characteristic of the military architecture of that nation.

The landscape from hence was beautiful and grand beyond all description; and it is impossible for any pen to give the least adequate idea of it. Valencia, with all its spires, about twelve miles off, was distinctly discerned; but the varied scenery less remote was sufficient to arrest the eye in wonder and delight.

From this place to Valencia is one perfect garden, so thick of trees, that the view is confined to near objects. Villages and monasteries present themselves every hundred yards, and the roads were crowded with multitudes of people. All the grounds are divided into small compartments by water-channels, the work of the Moors; but the present inhabitants, less skilful in agriculture, or less industrious, have suffered many of them to fall into decay.

Valencia is situated in such a dead and woody flat, that they were in the suburbs before they thought of it. The morning after their arrival, they waited on the old intendant of the province, with a letter of introduction from his *conferre* of Catalonia.

The old gentleman received their letter very ungraciously, and flung it on the table, without saying a word, or even offering them a seat. Having waited for some time, they began to look at each other, and to smile at their reception. On  
the

s, the intendant looking up, asked if they were Catalonians. No, replied Mr. Swinburne, are Englishmen on our travels. Oh, oh! said you come from a better country. Can I be any service to you?

They told him, the only favour they wanted was a protection from being pestered by the custom-house officers. He now assumed a very civil air; but his general behaviour was arbitrary, cruel, and avaricious in the extreme; and our travellers heard many stories to his disadvantage, among the Valencians, which proves that he is neither loved nor esteemed.

The climate here is mild and pleasant, but there is something faint and enervating in the air.

Every eatable is insipid: the greens, wine, and meat, seem the artificial forced productions of continual waterings and hot-beds. Here a man may labour for an hour at a piece of mutton, and when he has tired his jaws, find that he has only been chewing the idea of a dinner. The mutton, as soon as it is cut into, yields abundance of gravy; and nothing remains but a mere shrunken caput mortuum. Vegetables, with the most outward shew imaginable, taste of nothing but water.

Even the Valencians themselves seem affected in the same manner: they are large built, personable looking men, but flabby and inanimate. The men here are subject to jealous masters, who will neither trust them abroad, nor deign to let them sit at the same table. The wives of masters stand at their husbands' elbow, and wait on them.

*The inhabitants, indeed, of this province, are vilified by their neighbours with many prohibitions*



probrious appellations, dictated, as charity would incline one to hope, by the rancour of national prejudice. They are, however, allowed to be more fullen and unpolished, and to have adopted less of the spirit of civilization than most other parts of Spain. They strut all day in redicillas, or monstrous hats, and dark brown cloaks, which give the crowds in the streets the appearance of a funeral procession.

Scarcely any society is kept up among them, though the salubrity of the climate and reason of economy induce several considerable families to make this city the place of their abode. Their chief expence lies not in conviviality and society, but in servants, mules, and equipages; and frequently in low and disgraceful amours.

Valencia is large and almost circular. Its towers are lofty, and some of their original towers remain. Several large clumsy bridges cross the channel of the Guadaviar; but, except in rainy season, the bed is almost dry.

The captain general resides in the suburb of an uncouth Gothic palace, at the entrance of the Alameda, a long double avenue of poplars, pines, and palms, where the nobility take the air in coaches on festive occasions. About a mile below, is the port of Valencia, which, from speaking, is an open road, the mole having been swept away by a violent storm.

Single horse chairs are much in use here, and are to be let at all hours at the gates. This mode is very uneasy; but the horses are excellent and run along like lightning. Our travellers, having occasion one day to hire a coach, the stable-boy at their inn offered his services to procure one; and in fifteen minutes brought a coach

floor, and four fine mules, with two postilions and a lackey, all in flaming liveries. They afterwards found that this equipage belonged to countesses; and that the nobility make no scruple of letting out their carriages, probably for the profit of their servants, when they do not want them themselves.

The streets of this city are crooked and narrow; being destitute of paving, are full of dust in dry weather, and in wet, deep in mud. They do not plead advantage from this, as it makes more plenty. Thus idleness and slovenliness never want an excuse.

The houses are little more attractive than the streets. Most of the churches are tawdry, and decorated with barbarous ornaments, both within and without. In the multitude, however, of sacred edifices, some may be found that excel in particular parts; but scarcely one that deserves commendation in the whole, for elegance or symmetry.

Some of the churches have domes, but the outer part tall slender turrets, painted and beaded with all sorts of pilasters and whimsical devices. Every thing, indeed, is gilt and adorned with incredible profusion.

The cathedral is a large Gothic pile; and its bishopric, one of the best in Spain, is said to be worth forty thousand pounds a year. The revenues of Toledo are still greater, but they are more precarious, and more expensive in collection. The last and present archbishops of Valencia were the sons of peasants; and the ruling passion of both seems to have been convent-build-



Priests, nuns, and friars, of every denomination and dress, swarm in this city; where some convents contain more than one hundred monks, all richly provided for.

The lonja, or exchange, is a very noble Gothic hall, built about the close of the fifteenth century, with all the beauty and richness which that style is susceptible of. Some other civil buildings are not inelegant nor incommodious for their destination.

This city and kingdom has undergone many revolutions, and has fallen under various masters of different nations. At last it was taken from the Moors by James I. king of Arragon in 1238, and for ever annexed to that crown, the fate of which it has since followed in all its revolutions.

The population of Valencia is computed at one hundred thousand, and that of the whole king-

n and transplanted. The trees, which are of the white kind, are afterwards set out in rows, and pruned every second year.

Wool, hemp, wine, and cotton, are likewise raised in the utmost abundance in Valencia; and form some of the grand articles of exportation.

But notwithstanding all this plenty, the country can with difficulty procure food to keep families from starving.

In the beginning of December, they left Valencia, and travelled the first day through a plain, sterile as nature and frequent watering can make it.

Before they arrived at Alzira, a large town in the south of the Xucar, they crossed an extensive tract of land, astonishingly fertile. The peas and beans in the fields were very high, and in full ear.

They were stopped several times by long files of mules, carrying corn to Valencia, the drivers of which were ill-looking fellows, dressed in leather.

In the afternoon, at the entrance of a more mountainous country, they came to the rice-fields, now in stubble. The rice of Valencia is more yellow than that of the Levant; but is more nutritive, and capable of being longer stored.

They lay at Xativa, formerly a strong fortress, being destroyed by Philip V. was rebuilt under the name of San Felipe. That monster, afterwards Pope Alexander VI. was a native of this town.

Their route from this town lay up winding between ridges of high bleak mountains, plantations, pine forests, and bare chalky rocks, which saluted their view.

Next

drels of the inhabitants. A brown monte jacket, and breeches, with a yellow wa being the usual uniform, put them in n Sancho Pança ; particularly as they were corner of the country from which the ini Cervantes drew his pictures.

The castle of Villena is large and well f and has once been strong. The whole con Valencia and Castille are full of ruined t mark of the misery arising from small c ous kingdoms, which nature intended united.

Soon after, they found the style of sal quite changed. Instead of " God ke worship," the peasants here began to baw some distance, " Ave Maria purissima," t it is necessary to return, " Sin pecado con or, " Deo gratias."

They reached Alicant very early in the ing of the 8th of December, and took i lodgings at an inn that overhangs the sea

But, hospitably as they were treated here, our  
hor says he cannot praise the place itself: it  
neither buildings nor streets that can recom-  
nd it to distinction. The houses are solid,  
h flat roofs, covered with cement; and every  
ng looks so white, that it tires the eye. The  
t flies about in whirlwinds in fine weather,  
l when it rains, it requires boots to walk the  
ets in.

In the hot months this place is a very furnace;  
in winter it is impossible not to be delighted  
h the climate, and the beauties the situation  
the port of Alicant affords. It stands on the  
idle of a narrow neck of land, that stretches  
into the sea in semicircular form. A rocky  
ountain rises directly behind the town, on the  
omit of which stands the castle, fortified in the  
dern style.

Behind the castle-hill is a plain, some leagues  
circumference, and the the gardens of Alicant  
along the sea-shore, surrounded on three sides  
very lofty mountains. In this vale the fine  
cant and Tent wines are made.

Water is the great agent, the primum mobile  
all productions in this country. Every thing  
guishes, and is soon parched up without an  
ple supply of it. Abundance of rain secures  
a plentiful harvest and a copious vint-  
s. Whenever a spring is discovered, the  
g's officers seize on it, and allot to each land-  
der a proper hour for letting it flow on his  
ands.

The English factory here imports all sorts of  
e goods, corn, and Newfoundland cod. The  
cles of their exportation are wine and barilla.

This

drought to that ungodly entertainment. Luckily for the poor performers, a smart fell just as the interdiction was published the continuance of rain all the next day priests in a better humour.

They left Alicant on the 12th of Decemb halted first at Elche, a large town built skirts of a wood of palm trees, very fertile. The country round this town has cheerful aspect, and is sufficiently fertile abundance and judicious distribution water. Near this place are avenues, plant the Peru pepper tree, or schinus molle with branches of a handsome rose-colour.

From hence they proceeded up the Murcia, so justly celebrated for the variety richness of its culture. Though it was heart of winter, the general appearance celebrated spot was a bright green, arising the young corn, the flax, lucerne, pome orange groves.

he cathedral is a large massive pile, and is remarkable for its spire, to the top of which it is possible to ride. From this elevation is a full view of the town and country. The names and banners of the Jews that have been burnt in this town by the Inquisition, are hung up in the church as so many trophies won in the day of battle. From Murcia they struck directly across the country, into the chain of mountains on the south of the town; and after passing the night at a most comfortable venta, they arrived early next day at Cartagena, where they took up their lodgings at the Golden Eagle, the best house of entertainment they had found in Spain.

By means of a letter from Barcelona, our author and his friends procured permission to visit the arsenals and magazines of this port, the most considerable in the Spanish dominions.

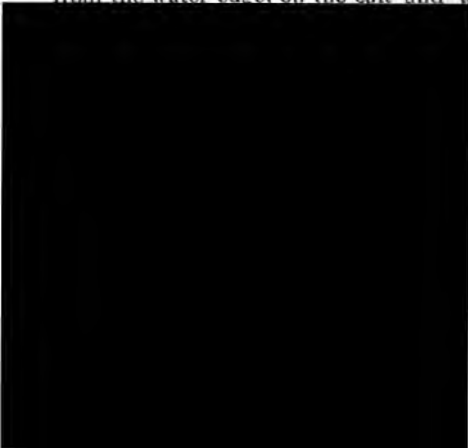
The arsenal is a square building, south-west of the town. Forty pieces of cannon defend its approach from the sea; but on the land side it is without defence. They saw only one seventy-four ship on the stocks, and a rotten hulk heaved up to be repaired. Behind the wet-dock was a long range of magazines for stores, which did not appear very well filled, though the Spaniards pretended the contrary. Indeed, they seemed very shy and jealous of our travellers; who found it difficult to persuade them, that they had no other views in their expedition.

The ships are heaved down in dock, which is kept clear of water by the constant use of several fire engines, and the great pump, which is worked without intermission by Spanish criminals and Barbary slaves. Of the former they have about a hundred, and of the latter six hundred.

Most of these wretches are kept to the hard of pumping sixteen hours out of the twenty and in the summer season, scarce a day pass some of them do not drop down dead work. Their despair is sometimes so great that if they can get within reach of a rope they will plunge it in their own breast, or of an associate, merely to be put to death themselves.

It is impossible to see those miserable wretches without commiseration, yet the atrociousness of their crimes, perhaps, have deserved all this severity. The severity, however, exercised on Moorish captives, makes reason and humanity revolt. Retaliation will not be a sufficient justification of Christians.

The port of Carthagena is in the finest bay, and is naturally very completely sheltered. The island of Elcombrera blocks up the entrance, and shelters it from the violence of the waves. High bare mountains rise very abruptly from the water-edge, on the east and west.



telling them they were not at  
and bade his men row away, as he  
of the vessels would be ready to  
ee days at least, and that the signal  
compliance with the letter of their

is large; but has very few good  
ill fewer grand or remarkable build-  
ospital is a large square, round two  
stories high towards the sea, and  
the land. The style of architecture  
are good.

, is a small church, erected in ho-  
ames, the patron of Spain, who is  
ed to have landed here when he  
alestine, to convert this country to

incipal crops of barilla are produced  
y, Mr. Swinburne was at some trou-  
information respecting such a valu-  
e. He found that there were four  
genus, which, in the early part of  
bear a strong resemblance to each  
are, to use the Spanish distinctions,  
or algazul, soza, and salicorni, or  
are all burnt to ashes; but applied  
arpuses, as being possessed of differ-

esh sown every year, and rises to the  
it four inches. Gazul is sown but once  
, or five years, according to the soil,  
exceed half the height of barilla.  
treble the size of barilla, and re-  
green colour to the last. Salicor,  
grows upright, and much resembles



the fittest for making glais and bleachin  
the others are used in making soap,  
would burn linen.

The method used in making barilla is  
as what is followed in the north of En  
burning kelp. An acre will yield abo  
consequently the crop is very valuable.

Not far from Carthagena is a place ca  
mazaron, where they gather a fine red ear  
almagra, used for polishing mirrors, and  
for giving tobacco that colour and softne  
constitute the principal merit of Spanish

On the 19th of December, they left  
gená, and for two days travelled up the  
the two ridges of mountains, that formed  
daries, united at its head.

Proceeding through a country, extren  
ed, and, in general, little attractive, or p  
any interesting objects, they arrived a  
on the 24th. This is a dismal ruinou  
with mud walls, but the roads had been

and oriental. It was the beautiful and favoured metropolis of a Moorish kingdom of the same name, which subsisted seven hundred and eighty-two years.

Ferdinand of Castille, after a nine months blockade of the capital, obliged the Moorish king, Abouabdoulah, to surrender; and the conqueror, with his queen Isabella; made their triumphal entry into Grenada on the 2d of January 1492. The Moorish prince, as he was conducting to the place appointed for his residence, stopped on the hill of Padul, to take a last view of his beloved Grenada. The sight of this, which renewed his most tender recollections, overcame his resolution; he burst into tears, and in the anguish of his soul, broke out into the most bitter exclamations against the severity of his fate.

Such Moorish families as remained in Grenada, after the dissolution of the monarchy, were continually molested by zealous priests and bigotted princes. The Spanish clergy, not at all satisfied in the external show of their conversion to Christianity, were eager to discern the sincere from the pretended; and therefore set spies over them to watch their minutest actions, that they might be furnished with grounds of accusation.

Irritated at last beyond endurance, the Moriscos formed a grand conspiracy against their tyrants, in 1568, but after an insurrection of two years, they were at last reduced by the Spaniards, and dispersed all over the kingdom; while the rabble of the two Castilles were sent to occupy their lands.

*In 1610, Philip III. issued an edict, commanding every person of Moorish extraction, without exception, to retire out of Spain. This rigorous*

and extraordinary order was apparently punctually obeyed; nevertheless, in 1726, the inquisition ferreted out and drove into banishment some considerable remains of that unfortunate race; and it is very probable they are not wholly extinct now, though experience and adversity have taught them the caution of concealment. Indeed, our author says, that a village in the mountains up the Darro is almost wholly composed of the descendants of Moors, who are easily distinguished from the Castilians by their round plump faces, small bright eyes, little nose, and projecting under-jaw.

The glories of Grenada have passed away with all its old inhabitants; its streets are choked with filth; its aqueducts crumbled to dust; its woods destroyed; its territory depopulated; its trade lost; in short, every thing, except the church and the law, is in a most deplorable situation.

But enough of the Alhambra still remains to shew the magnificence of the ancient kings of Grenada. This fortress and residence of the Mahometan monarchs of that country derives its name from the red colour of the materials of which it is originally built—alhambra signifying a red house. Most of the sovereigns took a delight in adding new buildings to the old towers, now called Torres de la Campana, or in embellishing what had been erected by their predecessors.

The pleasantness of the situation and the purity of the air, induced the emperor Charles V. to begin a magnificent edifice on the ruins of the offices of the old palace, probably for his usual residence; but his volatile temper, and the multiplicity of his avocations, made him give up all thoughts of Grenada, long before he had finished the plan.

Alhambra stands between two rivers on a hill, that projects into the plain, and is the city. The entrance from Grenada is by a massive gate, which conducts into the out-closure of the palace. An avenue of elms leads here, which soon increases to a wide terrace intersected by walks, and little streams all along the way. A large fountain adorns the terrace near the top of the hill.

A path to the left leads from this spot, through the walls of the inner inclosure. Its appearance is that of an ancient town, exhibiting a long line of high embattled walls, interrupted at distances by large, lofty, square towers. These have one or two arched windows, at the top, and a precipitate slope from the bottom to a dry ditch. The whole is built with regular pebbles, mixed with cement and

The principal entrance into the castle is by a tower, anciently called the Gate of Judgement, because justice used to be administered here in that manner.


This gate is never used for carriages, the passage leads through several turns, full of images, fountains, and altars, before the visiter reaches the street, between a row of mean barracks on the right, and the castle wall on the left, supposed to have been built by the Phœnicians.

The wall ends in the great square, or Plaza de Armas, so named from the ancient cisterns which surround it from one end to the other, and which are fed by a supply of running water. The view from the parapet wall is wonderful.

On the brow of the hill, overhanging the stand the 'Towers of the Bell,' a group of high buildings, now converted into prisons. them is the governor's garden, a very pleasant walk, lined with pine, orange, and cypress and myrtle hedges.

On the right hand of the Plaza de los Alcazares, a gateway, erected by Charles V. to connect the superb palace he designed, which stands the Torres de la Campana. This edifice is a perfect square, of two hundred Spanish feet, and is decorated with two orders of pilasters, Doric and Ionic, on a Rustic base.

Three of the fronts are open; the fourth, the northern, is connected with the ancient palace of the Moorish kings. The plan of Charles V. was never completed; but, from the progress made, enough is shown to excite the regret of every admirer of architectural beauty, that it had succeeded farther. The architect, who was a Spaniard, has displayed a transcendent genius, in the purity of style, and elegance and chastity of



ntly exposed to the air, time has caused no  
tion in the freshness of their colours.

osite to the door of the Communa, is an  
ce into the apartment of the Lions, an ob-  
ourt one hundred feet long and fifty broad,  
ned with a colonnade. The area is paved  
coloured tiles; the colonnade with white  
t. The walls are covered five feet up with  
red tiles of blue and white. Above and  
is a border of small escutcheons with the  
motto, "No conqueror but God." The  
as that support the roof and gallery are of  
marble, very slender, and fantastically  
d. They are nine feet high, and eight  
and a half in diameter. The ceiling is  
ed in stucco, with inimitable delicacy and

he centre of the court are twelve ill design-  
s, from the mouths of which issued streams  
er, afterwards received into a large reser-  
where it communicated by channels with  
d'eaus in the apartments. This fountain  
hite marble, and embellished with many  
s and Arabic distichs.

ng along the colonnade, on the south is a  
room, with a light and elegant cupola,  
t and designed in the most exquisite taste.  
thing in this apartment inspires the most  
g and voluptuous ideas.

nd this are two rooms, supposed to have  
tribunals, or audience chambers. In the  
are three historical paintings, executed  
uch force of colouring, but harsh and stiff  
osite to the Sala de los Abencerrages is the  
e into the Torre de las dos Hermanas, or  
er of the Two Sisters; so named from

two very beautiful pieces of marble, laid in the pavement. This gate exceeds all the rest in beauty of prospect, and in profusion of ornaments. It commands a view of a range of apartments, where a multitude of arches terminate in a large window open to the country. In a gleam of sunshine, the variety of tints and lights thrown on this enfilade are uncommonly rich. Some of the apartments in themselves are highly attractive, but no description can convey an adequate idea of them.

Having completed the tour of the upper apartments, they descended to the lower floor, which originally consisted of bed chambers, and summer rooms. The back stairs and passages, that facilitated the intercourse between them, are without number. The most remarkable apartment in this suite is the royal bed room. The beds are placed in two alcoves, upon a raised pavement of white and blue tiles. A fountain played in the middle, to refresh the air in hot weather. Behind the alcoves are two doors that led to the royal baths, which are of marble.

Hard by is a whispering gallery, and a kind of labyrinth. Under the council room, is a long slip, called the king's study; and adjoining to it are vaults, the place of sepulture for the royal line.

It is impossible to view this palace without being struck with a sense of its perfect adaptation for voluptuous retirement. No wonder the Moors regretted the loss of Grenada; no wonder they still prefer their weekly prayers for the recovery of *this city*, which they deem a terrestrial paradise.

Alameda, along the banks of the Xenil, is the most delightful walk for the inhabitants of the town. The hills rise boldly to back the avenue with orange groves, cypress alleys, and clust-houses, grouped upon the waving line of the sea and summit. Beyond the river is another terrace, or drive, for the Grenadines.

The more distant parts of the hills are rather steep and hollowed out into caverns, by the ancient inhabitants of the country, and still occupied by a tawny, ill-favoured tribe.

The environs of the town are still charming. It is universally affirmed, that Grenada is a delicious climate even in summer; and nothing, Mr. Swinburne says, could be more agreeable than the sunny afternoons they enjoyed here, though Christmas.

The women dress in black veils and black silk gowns. They are much handsomer than the women in the other parts of Spain, that had fallen under our traveller's view. The surprising purity of the air probably contributes to the freshness of the complexions, and the vivacity of their manners.

The walls and gates of the town are mostly of stone. Most of the streets are narrow and winding.

The Rambla is a very broad, long street, leading to the great walk. A lofty church and other public edifices give this street an air of grandeur, not common in a Spanish city.

There is scarcely a house in Grenada that has not its door, in large red characters, *Ave Maria, Inmaculada sin pecado concebida*. The immaculate conception is a favourite doctrine of the Dominicans, the prevailing party: the Dominicans, on the other hand, are their great antagonists.



The market-place is spacious, but the buildings are ill constructed. They are generally Moorish, and, from top to bottom, nothing is to be seen but rows of large windows, divided by narrow brick pilasters. The regulations of the market are very strict; but extremely serviceable to the interests of the poor. No person is allowed to carry home his meat till it has been weighed before a sitting committee of magistrates.

One of our countrymen's servants, from ignorance of this regulation, was hurried to jail. An alguazil coming up behind him, seized on his catering basket; and was immediately saluted by a violent blow on the chaps with a shoulder of mutton, which brought the Spaniard to the ground. The hero was then marching off in triumph, but he was soon overtaken by a detachment of alguazils, and committed to custody; from which, however, he was liberated, on submission and proper application.

The outsidcs of the churches are painted in a theatrical taste, and their insides set off with a profusion of marbles, brought from the neighbouring mountains. The dark green, from Sierra Nevada, is the most valued.

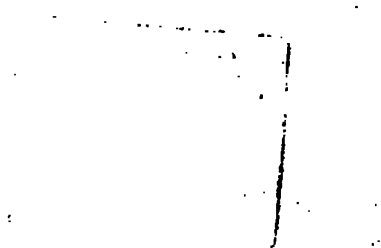
The cathedral, which in point of architecture stands very high in the opinion of the Grenadians, is an assemblage of three churches. The first is a clumsy parish church, the second a large chapel erected by Ferdinand, at the era when the arts were in the most unflourishing state. Both within and without, this chapel is encumbered with the weight of its own ill-proportioned ornaments. Ferdinand and Isabella repose before the altar, under a large marble monument, replete with figures and grotesques, not badly executed, con-

sidered



James

winburne's Servant seized by  
in the Market place of Grenada  
and Sept. 1797, by E. Noddy, owner of St. Paul's.



ring the short time that elapsed between their execution and the building of the chapel.

Adjoining, on a similar tomb, are stretched out the effigies of their son-in-law, Philip the fair of Castile, and of Joan their daughter. Over the great door is the emblem of the united monarchies—a bundle of arrows tied together, and clutched in the talons of an eagle.

From the chapel is the entrance into the main church, not yet finished, though it was begun in the reign of Charles V. It has the advantage of being well lighted; but the architect, by essaying every order, has combined and disposed of them in such a heavy and confused manner, that they produce none of that grand effect which results from the well-proportioned parts of a whole, when placed in harmony with each other.

The church of St. John of God is richly ornamented, and so are many others in Grenada; but few of them are in a chaste style of architecture. The amphitheatre for bull fights is of stone, and passes for one of the most magnificent in Spain.

The courts here draw a swarm of lawyers, who absorb the riches, and are the only people that live in any degree of luxury or affluence. Commerce is very feebly carried on, without encouragement or protection; and population gradually decreases.

The whole city does not contain more than twenty thousand souls, of which number, not more than eighteen thousand are productive hands; the rest are lawyers, ecclesiastics, children, and beggars.

The play-house differs in some respects from others in Spain. The men occupy all the ground.

ground floor; and the women are seated high up in a kind of crazy gallery. The fire of the flint and steel was so frequent among the men, who were preparing to smoke, that it looked like soldiers going through their exercise. One day a farce was exhibited, which was all metamorphoses, a continual change of clothes and character. At last out came a Capuchin friar, mounted on an ass, who, after many grimaces and buffooneries, coupled the other performers in the bands of wedlock.

On the 2d of January 1776, our travellers set out from Grenada by the way of Vega, passing chiefly through arable lands, without either vines or mulberry trees.

Passing through Antequera, a large straggling town, they hired a guide, and set out on horseback for Malaga by the mountain road, a ride of seven leagues, and soon reached that town.

Malaga stands in the corner of a plain, which is quite bare of wood, except the little that grows about the country houses: the naked craggy mountains hang over the shore, and scarce leave room for the city. A Moorish castle, on the sharp point of a rock, commands every part of it.

This confined situation renders Malaga insufferably hot eight months in the year. The road and port seem well sheltered and safe, but are susceptible of much improvement. The streets are narrow; and except the cathedral, few public edifices deserve notice. This is indeed a stupendous pile, begun by Philip II. while married to Mary of England. Their united arms are over the gate. It is said to be as large as St. Paul's in London; but Mr. Swinburne is not convinced of the accuracy of this account. The bishop of the

these enjoys an income of sixteen thousand pounds a year.

There are about fourteen foreign houses settled in trade in Malaga, which export five thousand casks of wine a year, at from ten to thirty pounds a cask. Formerly more wine was exported; but the demand has of late been considerably diminished. Raisins, or dried grapes, make a capital branch of commerce. If pressed, they would make a rich white wine.

Returning from Malaga, by the same road to Algeciras, they left the latter again on the 9th of January, and took the way of Pedrera, through aampaign and pleasant country, with some lakes of great extent appearing between them and the mountains.

At Oñuna, a large disagreeable town, they observed that the inhabitants wore large white hats. On the 11th, they entered a beautiful park-like country, where the swells were covered with forests of pines and cork trees, or rows of olives. Next day they began traversing the rich vales of Andalusia; and at Alcanterilla, they passed a bridge of two arches, the lower part of which was Roman, as appeared from the words AUGUST.-PONTEM, the remains of an inscription, between the arches.

Farther on lay Xeres, a large town with winding streets, and horrid kennels of black stagnated water, which emitted a most suffocating effluvia. The hills about the town are pretty, and the view towards Cadiz pleasing. Some poets have placed the Elysian fields in this neighbourhood, and pretended that the Guadalete is the river of oblivion, or the Lethe of antiquity. If so, the scene must have undergone very important changes.

changes; for this paradise now is little more than a flat marsh, resembling the Lincolnshire fens.

On the 14th of January, they hired a bark to carry them down the Guadalete to Cadiz. The passage was short, and they were enchanted with the view of the bay, shipping, and city stretching into the ocean.

Cadiz occupies the whole face of the western extremity of the isle of Leon, which is composed of two parts, joined together by a narrow bank of sand. At the south-east end, the ancient bridge of Suago, thrown over a deep channel, affords a communication between the island and the continent; and a strong line of works defends the city from all approaches along the isthmus.

Except the Calle Ancha, all the streets are narrow, ill-paved, and filthy. They are all drawn in straight lines, and most of them intersect each other at right angles. The houses are lofty, and generally furnished with a vestibule, which is left open at night. The principal apartments are up two pair of stairs. The roofs are flat, and cover-



built on a neck of land running out into the

The round tower, at the extremity, is supposed to have saved the city from being swept away by the fury of the waves, in the great earthquake of 1755.

On the shore stands the cathedral, a work of great expence; but though fifty years have passed from its foundation, it is not yet complete. The arches that spring from the clustered pillars, to support the roof of the church, are very bold; and the vaults are executed with great solidity. From the sea, this pile has a singular appearance, in its present unfinished state.

From the ramparts, that defend the city on the east of the bay, the prospect is animated in the highest degree; the men of war ride in the eastern bosom of the bay; lower down, the merchant-ships are spread at anchor; and close to the town, innumerable barks of different sizes cover the surface of the water. The more remote views from this spot are peculiarly grand and varied.

Every commercial nation has a consul resident at Cadiz: those of England and France, however, are not allowed to have any concern in trade. The police here is extremely negligent, and delinquents and criminals are with difficulty brought to punishment.

The style of living in Cadiz is far from being brilliant. The different nations do not associate much together. Our countrymen settled here live in a very hospitable, social manner, and do every thing in their power to render the visits of travellers agreeable.

The usual afternoon amusements, in winter, are to enter on the Alameda, and the theatres. The



Spanish play, which exhibits but a poor set of actors, begins about four; the Italian opera about seven, and the French house a little earlier, so that a rambler may partake of each of those entertainments the same evening. The French theatre is on a grand scale, and is supported by the voluntary contributions of the merchants of that nation settled here.

Our travellers were at Cadiz during the Carnival; but neither public balls nor masquerades were allowed; and the only mark of festivity they saw, was the pleasure which the women took in sluicing the men, who walked under the balconies of the houses, with pailsful of water. There were, indeed, many balls and assemblies of the lower class, where the fandango was danced *a la ley*; that is, in its highest degree of perfection. Among the gipsies in this country there is another dance, called the Manguindoy, so lascivious and indecent, that it is prohibited under severe penalties. Both are said to be of negro origin. The fandango, however, is perfectly naturalized in

searched, as they expected to be; and after half an hour's ride, reached the landgate of the English garrison.

Mr. Swinburne says, the hospitality of the governor, officers, and inhabitants; the bustle, military music, and parade; the fine appearance of the troops; and the variety of tongues spoken and dresses worn here, are subjects inexhaustible. After a long journey through the still wastes and stupid towns of Spain, they were at first flurried and confounded with the hurry of a garrison, and the perpetual discharge of artillery.

From this spot the buildings in Ceuta, and even in Tangier, may be clearly discerned. The African mountains, with their snowy tops, are likewise prominent objects in the landscape.

People of all religions and nations are allowed to reside in Gibraltar, and seem to live in great happiness. Here all meet as it were on neutral ground. This place may, indeed, be styled the paradise of that dispersed nation, the Jews; for here they seem to be at home, and carry on a very lucrative retail trade. They are of Barbary extraction, and are a comely race of men.

The rock of Gibraltar abounds in partridges, which breed in peace, as no one is allowed to shoot within the garrison. The officers sometimes take the diversion of fox-hunting on the Spanish hills, where there is plenty of game, but little running.

On the east side of the rock of Gibraltar, amidst the broken precipices, is a stratum of bones of all sizes, belonging to various animals and fowls, enshased in an incrustation of a reddish calcareous stone.

Our travellers, after several ineffectual attempts to visit the coast of Africa, were obliged, by the long continuance of contrary winds, to give up this favourite pursuit, and to return to Cadiz, by nearly their former route. They, however, made one deviation, in order to visit the almost imperceptible remains of the city of Carteia, where Eneius, son of Pompey the Great, took refuge after the battle of Munda. These ruins, of which scarcely any thing but a wall is to be seen, stand on a rising ground, at the mouth of a little river, which falls into the north-west corner of the bay of Gibraltar.

When they got to Chiclana, they hired a bark to carry them to Cadiz. This passage was very pleasant, and presents some very picturesque views; though the contrary winds and currents kept them on the water till they were quite sick of their little expedition.

On the 3d of April, they left Cadiz, and landed soon after at Port St. Mary, where they were received and entertained for three days in the most

ho are famous for a remarkably fine  
orses. Our travellers, however, were  
d in seeing their stallions.

morning of the 8th of April, they ar-  
ville, the capital of Andalusia. Soon  
trolling round the town, chance led  
the court of the alcazar, or royal pa-  
they were directed to the beautiful and  
rdens, which resemble some of the  
ardens of Italy. Here they roved  
plantations, till they were quite in ex-  
the sweets.

. spent many of the last years of his  
place, filling up his time in drawing  
moke of a candle on deal boards, or  
r tench, in a little reservoir, by torch  
ch are the insignificant amusements of  
yalty!

ice is a mixture of Saracenic, conven-  
Grecian architecture. The principal  
e inner court is a good piece of Moris-  
The court is flagged with marble, and  
l with a colonnade of white marble co-  
he Corinthian order, elegantly propor-  
d well executed. The Alhambra is  
specimen of Arabic architecture,  
tainly inferior to that of the Grenadine


e western entrance was formerly to be  
ne seat, with a canopy, supported by  
s. Here Peter the Cruel used to sit and  
ses, with such an inflexible regard to  
it he was looked upon by many as a  
d bloody tyrant. His character, how-  
rionously spoken of; though in general  
to the detestation of mankind.

Nex

Next morning they made an excursion in search of the antiquities of Italica, where Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius the Great are supposed to have been born. After wandering a league wide of the mark, a peasant informed them that old Seville, as they call Italica, was a considerable way to the north, in the midst of the plain. Soon after they picked up a halcyon fellow, who engaged to shew them the antiquities.

Of the ancient colony of Italica, conjectures have been founded by Scipio, with his veterans and soldiers, scarce the least vestige remains. The river Bætis seems to have varied its course perhaps, in a long series of inundations, washing away its ruins.

On the summit of one of the hills, which Italica is supposed to have covered, are some ruins of brick walls, called El Palacio. The peasants of the vicinity gravely informed our countrymen, that underneath there had formerly been found columns of silver and brass; but they were enc



an embankment; but as if the Guadalquivir meant to revenge the cause of taste upon barbarians, the very first flood swept away the whole fabric.

Seville is supposed to have been founded by Phœnicians, who called it Hispalis. It is the capital of the Romans, who embellished it with magnificent buildings.

When the Gothic kings resided, before they removed their court to Toledo; but the most brilliant period of its history was soon after the discovery of America, when all the wealth and produce of the New World poured into the Guadalquivir, and made Seville the emporium of its treasures.

The shape of this city is circular, without any rising in the whole space. The walls seem of primitive construction, and are about five miles and a half in circumference. The suburb of Triana, on the west side of the river, is as large as any towns; but remarkable for nothing but its fine Gothic castle, where the inquisition had its first establishment in Spain in 1482.

The streets of Seville are crooked, dirty, and inconveniently narrow. The most spacious and pleasant place is the Alameda, a great walk of old trees decorated with three fountains, and the statue of Hercules, the reputed founder, and of Augustus Cæsar, the restorer of this city.

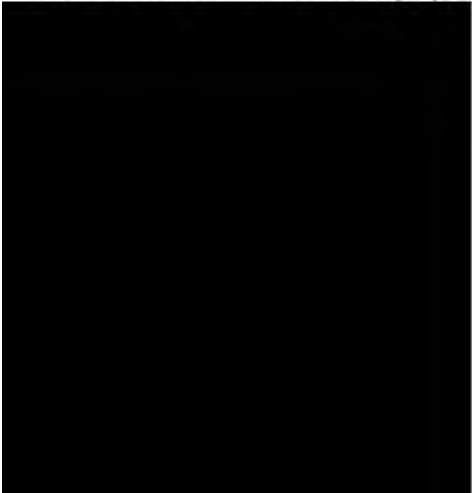
Most of the churches are built and ornamented in the barbarous style. The Cathedral, the Capuchin, and the Charidad, are, however, interesting objects. The first for its great antiquity; and the latter by the chef d'œuvres of Murillo.

The cathedral was about one hundred years in building. Its length within is four hundred and thirty feet, its breadth two hundred and seventy-three;

three; and its greatest height one hundred twenty-six. It has nine doors, eighty wind and as many altars, at which five hundred n are said every day. The lower is three hundred and fifty feet high, and fifty square; it was by the Moors about the year 1000.

Murillo has adorned the Charidad and ( chius with several very valuable pictures, v may be reckoned among his best perform The characters of his figures are often mean taken from the lowest clais of citizens; but is such exprellion, truth of colouring, and i gence in the composition of his groups, i is impossible not to see and admire the me his works

The Sevillian historians consider the Ca Carmona, or the great aqueduct, as one moit wonderful monuments of antiquity, e



the demand for this article; and the trade, probable, will soon be confined to Spain and minions.

Forty-two reals a pound is the current price of snuff; but none is allowed to be sold by in the manufactory. Our travellers visited part of the house, at the risk of being hated. In one room they found four hundred and sixty men employed in forming cigar-little rolls of tobacco, which the Spaniards without a pipe. It is said that the annuities of this establishment amount to more than six millions of dollars.

near the cathedral is the Louja, or Exchange, which is now quite deserted by the merchants, appropriated to other uses. It is a square edifice in a plain but noble style, and remains a monument of the good taste of the Spaniards, at that early period of their history, which includes the reigns of Charles V. and his son Philip.

The great hospital de la Sangre and the college of Elmo, are rather remarkable for their size and their beauty.

Having seen every thing in Seville recommend their attention, they set out on the 11th of April, and lay the first night at Carmona, which is a large town seated on a high hill. Its castle, which is now in ruins, was formerly of great use and extent, and in it Peter the Cruel and his family placed their main hope of defence. It is one of the most places in this province, Carmona being a figure in Roman history, and contains the remains of walls and inscriptions, as proofs of its ancient consequence. The surrounding country is hilly and champaign, but far from unpleasant.



pleasant, being verdant, and containing some wood and water.

The roads now were excellent for this kingdom, and appeared extremely ancient, probably of Saracen origin. Passing through La Luisiana, they came to a colony of Germans, who have regular and uniform dwellings, with a certain allotment of corn-land. Notwithstanding the encouragement these industrious people have met with, such is the fatal and deleterious effects of a despotic government, that it is unlikely they should ever become rich and flourishing.

The country leading to Cordova is bare, hilly, and devoted to corn. The view of the river, city, and woods, on the opposite hills, is extremely picturesque and agreeable. The environs, indeed, are delightful, and enjoy a rich variety of woods, eminences, and cultured fields, vivified by abundance of limped water. Corn, olives, orange, and other fruit trees enrich the scene.

The Guadalquiver runs before the town. A bridge of sixteen arches defended by a large

the mosque, in Spanish *La Mesquita*, was begun by Abdoulrahman I. and destined by him to be, in, to after ages, a monument of his power and riches, and a principal sanctuary of his religion.

His own ideas were sublime, and he was fortunate enough to find an architect whose genius was equal to the task of putting them into execution. His son finished the pile about the year 800. It was more than once altered and improved by the Mahometan sovereigns; and has undergone several changes since it became a Christian church.

In the days of the Musselmén, the mosque was a square building with a flat roof upon arches. It was four hundred and twenty feet in breadth, and five hundred and ten in length. The roof was supported by near one thousand columns, which formed nineteen aisles from east to west, and twenty-nine from north to south.

The columns were of the richest marbles; the forty-four gates were plated with bronze, curiously embossed. The folding doors of the principal entrance were plated with gold. Upon the highest cupola were three golden balls, bearing a pomegranate and a fleur de luce of the same metal. Four thousand seven hundred lamps nightly lighted the mosque, and consumed annually twenty thousand pounds of oil. Such is the description of this famous temple, by the Arabian and Spanish writers.


The streets round the mosque, or cathedral, as it is now called, are narrow and ill calculated for a general view. There is nothing very showy on the exterior. The roof is hid behind battlements, and the steps. Each side is divided by buttresses about thirteen parts. On the north side is a

lotty belfry, which being modern, has much altered the appearance of this part.

Seventeen gates open into the church and cloister. The latter is an oblong square, of the same length as the church, and two hundred and forty feet broad. A portico of sixty-two pillars environs it on three sides. The middle is occupied with three handsome and copious fountains, and decorated with orange, cypress, and palm trees, which afford a most delightful shelter in the sultry hours.

Near the great gate that leads from the cloister into the church, are three pieces of columns, each with an inscription, bearing the names of three different Roman emperors. They appear to have been Roman mile stones; but the meaning of the inscriptions, which are all the same, except the name, has never been explained.

Nothing can be more sublime, than the first entrance into this singular edifice. It is divided into seventeen aisles or naves, each about twenty feet wide, by rows of various marbles. These



at Granada. Indeed this is several centuries  
e ancient.

The Zancarron, or Holy Chapel, where the  
ks of the law were deposited, faces the great  
e. Under it the Duke of Alba has his family  
lt. Behind this chapel, and on each side of  
were the lodgings of the dervises, which are  
converted into the chapter house, sacristy,  
treasury.

This church is extremely rich in plate, and  
lately added to its store four ponderous silver  
llesticks, made in Cordova, of exquisite fa-  
; each of which cost about eight hundred  
fifty pounds.

It is scarcely possible to ascertain the exact  
ber of columns, in the mosque, as they ori-  
lly stood; because great changes have been  
e, and many of them have been removed, or  
t up in the walls of separate chapels. In any  
er situation, the choir would deserve all praise  
the Gothic grandeur of the plan, the loftiness  
he dome, and the carving of the stalls, which  
took twelve years to finish; but in the mid-  
of a Mahometan mosque, it destroys all unity  
esign, and renders confused every idea of the  
inal general effect of the building.

Light is admitted by the doors, and several  
ll cupolas; but, nevertheless, the church is  
k and awful; and people walking through  
a chaos of pillars, recal the ideas of magic,  
hanted knights, or discontented wandering  
its.

In one of the cupolas hangs the tooth of an ele-  
nt, which, it is said, formerly belonged to one  
*those animals that was particularly serviceable*

in carrying stones, and other materials, for building the mosque.

The bishop's palace is a pleasant and comfortable retreat. The revenues of the see amount to three thousand five hundred pounds a year. As the bishops cannot devise by will, all they die possessed of escheats to the king.

While our travellers were in Cordova, they were spectators of a bull feast, where no horsemen were allowed, as the animals were not of a breed sufficiently noble to try the lance upon. One poor bull, that would not fight, was very dexterously run through the heart; two oxen were tormented a little, and then sent to the adjoining shambles, and a small cow, after shewing some sport, in jumping and skipping, got a reprieve in consideration of her excessive leanness.

The motive of this paltry spectacle, bating its cruelty, is extremely laudable. The corridor gives these little shews to the people on Sundays and festivals, and out of the profits and hire of the seats, raises a sum sufficient to carry on any

ered with hanging woods and olive yards. Several clear streams traverse the plain, and augment the current of the river.

Near the bridge of Alcolea, where they crossed the river to the south, are kept the king's stallions. One or two of them appeared noble animals; but an Andalusian breeder requires his horse to be forward and bulky in the shoulders, with his forelegs far under the belly; and the fet very low; he is never suffered to lie down, but constantly kept on a clean pavement rising from the manger, with his forelegs close joined to the ground. Cordova has long been celebrated for its breed of horses; but it seems to be sadly fallen off, as very few good looking ones are now to be met with.

For two days they travelled up the banks of the river, through a rich and beautiful country, with plains extending far and near, charmingly tinted with rows of olive trees. Towers and castles line the banks of the stream, and presented the most agreeable prospects. The cliffs along the river were swarmed with flocks of that elegant bird, the quail, several of which they shot.

At Anduxar they took leave of the Roman, or Moorish, road, on which they had hitherto travelled, which, however, they had now and then a distant peep of from the heights.

On the 20th, they entered the Sierra Morena, a chain of mountains that divides Castille from Andalusia, rendered famous by the wars of the Christians and Mahometans; but, perhaps, better known to the generality of readers, by being the scene of the immortal Cervantes has placed the most entertaining adventures of his hero.

The

the viscous substance of the plant adheres. mach also grows in great abundance on hills; the leaves, flowers, and stalks of which being pounded together, are used in lieu of bark in dressing hides.

They now entered the new colony of La lina and its dependencies, planted a few ago by the king, in a very extensive and woody country. The first settlers were German but from eating unwholesome herbs, and drinking too copiously of wine and brandy, above of them soon died, and now the inhabitants a mixture of various nations. The reach of in cultivation, and full of houses and villages where only forests stood before, the resort of ditti, extends at least three leagues in length about as much in breadth.

La Carolina, the capital of all the colonies stands on a fine hill, towering above the settlement. Its situation denies it wood and

ne can be more pleasing to the eye, or  
tifying to the heart, than to see the lot of  
diorated, and cultivation extending over  
ut our author expresses his apprehension  
this will dwindle away again, through  
r want of encouragement; and that La  
will, in a few years, become a petty  
own, though its beginnings were so fair  
rising. The foreigners, to whose indus-  
tration is owing, complain of injustice  
ality to the natives; and that as soon as  
e brought a spot into cultivation, they  
n removed where they had the same toil  
ater anew.

ur travellers found an excellent inn and  
inner, and regaled themselves on cow's  
l butter, to which they had long been  
: for though they have cows in many  
Spain, they seldom milk them; but keep  
breeding, and afterwards fattening for

e north of Carolina they passed through  
llage, called Las Navas de Tolosa, from  
ame of the defile in the neighbouring  
as, where three Christian kings, in 1212,  
and cut to pieces the army of Mahomet,  
Morocco.

vening was very fine, and the hills steep,  
duced them to walk most part of the  
laving got among the woody dells, as  
e indulging Quixottic ideas, the sound of  
struck their ears, and they soon discover-  
op of well-dressed young men, and as  
art maidens, dancing on a platform of  
el stones.



Some of the men politely invited our countrymen to partake of their sport, while a very young girl presented them with sweetmeats and plums. A jolly friar seemed to do the honours of this *sête champêtre*, and to be a favourite with the ladies; for they all courted his smiles and caresses. They staid some time with the merry party, and were entertained with songs and *seguidillas*. Being pressed to accompany them to the house they belonged to, to participate in their jollity, they were obliged to decline the favour, from the state of the weather and the approach of night.

As soon as they descended the Sierra Morena and entered the Mancha, they perceived a sensible alteration in the climate: from the beginning of summer, they were, in a manner, thrown back to the last months of winter. In Andalusia the vines were all in leaf, and the fruit set; on the north side of the mountains scarce a young leaf was to be seen, or a single vine in the vineyard.

The Mancha is an immense plain, inter-

ht stuff, being dropped into it, is hurried with amazing rapidity.

After they reached Toledo, which enjoys a romantic situation. The Tagus, after a large through a fine plain, comes at last wedged in between two ramparts of rocks: the passage is very narrow, and the river can disengage itself from its bars, carried almost back to the place where it enters the defile. On this rocky peninsula the city, ill-built, poor, and uninviting. The streets are so steep, that it would be madness to use a carriage in them.

The Alcazar, or ancient palace, is placed on the highest point of all. It is a noble, extensive building, which has lately been repaired at the expense of the bishop, whose revenues are estimated at a hundred thousand ducats a year. The architecture is chaste and simple. The inner court is very grand; its colonnade of granite columns in the Corinthian order, makes a noble appearance. Some of the apartments are immense and spacious.

The cathedral has nothing remarkable external to distinguish it from many other Gothic churches.

The spire is an assemblage of blue tiles, which are laid on each other. The inside of the tower, however, is well lighted and cheerful, and is neither heavy nor confused with too many ornaments. The richness of the gilding is unriparious. The wealth of the see is indeed visible in the profusion of the gold lavished on the walls.

The rails and Gothic arches are gilt; and the old are drawn even to mark the joints of the stones, which compose the pillars of the

a certain number of priests said every morning, according to the Mosarabic rite in consequence of a foundation of Charlemagne, who was unwilling that his church should lose all remembrance of its ancient form.

The Mosarabic rite is so called, from having been observed by the Christians, who remained in the provinces conquered by the Arabs. It was in constant use in the church of Seville to the pontificate of Gregory VII. in the eleventh century. At that time the Roman rite was generally introduced in its stead; though it subsisted in six parishes of Toledo as late as the fifteenth century. In essentials there appears to be much difference between the two, but in outward forms they vary widely.

From the ancient capital of New Castile, within half a league of Madrid the road leads to the country uninviting. This magnificent nation makes but a poor figure on the opposite hills: but as soon as the t

miles distant; and the roads between royal residences are extremely fine.

It stands in a very large plain, surrounded with hills; and the intervening space is laid out in noble rows of trees, and in- of pasturage and meadow. The river winds towards the east; and the walks along its banks, through the venerable and under the majestic elms that over- the roads, are luxuries unknown to the rest. The beauties of the scenery are enhanced by the flocks of many coloured birds that flitting through the trees, and the herds and droves of variety of animals that wander uncontrolled through those enchanting woods.

The finest avenue, named *Calle de la Reyna*, is five miles long. It extends in a straight line from the palace gate, and crosses the Tagus twice before it loses itself in the thickets. In an island of about half a mile, to the north of the palace, is a most engaging garden, to which company retire in hot weather. It is cut into various walks and circumscribed by hedges, where nature has almost obliterated the vestige of art. Jet d'eaus dash up among the trees, and add fresh verdure to the leaves. Terraces and balustrades, along the river, are adorned with roses, and other beautiful shrubs hanging into the stream. Many of the statues, and fountains in this charming spot are antique, and well placed, as to effect.

The palace was originally begun by Philip II. It has been much enlarged and beautified, since the reign of Philip V. The apartments are good; but are not remarkable for many capital embellishments in architecture.

the works of art. Some painting Titian and Mengs, are deservedly

Aranjuez was formerly a poor and difficult for the ambassadors and on the court to provide themselves. Many of the habitations were vacant ground. One day, a coach driven through the ceiling of the nunciature and fell down upon the table. This accident set the court about thinking how to remedy the evil. Many were planned, and such expedition was only the necessary buildings for the erected, but squares, markets, a house, and an amphitheatre for the quickly raised, as if by magic.

The pleasures of Aranjuez, are in the morning, going to see some of the open tables kept by the of state, a game at cards, a drive and the Italian opera. The ministers in their manners, and their housemony and restraint. Our author receives very flattering civilities they meet Marquis Grimaldi, the prime minister the English ambassador, Lord Gr.

The ceremony of presentation the king rises from table. Charles a better looking man, says Mr. S. most of his pictures make him. He varies from a large hat, a plain grey a buff waistcoat, a small dagger, and worsted stockings. On gala is hung upon his shoulders; but, to his afternoon's sport, and is a

ne, the black breeches are worn to all here are scarcely three days in the whole t he spends without going a shooting; and noted with the blackest mark in the ca- Neither heat, cold, nor wet, can keep home; and he would drive over half his to have an opportunity of firing on a s favourite game.

of an even phlegmatic temper; of strict devout, and regular. He delights in ig and joking with elderly persons, espe- onks and friars. To Naples, his original , he is very partial, and always speaks of ntry with great feeling.

ince of Asturias\* is of an athletic make, vere countenance and a harsh voice. His is lively, well shaped, and conversible. e walks out, all persons who have been l, and chance to be in the way, are ex- join her company, and escort her as he pleases. Her mildness and good na- softened much of her husband's rough-anner.

abriel is a tall well looking prince, but excess. He possesses many talents, and e for literature; but his constant avoca- of doors prevent him from applying fo he wishes to study.

ewis, the king's brother, after having rdinal, and an archbishop, Mr. Swin- s, is on the eve of matrimony with a rragonese girl, of whom he became en- last year, as she was chasing a butterfly fields. As the prince himself has made

*king of Spain, under the title of Charles IV.*

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a good collection of natural history, of taste made a great impression on king, though with reluctance, has the match.

Such is the outline of the picture of Spain, given by our author. To characters of the great is difficult possible. A few leading traits and lights we can have to assist us.

Our travellers next visited the some of which are beautiful creatures fine horses are scarcer in Spain than in England. At Villamejor, a few miles from the Tagus, his majesty has a noble breeding of horses in very high estimation.

The bull-feasts, whatever they were in former times, Mr. Swinburne thinks are poor exhibitions, though the crowd assembled and agitated in a most violent manner, must be allowed to be an interesting and curious spectacle. None of the royal family appear at these favourite amusements; and the nobility content themselves on their strength, courage and intrepidity in these rough exercises.

The show is now conducted with frugality and parsimony: none but the best are used, and the mercenary assistants study the most graceful, but the most dangerous, manner of destroying the bull, as they are allowed a head for each beast they slaughter. The price paid for boxes and seats is appropriated to the building, or endowment of a hospital.

The common method of conducting a bull-feast is as follows: one or two



ckets, broad brimmed hats, and breeches made of tough impenetrable leather, long ashen lance under their right arm, on horseback round the lists, and pay their obsequies to the governor of the place. They then take their post, in front of a large door, which is ordered to let out the bull. The person that is ordered on this dangerous occasion, immediately climbs up into the gallery, to escape the rage of the enraged animal, which sometimes comes forward with the utmost impetuosity.

The cavalier presents the head of his horse to the bull, and with the lance, which cuts along the side of the bull, pushes it away to the right; at the same time bearing off his horse to the left. When the bull is mounted on a nimble, spirited, and well-trained horse, there is no difficulty in this evolution, the motions of both animals coincide, in giving full force to the well-directed stroke; but if the horse is dull or refractory, the bull is likely to strike him in the flank, and to throw both horse and rider to the ground.

To divert the bull's attention from the chief combatant, several nimble fellows, on foot, run round and toss darts with curled paper tied to the end, which sticking in the head and shoulders, excite the poor creature to madness, and cause a profusion of blood. This light infantry is in constant imminent danger, and obliged to take active and instant measures for its preservation.


When the governor thinks a victim has afforded sufficient diversion, leave is given to put an end to the combat. A well-made champion steps forth, in a short brown cloak hung upon a stick, held in his left hand, and a straight two-edged sword in his right.



Toledo in his right. This matador advances to the bull, and provokes it to action. The bull darts at him, and makes a push oblique with his eyes shut, he turns it off with the retiring a little on one side, to be ready for return. On the second attack he holds the bull in an horizontal position, with such force that the furious beast rushes on the point of the sword often forces it up to the hilt. Sometimes the animal drops down dead instantly; sometimes it stands for a few minutes, spouting a torrent of blood from the mouth and nostrils.

When the bull refuses to run at the matador it is dispatched by stabs in any part of the body or worried by bull-dogs. The last bull of the fiesta has his horns muffled, and all the matadors in with sticks in their hands, to learn the art to beat the animal, or to be bruised and killed about themselves.

One bull-feast our countrymen saw was a bloody one: two bulls killed seven horses, but fortunately no men lost their lives, though



ebb in Spain. Some of the paintings, however, very capital.

The first king, who particularly honoured Madrid with his residence, was Henry IV. Before his reign, this was an insignificant place. The purity of the air and the abundance of good water induced the emperor Charles V. to build a magnificent palace here, intended for his chief residence.

The sovereign being once fixed at Madrid, the nobility soon abandoned their hereditary castles, and their houses in other cities, to follow the court. They were at first under the necessity of occupying the houses which they found ready built; for that reason, added to the supine indifference of the Spaniards, most of the great families continue to inhabit vast ranges of common houses, little distinguished, except in size, from the houses of tradesmen.

The palaces of the grandees, that contain either tapestries or pictures of value, are few in number. But at Medina Celi are many precious monuments of antiquity in marble, brought from Italy.

The Duke of St. Estévan possesses many capital pictures of Lucca Giordano. In the gallery of the Duke of Santiago are a life of Jacob, and a *Lona*, by Murillo, of inestimable value. At the Duke of Alba's is a famous picture of Correggio, called the School of Cupid, and several other fine productions of the pencil; some of which were once in the collection of that nice connoisseur, Charles I. of England.

The old royal palace being burnt down in 1734, another was erected on a magnificent scale, but on a tasteless plan. It is all of white stone. Each of its fronts is four hundred and seventy feet in length.

NO palace in Europe, however, is more royal magnificence. The ceiling, chef d'œuvres of Mengs, Corrado, and the richest marbles are employed in the door, and window-frames, all from the quarries of Spain. Indeed, few contain greater stores of marbles, alabaster, &c.

The great audience-chamber is rich in comparison. The ceiling, painted by Tiepolo, presents the triumph of Spain. The walls are incrustated with beautiful marble, and hung with the most splendid mirrors in rich frames.

A collection of pictures, by the greatest masters, adorns the walls of the inner apartments, the detail of which would occupy more space than we can allow; yet even this vast fabric affords room for a display of all the rich and catholic majesty possessed in this branch of the arts.

The palace of Buenretiro is now stripped of its best furniture and pictures. The build-

noble style. All the coaches from Madrid are in the ring here; and two hundred have been counted at once, though the king was absent.

Just opposite the new gate, below the palace, is the park of the Casa del Campo. The villa is not being considerable; but the woods are very pleasant. In the court is a grand equestrian statue of Philip III. and in the rooms are pictures, among which Callot's temptation of Anthony is one of the most remarkable. In the menageries are some vicunas, or Peruvian goats from whose wool a very fine silky cloth is made, and made up into winter clothes, in a rich colour, which is a rich brown.

The natives of almost every distinct province have some distinguishing peculiarity in their manners and pursuits. A cursory traveller cannot be supposed capable of catching the minute shades of national action. In some respects, however, they all agree. That listless indolence, equally common to the uncivilized savage and to the degenerate slaves of despotism, is no where more in evidence than in Spain. Thousands of men, in all parts of the realm, pass day after day, wrapt up in slumber, standing in rows against a wall, or under a tree. In total want of every incentive to action, the springs of their intellectual faculties forget to play; and their views are confined within the narrow sphere of mere subsistence. They feel little or no concern for the welfare of a country, where a few overgrown fanatics regard every thing valuable, and seldom give a thought on the condition of their vas-

The poor Spaniard does not work, unless urged by irresistible want, because he perceives no advantage from industry. Naturally abstemious, his scanty fare is easily procured; blessed with a warm climate, clothes are not much an object.

Yet this listlessness does not seem to be inherent in the Spanish character. In any favourite scheme, where they have sufficient temptation, either from profit or pleasure, they are indefatigably eager in the pursuit. A better form of government, and due political advantages would rouse them from inaction, and lead them to riches and glory.

Their soldiers are brave and patient of hardships. They follow wherever their officers lead them, with true resolution; but an example must be set them, or they will not stir a step. Most of the Spaniards, indeed, are hardy; and when once engaged in any business, however arduous and difficult, they never murmur nor flinch.

This nation is by no means naturally melancholy: misery and despotism, which have cloud-

in the dominions of so tremendous a tribunal as the Inquisition.

Our travellers found the common people inoffensive, if not civil; and though much has been said of their jealousy and revenge, those malignant passions, are perhaps not more general here than in other countries. Their good, as well as their bad qualities, seem to have been much exaggerated by most writers.


Education is at a very low ebb in this country; and the minds, even of the great, are too little enlightened, by study or communication with other nations, to rub off the general rust, with which the Spanish genius has been incrustated for years. The public schools and universities in a deplorable state of ignorance and irreverence. The catalogue of living authors is confined to a very small number; yet it would be illiberal not to allow that some of them are eminent in the different walks of literature they have chosen. The common education of an English gentleman, however, would constitute a rare here; and should he understand Greek, could be quite a phenomenon.

Spanish women are in general small and few are strikingly beautiful; but almost all have sparkling black eyes, full of expression, and are endowed by nature with a great deal of lively repartee; but for want of the proper aids of education, their wit is buried in the grossest ignorance and the most ridiculous prejudices. Their tempers never having been softened by polite intercourse, nor softened by necessary contradiction, they are extremely and violent.

The court ladies have few pretensions to beauty, and possess no elegant accomplishments: their cortejo, or gallant, seems their only play-thing. Few countries, Mr. Swinburne says, exhibit more barefaced amours, and a greater appearance of indelicate debauchery than this.

Previous to our travellers leaving Madrid, the ministers, by the particular orders of his majesty, furnished them with every permit and passport that could conduce to the comfort of their journey to the frontiers of France. They had likewise liberty to carry with them the horses and mules they had purchased in the kingdom; and to have their baggage passed, unsearched. His catholic majesty, indeed, had honoured them with particular attention during their residence at his court; and our author says, he is not a little proud to acknowledge the honour and obligation.

On the 6th of June they left Madrid, and travelling through the park of the Casa del Campo, proceeded through a noble wood to the Escorial. The aspect of this celebrated convent, situated in



arts and quadrangles, which, taken altogether, represent a gridiron, the instrument of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence; the apartment where the king resides forming the handle.

This pile is a long square, of six hundred and forty feet by five hundred and eighty, and the whole circumference is not less than two thousand nine hundred Spanish feet. The height up to the roof is sixty feet all round. At each angle a square tower, two hundred feet high. The number of windows in the west front is two hundred; in the east, three hundred and sixty-six. The orders of architecture are the Doric and Ionic; but the whole is rather grand than elegant. The church, which stands in the centre, is large, full, and richly ornamented. The cupola is dark and light. The high altar is composed of white marbles, agates, and jaspers, of great rarity. Six magnificent catafalques fill up the side arches. On one the emperor Charles V. his wife, daughter, and two sisters, are represented in bronze, kneeling: opposite are the effigies of Philip II. and his three wives, in the same devout attitude.

Underneath is the real burial place of the royal family, called the Pantheon. Twenty-five steps lead down to this vault, over the door of which is an inscription beginning thus:

LOCUS SACRÆ MORTALITATIS EXUVIIS CATHOLICORUM REGUM, &c.

The mausoleum is circular, thirty-six feet in diameter, incrusting with fine marbles, in an elegant taste. The bodies of the kings and queens in tombs of marble, placed in niches, one over another. The plan of these sepulchres is grand.

L. XVI.

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and executed with princely magnificence. The princes and princesses of the royal family are deposited in two side vaults, near the entrance of the pantheon.

The collection of paintings, dispersed in various parts of the church, sacristy, and choir, is truly grand; and perhaps superior to any gallery in Europe, if we except that of Dresden, formed out of the spoils of Italy, and the reduced cabinet of that unfortunate judge of Charles I. of England, it contains some of the most capital works of the greatest painters who have flourished since the revival of the art.

The library contains a most precious collection of manuscripts, many fine drawings, and curiosities. Among other writings of the least valuable of the whole, Mr. Swinburne was shewn a wretched scrawl of St. Therese, mystical reformer of the Carmelite nuns.

Notwithstanding the cold expositure of the convent, the king passes several months of the year at it, for the sake of hunting. An



palace was much favoured by Philip V. at much treasure in forcing nature, and giving it an imitation of Versailles. As it is a very cool spot, the court generally resided there during the warm months; but the climate exposes it to sudden and frequent changes of temperature and seasons, in the course of a few hours; and these transitions, without remedy, are apt to have an unpleasant effect on the health.

The Arzobispado brook rolls over the rocks, at no great distance from the town, through a large park of thickets. A fine walk is cut along the bank for a mile or two. The water is the principal ornament of Idelphonso. The palace is patched up, and has little to recommend it externally. The apartments, however, are many valuable ones, though they appeared to less advantage, when recently leaving the Escorial. There are many fine statues, busts, and bas-reliefs. The gardens are in the formal French style; the soil is so rocky, that the trees have not time to luxuriate. The waterworks are most magnificent. They throw out a stream as clear as crystal, whereon the sun-beams play in the most beautiful prismatic tints; and in this respect are much superior to those of Versailles, which appear muddy.

The designs of several of these fountains are elegant, especially that of the Frogs,—a fine one, where sixteen spouts play in regular succession; the great cascade; and the basin. The fountain of Diana is surprising for the richness of its decoration, and the fulness of its issue. The lofty column of water issuing

from the trump of Fame, exceeded their utmost conception of the power of hydrostatics.

These fountains are supplied by two reservoirs, at the foot of the mountain. The larger, which is emphatically called El Mar, is a very pretty lake, which, with the hanging woods and small buildings on its edge, forms a pleasing subject for a landscape painter.

Below the town is the manufactory of plate glass, belonging to the crown. In it two hundred and eighty men are employed. The largest plate cast here, was one hundred and twenty-six Spanish inches long; the small pieces are sold for mirrors all over the kingdom. To provide fuel for the fires, the pine woods are put under regulations, and stated falls. Twenty-seven mule-loads of fire-wood are daily consumed; and every four loads, delivered on the spot, cost the king about forty reals.

The first object that arrested their attention in Segovia, was the Aqueduct, which is perfectly well preserved. From the first low arches to the reservoir in the town, the length is two thousand four hundred Spanish feet; and its greatest height is one hundred and four. It consists, according to the ground over which it is carried, of upper and lower arches; and is not only an admirable monument of antiquity, for its solidity and good masonry, which have withstood the violence of so many barbarians, and the inclemencies of seasons for ages, but also for its beauty and elegance of design. Some ascribe it to Trajan, and others, for the honour of their country, carry it back to Hercules. The Romans indisputably were its founders; but no inscription remains sufficiently legible to mark its era.

is still likely to last in its present state, as is the town, for whose accommodation it was; for, being indispenfibly necessary, it is in danger of being suffered to run to decay.

The cathedral, dedicated to Neufira Ségnora de Paz, is one of the handsomest Gothic churches in Spain. The inside is majestic; the altar is rich and shewy.

The Alcazar, or castle, stands in a fine position on a rock rising above the open country. A pretty river washes the foot of the precipice, and the city spreads on each side on the slopes of the hill; the declivity is woody, and looks charmingly rural. Towards the town is a large court before the great outward tower, which formed the prison of Gil Blas, so well described by Le Sage. The palace is antique, and seldom been inhabited by any but prisoners, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. It contains some magnificent halls; and all the nobles of Spain are seated in state along the corridors of the great saloon. The royal apartments are now occupied by a college of young gentlemen, cadets, educated at the king's expence for officers.

Another court of the palace is allotted as a residence to eleven Algerine captains of vessels. They appeared handsome, portly figures; and, excepting the confinement, seem to spend their lives here in ease and tranquillity. As soon as they saw our travellers, they knew them to be Englishmen, and flocked round them with the most demonstrative joy: they kissed their hands, and called them *Ingles bueno bueno* *Amigo* over and over again.

Mr. Swinburne directed his servant to show them, in *Lingua Franca*, of the late defeated Spaniards before Algiers, which had been long and secretly concealed from them. One venerable Musselman raised both his hands to heaven and seemed to forget the irksomeness of his situation in the success of his country.

Below the Alcazar is the Mint, a large and interesting, and the most ancient place of coinage in the kingdom. Copper alone is now coined.

The unevenness of the ground gives a peculiar look to this city. Most of the streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses miserable, with few conveniences. A manufactory of cloth is carried on, but with little apparent benefit to the inhabitants.

The surrounding country is reckoned the best in the kingdom for feeding the breed of sheep that produces the celebrated Spanish wool. Other parts, perhaps, are equally adapted for this kind of pasturage. But a small quantity of wool is manufactured in this country, notwithstanding the decided superiority of its

ond a chain of white bare hills, at one of angles, stands the town of Simancas, in the of which the archives of the realm were go deposited, and where they still remain. y found Valladolid to be a large ill com- l city, with many separate edifices, which, g the reign of Philip III. who made this onstant residence, were the palaces of his officers and nobility. Being deserted by the the town and palace are fallen into decay. great square, however, and some of the pub- d private edifices bear witness of its former ity. The Dominican Convent, a Gothic e, is the most remarkable in the city. The rsity is in the last stage of decline; and in- poverty and misery are painted in every throughout the town.

ceeding through a country famous for the lence of its wines, but not very captivating elf, they crossed and recrossed the Puiferga al times. At Torquemada is a bridge over iver, of twenty-two arches. The common s in this track are built of clay, squared and rfectly baked in the sun.

the morning of the 13th, after entering reagreeable and populous country, they ar- at Burgos, the ancient capital of the king- of Castille, long since abandoned to deca- . The approach up a long valley is rather ng, the view being terminated by the castle he cathedral.

fore our travellers entered Burgos, they pass- e famous Abbey de las Huelgas, one of the ndowed in Spain. Its ruins are all noble, be abbess almost a sovereign princess, by the of her territories, her power, and prev- gativ

gatives. This convent, however, is not very shewy, and its situation is low and unpleasant.

The little river, Alarcon, separates the suburbs from the city of Burgos. The town itself is built in a very irregular manner, on the declivity of a steep hill, commanded by an antique castle, once the abode of the counts, and afterwards of the kings of Castille.

Over the city gates are some statues of the judges or counts, which are still objects of great veneration in the eyes of the patriotic Castilian.

The cathedral is one of the most magnificent fabrics of the Gothic kind in Europe; but though it is of great elevation, its situation, in a hole cut out of the side of a hill, is a great disadvantage to its general effect. Its form is exactly the same as that of York Minster, which our author considers as the criterion by which the beauties or defects of every Gothic church are to be judged. At the western or principal front, are two steeples ending in spires, and in the centre of the edifice rises a large square tower adorned with eight

all carts, coming down from Arragon  
ars for bull-fighting, iron, and chairs.  
e the carts that suggested to Cervantes  
of Merlin's chariot, in the second part  
Quixote. Their wheels make a creaking,  
ng, which can be compared to nothing  
noise of iron-mills, and fire-engines.

ding along the river side, they passed the  
an convent, which enjoys a charming si-  
on the side of a round hill, backed with  
as, whose summits are clad in snow.  
pt at a poor place, where the head-dress  
arried women attracted their particular  
It consisted of a black perriwig, faced  
l with the wool of a black lamb, ending  
n two plaited tresses, that depended to  
ups. Previous to their nuptials, they are  
o make up this singular kind of helmet,  
nders their natural ugliness still more

e 14th, they travelled from vale to vale,  
bare hills that separate them; and, at  
ame to the foot of the Sierra del Oca, a  
ge of mountains, running from east to  
n a defile, Pancorvo is situated, a long  
with immense piles of rock impending on  
le. It wears a very awful and tremend-  
et, which was heightened by the black  
hat hung upon the summits of its cliffs,  
after burst in a violent storm of thunder

day they entered the fruitful plains of  
o; and as the bridge had been washed  
ey passed it in a ferry, at Miranda. This  
well situated, but its buildings are poor,  
and



and its gates and streets so narrow, that a carriage cannot pass them.

Soon after ascending the hills, at Puebla de Trivino, they entered Alaba, a district of Biscay, and immediately found the finest road imaginable, made at the expence of the province, and carried as far as the frontiers of France.

Every thing now assumed a new aspect: instead of the bare depopulated hills, the melancholy dejected faces, the dirty inns, and abominable roads that they had been accustomed to for so many months, they were here revived by the sight of a rich, studied culture, a clean-looking, cheerful people, neat houses, and pleasant travelling.

Biscay is the country of the ancient Cantabri, so slightly annexed to the Roman empire. Their mountains have, in all ages, afforded them temptations and opportunities of withdrawing themselves from every yoke that had been partially imposed on them. Their language is accounted aboriginal, and mixed with either Latin

he evening they reached Victoria, through the finest plains in Europe. Its fertility, situation, and prospects all supply so many s to the heart of taste and sensibility. Vic-enjoys an elevated situation, and makes a figure on every approach; but the streets grow and gloomy.

After, they again ascended the hills into oak, beech, and chestnut. Near Salinas, ge inhabited by the workmen of the iron they entered the very heart of the mountain which would be almost impassable, were it the attention paid to make and keep the in the best repair.

tops of all these mountains are crowned prests, and the acclivities are cultivated as their nature will allow, while the valleys fringed with villages, hamlets, orchards, gardens. The iron works employ a great r of hands, and give life and spirit to the province.

ing winded along a charming valley for ours, and repeatedly crossed a stream that our travellers passed over a high chain of ins, at the Puerto de Villareal. From they descended into the valley of Tolosa, town, swarming with inhabitants.

on the 18th, they gained the summit of y hill, from whence they overlooked the Biscay, Fontarabia, Andaye, the course of assoa, the province of Labour in France, immense range of the Pyrenees.

ie ferryboat they passed the Bidassoa, and on the French frontier, our author terminates *his travels in Spain*, through which he had circle of one thousand six hundred miles, between



TOUR THROUGH  
THE  
WESTERN, SOUTHERN, AND INTERIOR  
PROVINCES OF FRANCE,

In 1775 and 1776,

By *N. W. WRAXALL, Esq.*

INTERSPERSED WITH SOME OCCASIONAL REMARKS.

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THIS lively and well written tour, in a track not often visited by common travellers, is published in the form of letters, and is so interesting as well as concise, that we should be doing injustice to the author did we materially alter his manner. We have, indeed, dropped the epistolary form, and connected the narrative, because our plan required it. We have also sometimes assumed a different dress, and frequently taken a shorter road; but we have never lost sight of our intelligent and pleasing guide. This, however, is a compliment we meant to pay, not a liberty we wished to take.

I landed in France, says Mr. Wraxall, at Cherbourg, on Wednesday August 22, 1775. The ruins of the pier, which was demolished by our troops in the late war, present a mournful picture of devastation; as they still remain exactly in the

state they were left by the English in 1758\*. The town itself impresses a stranger with no high ideas of opulence or commerce. It is a wretched collection of houses, crowded together in a sandy valley, close to the shore, without order, cleanliness, or elegance. The situation, however, in the centre of the channel, and between the two Capes of Barfleur and La Hogue, has always made it important in the eye of policy.

As Havre de Grace has been ever esteemed, with reason, the key of High Normandy, so Cherbourg is of the Lower. During the many reigns in which it was subject to the English government, our princes appear to have been impressed with a due sense of its value. A very strong garrison was generally maintained in it; and Charles VII. terminated his long train of victories over the timid and divided counsels of our Henry VI. by this important conquest. It was re-annexed to the crown of France in 1450; but owing to various causes, for a long series of years, was less attended to than its importance deserved.

About half a mile from the town is a cliff, or rock, of prodigious height; the ascent to which is by a winding path. On the top I found a little convent of Benedictine monks, or hermits, who have chosen to quit the vale below, and having retired to the bleak summit, cultivated a few acres of ground, barren and stony, from which they procure, with difficulty, a miserable subsistence. The superior, after having shewn

\* It were to be wished, that this description might still be applicable to Cherbourg; but who is ignorant, that this port has since been improved and fortified with the utmost care.

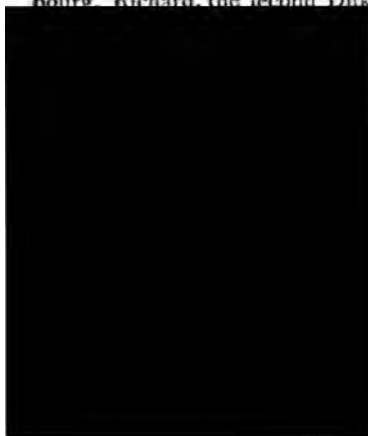
the little chapel and refectory, led me to the point of the cliff, on which stands a cru-

"This," said he, "is the spot, from which King John, king of England, is said to have thrown his nephew, Prince Arthur of Bretagne. Tradition reports, that he did it with his own hand, in a tempestuous night; and that the sea, though now at some distance, then washed the foot of the rock, received the body of the unhappy prince." This is, however, a very disputable fact; and there is scarcely any illustrious circumstance of which are so ill ascertained as that in question. It is, indeed, well known, that Prince Arthur, after having been detained through several provinces, with ignominy, by his uncle King John, finally disappeared in 1203. But so far are historians from positing the time or manner of his exit, they disagree in the place of his confinement, and are silent as to that event.

Another vestige of our English monarchs is yet to be seen here, which stands on incontestible authority. About a mile to the westward of the town, a little rivulet empties itself into the sea, and is called the Chanteraine. In a meadow, a few paces from the shore, stands a small chapel, which was built by Matilda, daughter of Henry I. and mother of Henry II. History relates that, in the reign of Stephen, who usurped the throne, she fled over from Wareham into Normandy, to seek fresh forces in support of her claim. Betrayed by a violent tempest at sea, she had recourse to prayers, to avert the danger. Relying on her whole hope in the Virgin Mary, according to the superstition of the times, she made

a vow that, if she ever set her foot on the shore, she would sing a hymn to the Virgin Mary, where she first alighted. Her vessel was wrecked, the storm abated, and she arrived at the instant she got on shore, one reminded her of her promise, in the words, *te, reine, vecchi terre!* and as she was standing exactly at the mouth of this river, she gave rise to the name which it still retains, with so small a mark of her having erected the chapel which I have just described, which is called Notre Dame du Port. The origin of its name is there recorded, and its architecture bears every mark of age, of neglect and barbarism, such as characterize the style in which it was built. Six centuries have elapsed since its construction, but the stones that compose it, and begin to decay, are in total ruin.

Cherbourg pretends to very ancient origin, and is said to have been originally founded by Richard, the second Duke of Normandy.



is said to be a corruption of Val-de-Ceres, by which name the Romans called it, in honour of that goddess, from its extraordinary fertility.

I left Cherbourg on Thursday morning, and after dining at Valognes, a considerable town, arrived at Carenten the following evening. The town is small, but the ruins of the castle are very beautiful. This place is celebrated in the civil wars under Charles IX. and in those of the League which followed, in the reigns of Henry III. and IV. The architecture of the great church is elegant; it was built in the fifteenth century, when the Gothic structures had almost attained to their highest point of beauty and perfection. The altar, and a painting dedicated to St. Cecilia, are the only internal decorations that merit attention. This patroness of harmony appears playing on a sort of harpsichord, her fingers running negligently over the keys. A blue mantle, loosely buckled over her shoulder, exposes part of her neck to view, and her fair hair floats down her back. The balls of her eyes are thrown up to heaven in a fine frenzy of musical enthusiasm. It is only six leagues from Carenten to Coutances; but the road, even at this season of the year, is incomparably bad. The roads of Low Normandy are infamous to a proverb; and I should never have had the boldness to venture through them, had I known their actual state. Coutances has, however, in some degree, made amends for the difficulties I found in arriving at it, and repaid me by the objects it affords of entertainment. It was founded by the Romans, who established a legion here, and called it *Castra Constantia*. It stands on a hill, which slopes down with prodigious rapidity. Be



yond the vale, a range of hills :  
amphitheatre, and surrounds.  
The houses bear all the mark  
their structure and taste, with  
greatest degree. Many of the  
stood five or six hundred years  
style of which merits peculiar  
date 1007, yet remaining in ve  
ters.

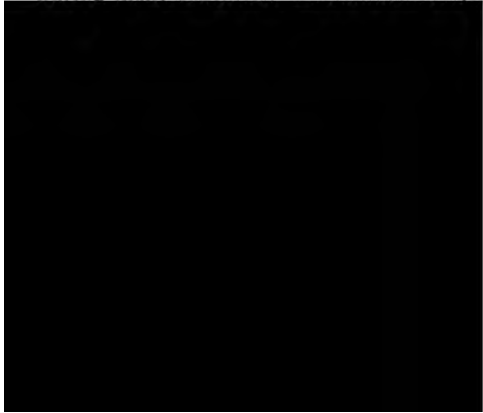
On the summit of the hill, in  
town, stands the cathedral. The  
beauty spread over the whole ;  
ornaments of Gothic building  
wonderful delicacy and elegant  
parts. It was begun in 1047 ;  
Conqueror, king of England, at  
its consecration some years after  
the top of the great centre tower  
the finest prospects imaginable.  
Granville appears in front, and  
the islands of Chausey. Jersey,  
seven leagues to the north, for  
The country on all sides, towards  
Chausey, and Carenten, is a garden

no part of the north of Europe. Fine acclivities, clothed with wood, and rich valleys waving with corn, form a most pleasing scene. There is notwithstanding an apparent penury among the people. The hand of oppression is visible in their rags, their hovels, and their whole appearance. I saw none of those neat and pretty peasants so common in our most sequestered villages.

The Continent has given birth to some illustrious characters. Those brave and romantic heroes, so famous in ancient story, Tancred and Robert Guiscard, who, after having expelled the Saracens from Apulia and Calabria, founded the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, which they transmitted to their descendants, were Counts of Haville, a little town not far from Valognes. History informs us, that Robert, duke of Normandy, gave to William the Conqueror, the most generous and the most necessitous prince of his age, mortgaged this part of his dominions to his brother Rufus, before he went to the Holy Land. The sum, I think, was only ten thousand marks, which the rapacious Rufus levied on his English subjects. I left Coutances Monday evening, in my way to Granville. The distance is only six leagues, through a continuation of the same agreeable country which I have already described. As I was desirous to visit the celebrated Mont St. Michel, I hired two horses, and set out for that place in the morning. It is about twenty miles from Granville, and the road lying along the sea-shore, makes it very pleasant. I got to Genet, a little village, before noon. From thence it is only a league to the Mount; but as the road is entirely across the sands, which are only passable at low tide, it was indispensibly requisite to pro-

sure a guide, under whose direction I am there at one in the afternoon.

This extraordinary rock, for it is no more, in the middle of the bay of Avranches. It has completely fortified one side, by its craggy and almost perpendicular ascent, which renders it impracticable for courage or address, however consummate, to scale it. The other part is surrounded by walls fenced with semilunars in the Gothic manner; but sufficiently it added to the advantages of its situation, to withstand any attack. At the foot of the mountain begins a street or town, which winds round the base to a considerable height. Above, are chambers in which prisoners of state are confined, and other buildings intended for persons to be executed; and on the summit is built the abbey itself, occupying a prodigious space of ground, and of a strength and solidity equal to its enormous size, since it has withstood all the storms of heaven, in this elevated and exposed situation, during many centuries. I examined every



passed on through several lesser rooms into a passage, on one side of which the guide opened a door, and through a narrow entrance, dark, he led me, by a second door, into a prison, or rather dungeon, in the middle of which stood a cage. It was composed of propped wooden bars; and the wicket, which admitted persons into it, was ten or twelve inches in width.

I went into the inside: the space enclosed, was about twelve or fourteen feet in length, and it might be nearly twenty feet in breadth. This was the abode of many eminent persons of former ages, whose names and miseries were forgotten.


"This was," said my conductor, "towards the end of the last century, a news-writer named Diderot, who had presumed to print some reflections on Madame de Maintenon, was confined here, in the month of April, 1748. Some months afterwards, he was released, by a person sent expressly for that purpose, to make a tour into French Flanders. He returned, at he had quitted the Dutch dominions, and was immediately, by his sovereign's express command, conducted to this prison, where they shut him up in this cage. Here he remained upwards of three and twenty years; and at length, expired. During the long winter," continued the man, "no candle was allowed him, nor was he permitted to read any book. He saw no human face except that of the jailer, who came once every day to bring him, through a hole in the wicket, a small portion of bread and wine."

He stood within this dreadful engine of execution, and witnessed the vengeance of the prince, who inflicted so tremendous a punishment for

so trivial an offence ; and I hastened out of my sad receptacle, impressed with feelings of the deepest pity and indignation.

“ It is now fifteen years,” said the abbot, “ since a gentleman ended his days in this prison ; this was before the time when I came to the abbey ; but there is one instance within my memory. Monsieur de F——, a person of rank, was conducted here by command of the king, and remained three years shut up ; I visited him myself every day ; but he was furnished with books and candle to divert his misery ; at length, the abbot, touched with his calamities, requested and obtained for him a royal pardon. He was set free, and is now in France.

“ The subterranean chambers,” added the abbot, “ of this mountain, are so numerous, that we call them not ourselves. There are certain divisions called Oubliettes, into which they were accustomed formerly to let down malefactors guilty of very heinous crimes ; they provided these



ed the Hole of Montgomeri. The history of this. In the year 1559, Henry II. king of France, was unfortunately killed at a tournament at the Count de Montgomeri. It was unintentionally on that nobleman's part; and he was forced contrary to his inclination, to push the lance at his sovereign, by his express command. He was a Hugonot, and having escaped the massacre of Paris, made head against the royal forces in Normandy, being supported by our Elizabeth's arms and money. When driven from his castles in those parts, he retired to a rock called Tombelaine. This is another mountain, not far from the Mont St. Michel, only three quarters of a league distant from it, and of nearly the same dimensions. At that time there was a castle on it, which was afterwards demolished, and of which scarce any traces now remain. From the top of this rock, for want of security, only accessible at low tides, he continually made excursions, and annoyed the English, who never dared to attack him. He consequently laid all the adjacent country under contribution, and rendered himself universally dreaded. Being desirous to surprise the Mont St. Michel, he found means to engage in his interests some of the monks resident in the abbey, who were to give him the signal for his enterprise, by playing a handkerchief. The treacherous monks having made the signal, armed all his associates who waited Montgomeri's arrival. They then came, attended by fifty chosen soldiers, and capable of any attempt. They landed on the sand, and having placed their scaling-ladders, mounted one by one; as they reached the top, they were dispatched without noise. Montgomeri, who followed last, at length discovered

death, ordered him to be immedi-

The church is an object of great  
is supported by nine pillars of immense  
dimensions, which stand upon the  
sides these, there are two others,  
size, which support the centre of  
which the tower is raised. If the  
cumbent weight and the nature  
is considered, nothing less massy  
building. They seem indeed, as  
signed to defy the ravages of time  
vulsions of nature.

The treasury is crowded with  
relics; among which some few  
intrinsic value. There is a fine  
VI. of France cut in crystal, descended  
They have got, Heaven knows  
an arm of Edward the Confessor;  
ed me another, of St. Richard, killed  
as they called him; but who this  
was, I confess, is beyond my comp

st injury. This, he conceived, and with  
 e, must have been owing to some divine in-  
 ition; for the stone weighs, I should sup-  
 at least ten pounds. Louis, though one of  
 reatest monsters that ever filled a throne,  
 et, at intervals, exceedingly pious: he used  
 he often in pilgrimage to the Mont St. Mi-  
 and he ordered this stone to be suspended  
 chain in the choir, and left the income of  
 a lands for the maintenance of priests, who  
 to say masses on account of his preservation  
 so imminent a danger.

refectory, the cloisters; the cells of the  
 s, are all very magnificent and spacious;  
 vast sum of money is now wanted to put  
 hole in repair, and reinstate what the lapse  
 s has defaced and deformed. One of the  
 towers is cracked and decayed; and other  
 are verging to ruin.


late king, Louis XV. sequestered the reve-  
 of the abbey, which are very ample. A pri-  
 substituted instead of the abbot, and the  
 of monks is reduced from thirty to four-

It is at present considered chiefly as a pri-  
 vate. The apartments are at this time oc-  
 by many illustrious prisoners, who have  
 sent here by Lettres de Cachet, for crimes  
 te. They are detained in more strict or  
 onfinement, according to the royal mandate.  
 are at present eight in one range of rooms,  
 at at the same table together. They are  
 d each a pint of wine; but neither knives  
 rks are ever granted them, lest they should  
 t suicide, to escape the horrors of impris-  
 on. No person is permitted to enter that  
 of the abbey in which they live, or can  
 ay conversation with them. Four of  
 XVI. T these



these were sent here since the accession of his present majesty. There are others who have the liberty of going into every part of the mount without restraint; but to enjoy this permission, they must be habited as priests, and of consequence be known to every one. To escape, seems almost impossible; yet very lately a gentleman, who had been confined ten months, succeeded in an attempt to liberate himself. I was shewn the place from whence he let himself down by a rope: it is near a hundred feet perpendicular. He crossed the sands immediately, while the sea was low; and it was imagined he had embarked either for Jersey or for England, as no intelligence had been received concerning him.

Some apartments are destined to a species of wretches yet more deplorable—I mean, to lunatics. There are several here who are of high rank. In the cloisters of the abbey, a person accosted me in very polite terms. He appeared to be above fifty years of age; his dress was mean, and at his button-hole hung a cross of the order




d ten thousand. They are mostly peasant persons in mean occupations; but even the nobility there are not wanting those induced to make this journey from piety. The little town at the foot of it is sometimes so crowded with them, that a bed is to be procured. I saw several of the monks, while I was there. They all wore habits of St. Michael.

At the foot of the mountain, close to the shore of the sea, is a very fine well of fresh water. As this might be taken possession of by the enemy, they have contrived to form cisterns in the rock, proportionate to every other part of the building, and capable of containing many thousands of water. Indeed, to besiege the town, would be an act of madness; as a hundred men might defend it against ten thousand soldiers, and any number of vessels; nor could the town, be of any benefit to the captors.

The town itself is almost as much an object of interest as any other part of the mount. I did not see a house which seemed to have been built in the time of Louis XI. The whole number of monks resident in the abbey and in the town, did not exceed a hundred and eighty, in time of Louis XI. A militia, composed of the inhabitants, was kept on guard, to prevent any of the prisoners from escaping. In time of war there are five hundred soldiers commonly in garrison; and I was told me, that in different parts of the abbey, sixteen thousand troops might be disposed of at any sort of inconvenience, or difficulty. I will give an anecdote relative to this place, which is as honourable to the one party, as it is dishonourable to the other.

In the year 1090, Robert, duke of Normandy and William Rufus, king of England, for William the Conqueror, besieged their young brother Henry a long time in the Mont Stachel. It must be presumed that they were on the foot of the rock; for otherwise it would be impracticable to invest it. The prince never have been reduced to surrender from thirst but he was in want of water, and from the necessity was on the point of yielding up the fortress, when Robert, with the benevolence and generosity which marked his character, sent him pipes of wine; and this succour enabled him to hold out. Rufus reproached Robert for his conduct: "Shall we then," said he, "suffice our brother to die of thirst?"—And what return he meet with from Henry? An imprisonment of twenty-eight years in a vaulted chamber at Cardiff Castle, where he expired.

Having satisfied my curiosity here, I returned to Granville. This town is situated very romantically on a neck of land stretching into the



the tutelary patron of travellers, before I  
 entered into such perilous roads, where I met  
 many difficulties and some disasters.

It detained me a few hours. The ci-  
 tadelan, but its situation is very fine. The ca-  
 stle stands on a hill, which terminates abrupt-  
 ly in front of the church extending to the ex-  
 treme verge of it, and overhanging the precipice.  
 It bears the marks of high antiquity, but the  
 walls are decayed in many places, though its  
 general construction has been wonderfully strong.  
 I stood near it, one of the priests very po-  
 lite, offered me, and offered, as I appeared to  
 be a stranger, to give me some information re-  
 specting it.

"The cathedral," said he, "has been the  
 work of different ages; but the two western  
 towers are supposed to be as old as the eighth  
 century. One of the English kings, Henry II.  
 obtained absolution here from the Papal Nuncio,  
 for the murder of St. Thomas-à-Becket, in 1172,  
 on a stone, on which he knelt during the per-  
 formance of that solemn ceremony, still exists,"  
 he said, and led me to look at it. Its length is about  
 thirty inches, and the breadth twelve. It stands  
 in the north portal, and on it is engraved a  
 cross in commemoration of the event.

The ruins of the castle of Avranches are very  
 extensive; and beneath lies a rich extent of  
 land, covered with orchards, and abounding  
 in game.

I terminated my journey on Sunday noon, Septem-  
 ber 10th, and quitting Normandy, reached the city  
 of Vannes in Bretagne the same evening. I did not  
 take the notice of every person who has any  
 business for the remains of antiquity. Except

the episcopal palace, which is a building, there is not a house which does not seem to have the most barbarous and remotions are in the same style, and been anciently very formidable tory confirms this.

It was a beautiful autumn: I walked near half a league from a singular object of curiosity. a very large orchard stands a fir forty and fifty feet high: its circumference equals its height. It is of the Field of Lamentation. I obtain accounts when, or on what erected; but the traditions are equally numerous and contradictory. I had great pleasure to see and converse with the people on whose estate it is situated. The approved opinion was, that it was caused it to be erected as a trophy of the extent of his conquests, after the battle of the Marston, which he gained over

Armerius. The present

her marriage with Charles VIII. in 1489. She was asked by the engineer who constructed it, what plan she would chuse as its model. "My coach," said she; and so it is in effect. A large square area within, constitutes the body; two small towers in the fore-part answer to the fore-wheels of a carriage, as two others of a larger size do to the hinder ones; a projection in front forms the pole, and an arched niche behind corresponds to the place where the servant was used to stand. Conscious that posterity might accuse her of caprice and absurdity, she has obviated their criticisms in a manner truly royal, by an inscription engraved on the wall, and very legible at this hour—

"Qui que gronde, tel est mon plaisir!"

This must be allowed to be the reasoning of a sovereign, and ought to silence impertinence!

St. Malo is situated in an island joined to the continent by a causeway. The ancient city and bishopric were half a league distant, upon the main-land; but in the year 1172, the bishop, John de la Grille, removed his residence to the little island of St. Aaron, and began the town which now exists. The houses are all lofty and elegant; but the streets, owing to the want of ground and to the number of inhabitants, are narrow, dirty, and ill paved.

September 6th, I left St. Malo, and lay at Hedé, a little town situated on the summit of a mountain, which commands a most extensive prospect. I got to the city of Rennes next morning. Here I had flattered myself with the pleasure of seeing the celebrated Monsieur de la Chalotais, who, after having suffered, under Louis XV. at

the punishments which def  
was now returned to pass th  
his days in his native provi  
had received very particular  
tion to him; but he was go  
radeuc, the preceding day.  
his present majesty and of th  
endeavoured to make him ev  
sation for the cruel indign  
with under the late reign, l  
and a title!

I staid near two days at R  
norary capital of Bretagne, t  
assembled there; but like a  
commerce, is dull and poor.  
cipal streets are, however, ve  
which happened in the year  
most reduced the whole pla  
obliged the inhabitants to  
great regularity. In one of  
bronze statue of Louis XV.  
vince in 1744, soon after his  
gerous illness with which  
Island, and which had

England, is very celebrated in history. The Irish and Breton army consisted of forty thousand men; and nevertheless, after having remained before it six months, were obliged to retreat without success.

arrived at Nantes on the 11th. This is a novelty, and its situation is equally advantageous and agreeable, being built on the easy declivity of a hill, sloping on every side to the river Loire, only opposite to the spot on which stands the town, it is divided into several channels, by a number of small islands, most of which are crowded with elegant houses. The great quay is more than a mile in length; the buildings very numerous, and chiefly erected since the peace of 1763. As its commerce is annually increasing, the city consequently is in a state of continual improvement, and advance in beauty. The Loire is notwithstanding very shallow; and all goods are brought up in large boats from Painbeuf, which is nine leagues distant. At the eastern extremity of the town stands the castle, in which the ancient dukes of Bretagne held their residence. It was built about the year 1000; but the duke of Brezé, who, during the long wars of the French revolution, in the sixteenth century, rendered himself in some degree sovereign of this province, made several considerable additions to it. In the reign of Anne, duchess of Bretagne, and widow of Charles VIII. married Louis XII. in 1499; by this second union, confirmed the duchy to the crown of France. I was shown the chamber in which the celebrated Cardinal de Retz was confined by order of Anne of Austria, and from whence he made his escape, by letting himself down



down with a rope into a boat, which waited for him on the Loire.

Many of the ancient dukes of Bretagne are interred in the different churches of the city. The most splendid of all the monuments erected in their memory, is that of Francis II. who was the last of them. It is in the Eglise des Carmes, and was raised by filial duty. His daughter Anne caused it to be constructed, while she was queen of France. Michael Columb, a Breton by birth, was the artist; and it must be confessed to be a masterpiece of sculpture. The tomb is as magnificent as any of those in the Abbey of St. Denis; and not content with this proof of her attachment to her father's memory, Anne ordered her own heart to be deposited within a golden box, in the same vault.

Nantes was anciently, like almost every considerable city in Europe, very strongly fortified. Peter de Dreux, one of the dukes of Bretagne, surrounded it with walls, which have only been demolished within these few years. The bridge is an object of curiosity. It is near a mile and a half in length, being continued across all the little islands in the Loire, from north to south. There are two other smaller rivers, which unite at this city, one of which is called the Erdre. I ascended this river about two leagues, to a gentleman's chateau, where I dined. The Meander, so famous in Grecian fable, can hardly exceed the Erdre in beauty. It winds between groves of chefnut, oak, and poplar, which cover the banks to the edge of the water, and which are only broken by vineyards, gardens, and elegant villas. About half way are the ruins of a celebrated fortress, formerly possessed by the Hugonots, called

astle de la Verriere; and at the distance of  
from the house, where I passed the day, is  
cient mansion surrounded with thick woods;  
belong to Peter Landais, the infamous and  
rthy favourite of Francis II.

tagne is by no means so fertile or so culti-  
a province as Normandy. The interior part  
efly open and healthy, but the sea-coasts are  
populous, and the soil is richer. Round this  
ind to the southward, in the Pays de Retz,  
are very plentiful; and they make a thin  
vine, known by the name of Vin Nantois.  
e origin of Nantes is very uncertain, and is  
remote antiquity. The Romans doubtless  
station here. In the year 1580, among the  
of a tower demolished at that time, was  
a stone, which, by order of the magistrates,  
ransferred in 1606 to the Hotel de Ville.  
nscription on it, as follows, has greatly ex-  
d the attention of antiquaries. It is very  
e, and in Roman characters.

NUMINIB: AUGUSTOR:

DEO: VOL: JANO.

MEL: SECUNDUS. ET C. SEDAT: FLORUS.

R: VICANOR. PORTENT. TRIBUNAL. C. M.

DEIS EX STIPE CONLATA POSUERUNT.

cannot forbear mentioning one other monu-  
equally singular. Near a bridge which  
the Loire, called Le Pont de la belle Croix,  
one fixed in the wall, with the remains of a  
d inscription on it. It was placed there to  
the spot where Gilles, Marechal de Retz  
ant, under the reign of Charles VII. This  
an was accused of, and condemned to die  
mes, which were said to be too horribl

this whole story appears to me very  
On Saturday night, the 10th o  
left at Angersville, and breakfasted  
at Montague, the first town in Po  
and in our journey the whole day  
on horse, and arrived, as the sun  
Montague. The evening was unce  
turn, and I should have proceed  
in front of a very large convent, wh  
like the post-house, in one of the f  
to be conceived, had not reviv  
The great gates were open, and ad  
spacious court, or lawn, in front o  
there I met the prior, a thin, spare  
pearance but his sixteenth year; if h  
tend to deceive my judgment. F  
with extreme politeness; and on my  
that I was a traveller, induced by c  
his convent, he conducted me int  
and through the apartments. "

d by a desert from the gardens of the priory, which are very extensive. I staid till near midnight, and left my generous host with the utmost regret.

I got to Marans on the 18th. It is a miserable town, situated on the river Sevre, which divides it from the Pays d'Aunis. At a small distance from the place, on the bank of the river, stands its efflux, tradition yet points out the spot rendered celebrated by the interview of Louis XI. of France, and his brother Charles, Duke of Guyenne. The artful monarch exhausted in vain, all his treacherous policy to gain his end; and their interview, like most others between princes, was unaccompanied with any great or beneficial effect.

It is only twenty miles from Marans to Rochelle, through a rich country, covered with corn. This city, so famous in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the refuge, at that time, of the Hugonots, and their grand barrier against royal power, is still a commercial and populous place, though much declined from its ancient lustre. The port, though it is incapable of admitting vessels of any considerable burthen, is well calculated for trade. At the entrance are two very noble Gothic towers, called the Tour de Nicolas, and the Tour de la Chaine. They now in a state of decay, but were anciently used to protect the town and harbour. Within these towers is an outer port, and beyond all the road, well sheltered by the islands of Ré, Oléron, and Aix.

This place has no claim to any remote antiquity. It was only a little collection of houses on the shore, inhabited by fishermen, when William

[illegible]

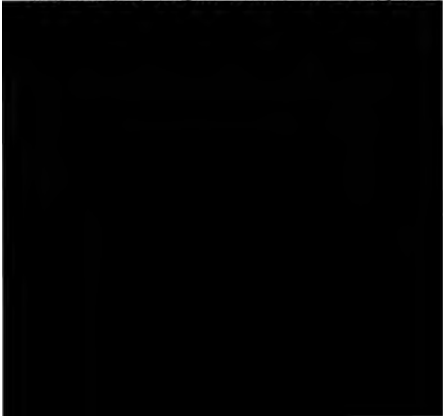
hundred feet. It extends from side to side, across the whole harbour, nearly an English mile in length. Its breadth is more than one hundred and fifty feet, and it widens continually towards the base. No effort of art or power can possibly impress the mind with so vast and sublime an idea of the genius of Richlieu, as does this bulwark against the sea: it almost appears more than the work of man. A small opening of about two hundred feet, was left by Pompey Targon, the architect who constructed it, to admit vessels, and to shut up by chains fixed across it. A tower was likewise erected at each end, no remains of which are now to be seen. Neither the Duke of Buckingham nor the Earl of Lindsey, who were successively sent from England to the aid of the besieged, by Charles I. dared to attack this formidable barrier; they were obliged to retire, and to leave Rochelle to its fate. In all probability, a thousand years, aided by storms, and all the fury of the sea, will make little or no impression on this mound, which is designed to endure as long as the fame of the cardinal, its author.

From the northern point of the harbour, is a fine view of the three islands, Ré, Oleron, and Aix. It was on the former of these, that the Duke of Buckingham landed, and, after his fruitless attempt on the citadel of St. Martin, was repulsed with the loss of eight thousand men. This little island, which is only six leagues in length, is separated from the main land by a channel of three miles broad. It contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, and is better cultivated than the finest province of France; while Oleron, which is more than double its size, has not near

that number of people, and is neither in state of cultivation nor improvement. Contrast is the result of their different politions, the island of Ré being free, and from all duties or taxation.

On the southern side of the port stands the church of Minims, erected by Louis XIII. in 1628, to pray for the souls of those who perished before La Rochelle. When Clarendon began to invest it in 1628, there were at least seventy-two thousand persons in the city. At the second siege, they had diminished to about eight thousand; and, at present, the inhabitants are only between seventeen and eighteen thousand; of which scarce two thousand are Catholics. Religious zeal and animosity are entirely subsided; and the citizens are now to be as well attached to the crown as to France.

The weather was now the most serene and lightful that could be imagined. The sun was already begun round the city, and



master had expended there. Time has, however, evinced the utility of the project, and the it is become as necessary and important to the town of France, as either Brest or Toulon. It is situated on the river Charente, about five leagues from its mouth. I passed several hours in the different magazines and dock-yards. Every thing appears to be under admirable regulation, and the several branches of naval equipment are carried on with the utmost vigour and dispatch.

The number of workmen commonly employed at Rochfort, is about nine hundred, and to these are added six hundred galley slaves, who are occupied in the most painful and laborious branches of service. They are chained two and two, with heavy fetters, constantly guarded, and confined in a long building erected for that purpose in the centre of the yard. Some of these wretches are detained for a term of years; others during life. The precautions used to prevent their escape are excellent, and improved on continually by experience; yet, in spite of every obstacle, they are continually eluded. So strong is the love of liberty in the heart of man, even when it has lost every other valuable principle.

The armory, the rope-walks, the store-houses, every kind, are all in the best order, and kept with prodigious neatness. Louis XIV. fortified this city at the time he constructed it; but its situation, at so considerable a distance from the sea, renders it sufficiently secure from any attack; and they have, therefore, lately closed up the streets, and neglected the fortifications. It is laid out with great beauty and elegance. The streets are all very broad and straight, extending through the whole place from side to side; but



the buildings do not correspond with them in beauty, as they are mostly low and irregular.

The province of Saintonge, of which this city is the capital, begins at a small distance from Rochfort. The antiquities, which Saintes still contains, detained me there some time. It was a Roman colony, and those conquerors of the earth, who polished the nations they subdued, have left behind them several traces of their magnificence. In a hollow valley between two mountains, and almost adjoining to one of the suburbs, are the ruins of the amphitheatre. Though now in the last stage of decay, its appearance is august and venerable. In some parts, scarce any of the arches are to be seen; but the east end is still in a great degree of preservation. A triumphal arch, on which is an inscription in Roman letters, merits likewise attention. It was erected to Germanicus, on the news of his death, so universally lamented throughout the empire.

The Charente surrounds this city; and though that river cannot compare with the Loire or the Rhone, in size and depth, yet the actions which have been performed on its banks, in different ages, will render it immortal in history. At Taillebourg, only six miles from hence, and nearer to its mouth, was fought the battle between Henry III. of England and St. Louis, where the latter was conqueror, and in which he gave proofs of almost unexampled prowess and intrepidity, by defending, almost alone, the passage of a bridge against the whole English army, during some minutes. Francis I. one of the most amiable and accomplished princes who ever reigned in France, was born in 1494, at Cognac, only seven leagues higher up on the Charente. Two leagues be-  
yond

and Cognac is the famous plain of Jarnac, where the Hugonots were beat in 1569, by the duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. and where a great Louis, first Prince of Condé, was assassinated by Montefquion.


Except the remains of Roman grandeur yet visible at Saintes, the place contains very little to gain or amuse a traveller. It is built with great irregularity; the streets are narrow and winding, the houses mean, and almost all of them very old. The cathedral has been repeatedly destroyed and destroyed by Normans and Hugonots, who made war alike on the monuments of art or of history. One tower only escaped their rage, which is said to have been built as early as the year 800, by Charlemagne. It is of an enormous magnitude, both as to height and circumference. Various circumstances have, probably, conduced to its preservation during the fury of war, and any veneration for the memory of its founder, or for the sanctity of its institution.

The reformed religion seems far on the decline in this province, where anciently it had gained many votaries. The reason is evident;—the vows of devotion, warm and animated in the beginning, are nourished by persecution, but unhappily become languid and extinct in an age of more mild and tolerating principles. Interest is no longer present, ever intimately felt by mankind. The established religion holds out offices and honours; Protestantism is barren: her rewards are in another world; but they are worth all our temporal sufferings and all our solicitude.

I continued my journey from Saintes, and slept the first night at Pons, a small town, agreeably situated on a mountain. Near the summit,

the centre of the place, is an ancient castle belonging to the Prince de Marfan, which commands an extensive and luxuriant prospect of the valleys of Saintonge and Angoumois, covered with vines, and watered by two or three fine rivers which lose themselves, after many windings, in the Charente. I entered the province of Poitou the next day, and arrived at Blaye, on the northern bank of the Garonne, on Tuesday the 4th of October. I put my carriage into a boat and came up to Bourdeaux by water; a distance of about seven leagues. At Blaye, the river is above four miles in breadth, but it diminishes sensibly as it approaches Bourdeaux. Near the way between the two places, is the mouth of the river Dordogne, which, after running through the Limosin and Perigord, empties itself in the Garonne. The prospect, at the conflux of the two streams, is wonderfully picturesque. Some spots have more attractive charms.

Our passage from Blaye was long, and tedious, as we were setting off as we turned round a point of



nate, seducing, and voluptuous. Commercial cities are usually marked by opposite manners, and the love of gain, powerful in its influence over the human heart, generally obscures and absorbs the softer passions. Here, however, these rules are by no means verified. Luxury and dissipation are more openly patronized, and have made a more universal conquest, than in half the capitals of Europe. It is natural to seek for the reason of this. We shall find it chiefly in the genius of the French nation, and in the spirit of the government, which rather encourages than represses luxury among all ranks of people. Superstition, the only engine capable of opposing the torrent, has ceased in France, where the Virgin is held in as little estimation as among us. Divest mankind of the influence which religion, interest, and decorum have over them, what restraint can be imposed on the gratification of their passions?

The ancient city of Bourdeaux, though considerable in point of size, was, at the accession of Louis XIV. ill built, badly paved, dangerous, without police, or any of those municipal regulations indispensibly requisite to render a city splendid or elegant. It has entirely changed its appearance within these last thirty years. The public edifices are very noble, and all the streets newly built, are regular and handsome. The quays, along the Garonne, are four miles in length, and the river itself is considerably broader than the Thames at London bridge. On the opposite side, a range of hills, covered with woods, vineyards, churches, and villas, extends beyond the view.

*Almost in the centre of the town is a fine equestrian statue, in bronze, erected to the*

king in 1743. This inscription is so plain and simple, and so much addressed to the heart, that I have retained it in my memory.

LUDOVICO QUINDECIMO,  
 SÆPE VICTORI, SEMPER PACIFICATO  
 SUOS OMNES, QUAM LATE REGNUM P  
 PATERNO PECTORE GERENTI ;  
 SUORUM IN ANIMIS PENITUS HABITA

The beauty of the river Garonne, and the fertility of the adjoining country, were the principal causes which induced the Romans to lay the foundations of this city. The ruins of a very large amphitheatre yet remain, constructed under the emperor Gallienus ; it is of brick, as are most of the edifices of that period, when the empire was verging to its fall, and the arts began to decline.

During the irruptions of the barbarous and peculiarly in those which the Normans repeatedly made, Bourdeaux was ravaged and almost entirely destroyed. It only



affability, and his munificence, drew strangers Bourdeaux from every part of Europe; but all splendor soon disappeared. He lived to experience the ingratitude of those he had protected, and, in the meridian of life, became a prey to disease, which brought him to an untimely end. Bourdeaux presents few remains of antiquity. The cathedral appears to be very old, and has suffered considerably from the effects of time. The unfortunate Duke of Guyenne, brother to Charles XI. who was poisoned in 1473, lies buried before the high altar. The adjacent country, and particularly the Pays de Medoc, which produces the finest clarets, is exceedingly pleasant; and at this season, when the peasants were all engaged in the vintage, formed one of the most picturesque landscapes in the world.

I left Bourdeaux on the 10th of October, and taking the road to Agen, along the southern bank of the Garonne, I crossed that river at Lan-deux, a little town pleasantly situated on its banks; and stopped in the evening at La Reole. While my baggage was getting ready, I took a walk to see the place. The sun had set, but the sky was without a cloud, and the air perfectly serene. The castle of La Reole overhangs the waters of the Garonne, and is reflected on its surface; time has crumbled many of the battlements into ruin, but enough yet remains to shew its former splendor.

Catherine of Medicis resided in it some years, during one of the journeys which she made to the southern provinces; and Henry IV. then king of Navarre, had here an interview with her, at which he fell in love with the beautiful Mademoiselle d'Aylle, one of her maids of honor.

I dined

deprived of power, and unaccompanied with that compassion which often accompanies persons in disgrace.

I reached Agen in the afternoon, through which I passed from the country I crossed the Garonne, to the garden which is fertile beyond any I have seen. The hills are all covered with vineyards to the summit, and the valleys scarce sufficient for the industry of the peasants to produce whatever is necessary for their subsistence. The climate, at this season, is delicious. No frosts of winter appear in any of the produce. Cherry-trees, figs, acacia, and elms, are in full verdure; in many places they border on the side of the hills, and have run up, and mixed their climbing boughs, in a truly beautiful and picturesque manner.

In the midst of this charming plain, close to the Garonne, stands

ois, Agenois, and Armagnac; beneath, lies the city of Agen, and through the meadows which surround it, rolls the Garonne. One of the monks shewed me the apartments of the convent; and in the recesses of the rock he led me to a spring which is never dry, and which he assured me had been opened by miracle, at the intercession of some holy recluse in ages past. A little refectory was hung with portraits of famous monastic heroes, among which was St. William, Duke of Aquitaine; and at the upper end, in golden letters, was written *Silentium*.

Agen is a very mean and disagreeable place; the houses are ill built, the streets narrow, crooked and dirty. I saw only one building, which appeared to me deserving of notice. It is a chapel belonging to a nunnery of Carmelites. The walls are exquisitely painted in Chiaro Oscuro, the deception of the roof, which is executed in the same manner, is admirable. The high altar is magnificent, and adorned with a piece of painting the subject of which is very interesting. It represents a nun, sinking under the transports of holy contemplation. Above, descends a radiant figure, with looks of tenderness and pleasure, surrounded with the glories of the skies, too strong for mortal sight. If it had not been a religious scene, I should have supposed it to be the story of Jupiter and Semelé, to which it bears the most apt resemblance. Near the piece is this inscription.

QUID NON CONATUR AMOR!  
COELOS IN TERRIS ADUMBRARE  
CARMELI FILIÆ TENTARUNT,  
ANNO SALUTIS

1773.



We are used to  
a young woman,  
very miserable.  
there are some, I  
Enthusiasm has at  
amid the gloom of  
votary above the p

“ To sounds of

“ And melt in

Agen has ancient  
thic battlements  
entire round the v  
lois, daughter of  
to Henry IV. for  
adventures, and he  
court some time  
wars which desola  
part of that fine d  
Bretigni, in 1366  
England, and con  
governed by Edw  
lowed the fate of  
who reconquered  
the dominions of

I continued my  
day evening the 8  
crossed the Garon  
and sometimes da  
rapid, and runnin  
stopped a few hou  
is situated on a  
are very steep, I  
walked up alone.  
the first view of  
ninety miles; th

ed with eternal snow. While I stood gazing at these stupendous distant mountains, a gentleman very politely accosted me, and observing I was a stranger, entered into conversation with me, and offered his services to point out anything worthy of observation in the place.

"This town," said he, "was a Roman colony, and called by them *Lectoura*. Many antiquities have been discovered here; and a beautiful fountain, which springs from the side of the mountain, near the episcopal palace, is declared, by immemorial tradition, to have been consecrated to *Leona*, who had a temple near the spot. In succeeding ages, *Leytoure* belonged to the counts of *Magnac*, who were great vassals of the crown of France, and sovereigns in their own territories. The last of these princes, John V. was put to death in this city. His history was very singular.

He began his reign in 1450. The youngest of his sisters, *Isabella*, was a princess of uncommon beauty and accomplishments; the count received an unhappy passion for her, and, unable to repress or extinguish it, he determined, in defiance of every obstacle, to make her his wife. He married her publicly, but the reigning king, offended at so incestuous an union, denounced against him a sentence of excommunication; and Charles VII. king of France, prepared to enforce it by the instant seizure of his dominions. The count, abandoned by his subjects, and incapable of resistance, fled to *Fontarabie*, carrying with him his beloved sister. Having, however, at the intercession of the Count de *Armagnac*, obtained his pardon, and the restoration of his possessions, he returned to *Leytoure*, leaving his beautiful and unhappy *Isabel* in Spain, where

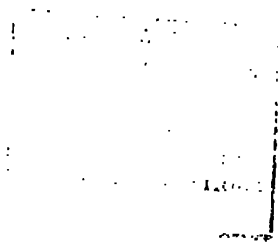
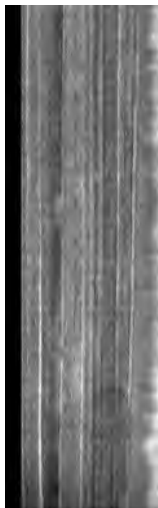
Honourable terms, and on the most advantageous of being continued in the possessions. But while the treaty was on the point of being signed, and the king was engaged in the honour of the king, royal vigilance, the soldiers broke into the castle, he was himself murdered in his bed, and Louis immediately seized on his crown, and the kingdom was escheated to the crown."

When the gentleman had concluded his story, he conducted me to the mountain, where are still the ruins of the castle. "In this fortress," said he, "was confined and unfortunate Mareschal de Miremont (grandson to the famous constable of the same name,) was confined, after the battle of Marston, in 1632. So amiable a man, so general was the attachment to him, and so detested was the cardinal enemy, that the ladies of the place



*Marshal de Montmorenci discovering  
a Rope Ladder concealed in a Pyre.*

*Engraved 1791 by R. Noddy, after a picture of 1791.*



the sentinels, alarmed at his cries, ran to the spot, and intercepted the Marechal, who was then after conducted to Toulouse, and put to death."

My polite conductor quitted me, and I continued my walk alone. Leytoure occupies a level space of more than half a mile in circumference, the summit of a mountain. The fortifications in many parts are yet entire; and the situation admirably calculated for defence, was probably the motive which induced the Romans to construct a city there.

I left Leytoure at noon, and arrived the following night at Auch, the distance being only eight-and-twenty miles. This place is the capital of Armagnac, and like Leytoure, it lies on the summit and declivity of a very steep hill, which is surrounded by other hills that rise at a small distance. Through the vale below runs a rivulet, called the Gers. The inhabitants of Auch are about six thousand; the buildings are modern and elegant; the streets, though in general narrow, yet are clean and well paved. In the centre of the city stands the cathedral, which is one of the most magnificent in France, both as to its construction and the internal decorations. The painted windows are only inferior to those of St. Louis in Holland. The chapels are of equal beauty, and ornamented at a prodigious expence. The income of the see of Auch, which is archiepiscopal, amounts annually to three hundred thousand livres. The palace corresponds with these ample revenues, and is a very handsome building. The apartments are furnished with a voluptuous and rather becoming a temporal than a spiritual prince; and in the chamber, where the archbishop

archbishop himself sleeps, lying at a number of holy reliques round a bed, on which have reposed. The library adorned with some portrait of the fine head of the Cardinal de archbishop of Auch, drew in his infinite genius marked in pale face; the contour, oval and an eye looking forward. His scarlet robe hangs the Ghost, on his breast.

The country through the south of the Garonne, is much more mountainous, than that of the river. It is not, however agreeable. Though I am in this article of life is more than within these last ten years, still accounted one of the common. The common wine present only five farthings a tridge, and every kind of vast abundance, and proportion

at the end of which, immediately under the  
can mountains, stands the town. It is ge-  
y crowded with company during the sum-

Nothing can exceed the environs of Bag-  
in beauty. Even at this advanced season,  
nature is on her decline, and the leaves be-  
o assume the hue of autumn, the country  
tains a thousand charms. The Pyrenees,  
rise above the town, and whose craggy  
its are lost in clouds, form an object the  
magnificent that fancy can form; while on  
ther side appear fertile valleys, covered with  
and interspersed with hamlets. There are  
springs near Bagneres, both warm and cold,  
issue out of the mountains, and are of dis-  
virtues. Those called Les Bains de Salut,  
the principal; they are about half a mile  
the town; and the walk to them, between  
hills, is equally agreeable and romantic.

I could not help regretting that the year was  
so advanced to permit me to pass some weeks  
by the Pyrenees. An admirer of nature  
find ample subject for reflection, and the  
best sources of entertainment amidst the ex-  
traordinary scenes which present themselves in  
chain of rocks, stretching from the Atlantic  
to the Mediterranean.

I left Tarbes on Wednesday the 18th, and got  
on in six hours, the distance about thirty  
miles. The province of Bearn begins about a  
mile from Tarbes, at the ascent of a very steep  
rocky mountain, which divides it from Bi-

The city of Pau will be for ever memo-  
rable in history, since it was the birth-place of  
Henry IV. That immortal prince was born in  
this city, then the usual residence of the king



of Navarre. It stands on one of the most romantic and singular spots that can be imagined: the west end of the town, upon the brow of a rock, which terminates perpendicularly. Beside it is the Gave, a river, or rather a torrent, which rises in the Pyrenees, and empties itself into the Adour. On the other side, is a ridge of hills covered with vineyards, which produce the famous Vin de Jurançon, so much admired; and beyond all, at the distance of nine leagues, appear the Pyrenees themselves, covering the horizon east to west, and bounding the prospect. The castle, though now in a state of decay, is still habitable, and the apartments are hung with pictures, said to be the work of Jane, queen of Navarre, and mother of Henry IV.

In a chamber, which, by its size, was formerly a room of state, is a fine whole length portrait of that queen. Her dress is very splendid, and resembles those in which our Elizabeth is represented. Her head-dress is adorned with pearls; round her neck she wears a ruff; and her



one of the adjoining chambers, is another trait of Henry IV. himself, when a boy; and the second floor is the apartment in which he was born. The particulars of his birth are, in themselves, so curious, and as relating to so great a prince, that an enumeration of them will not fail to be interesting. His mother, Jane, already lost two sons, the duke de Beaumont, and the count de Marle. Henry d'Albret, her father, anxious to see an heir to his dominions, pressed her, (when she accompanied her husband, Anthony of Bourbon, to the wars of Picardy, against the Spaniards) if she proved with child, to return to Pau, and to lie in there, as he would himself superintend the education of the infant, from the moment of its birth. He even threatened to disinherit her, if she failed to comply with this injunction. The princess, in obedience to the king's command, being in the ninth month of her pregnancy, quitted Compiègne in the end of November, traversed all France in ten days, and arrived at Pau, where she was delivered of a son on the 13th of December, 1553. She had always been desirous to see her father's sword, which he kept in a golden box; and he promised to shew it to her, provided she admitted of his being present at her delivery, and would, during the pains of labour, sing a song in Bearnois language. Jane had courage enough to comply with this singular request; and the king, being called on the first news of her illness, immediately sung a Bearnois song, beginning, *Notre Dame du bout du pont, aidez moi en ce heure.*—As she finished it Henry was born. The king instantly performed his promise, by giving her the box, together with a golden

out any regard to his quality about with the children of the fants, barefooted and bareheaded of winter. This severe him to fatigue and hardship, which he had no little occurrence life, in the long wars with the duke of Mayenne. They finally, which served him for a served on that account.

Several of the ancient sovereigns resided and died in the castle Phœbus, who ascended the throne here in 1483. He was only fifteen his mother being regent. He was very fond of music, having had no sooner applied it to himself felt himself affected with a violent manner, that he expired. Catherine de Foix succeeded

ern place, having originated entirely from the castle, the residence of the kings of Navarre.

I pursued my journey to Orthez. The country from Pau to this city is mostly level, finely cultivated, and covered with vines. The peasants speak a jargon unintelligible even to the French. Their dress, too, differs very much from that worn in Guyenne, and in every respect they bear a resemblance to the Spaniards. This place is a city and bishopric, but the meanest, I believe, in France. The cathedral is a wretched edifice, very ancient, built in a barbarous style, and almost in ruins. I expected to have found in it some monuments of the kings of Navarre, but was disappointed. The remains of the castle of Orthez are very noble; and its situation is fine, on a hill which commands the town, and a great extent of country. The people call it *Le Chateau de la Reine Jeanne*, because that queen resided in it during many years, in preference to the castle of Pau. The princess Blanche, daughter to John, king of Arragon and Navarre, was shut up, and died here, in 1464. After the death of her brother, she became heiress to the crown of Navarre; but her father having delivered her into the hands of her younger sister Leonora, countess of Foix, she confined the unhappy Blanche in the castle of Orthez, and after an imprisonment of two years, caused her to be poisoned.

I continued my journey Sunday morning the 24<sup>th</sup>, and arrived at Bayonne in the afternoon. Its situation is one of the most agreeable in France, at the conflux of two rivers, the Nive and the Adour. The latter is scarce less considerable than the Thames at Lambeth, and across it is

yearly diminishes. The entrance rendered both difficult and hazardous which have collected, and across its mouth. Besides this in neighbourhood of Bourdeaux almost all those articles of trade which are exported from hence. Bayonne standing its decline and depopulation an agreeable place of residence, and furnish all the requisites for husbandry is in prodigious plenty, and exceedingly delicate. The Bay of river Adour supply excellent fish which are made in the adjacent country exceed the miserable claret of the kingdom, and are sold at a low price. The town is surrounded with a wall, and is a very fertile soil, and under fuel one of the cheapest in the kingdom. The climate itself is delicious; though the Pyrenean mountains gives an

must have been built as early as the year 1350. I made several visits to it, in hopes of discovering some tombs or monuments of antiquity: but there is not any thing deserving attention, except the relics of St. Leo, who was put to death here in 907, and whose bones are preserved in a splendid shrine over the high altar.

Bayonne, though considered as a frontier city of France, is very ill fortified, the ramparts and fosses being equally neglected. On the north side of the Adour, Louis XIV. caused a citadel to be constructed by Vauban, on a hill which commands the town, and which is always garrisoned with about a thousand soldiers. Till the year 1193, this place, and a considerable territory round it, was governed by its own viscounts. The English rendered themselves masters of it at that time, in the reign of Richard I. and kept possession of it till 1451, when Charles VII's victorious arms annexed it to the crown of France.

The common people are called Basques, from the name of the province in which Bayonne is situated. Their dress is peculiar to themselves. The women comb up their hair on the crown of their heads, and cover it with a sort of cap exactly resembling a little turban, which has no inelegant effect. The complexions of both sexes are considerably darker than in Guyenne; and they speak a jargon, called the Basque, which has scarce any affinity either with the French, Spanish, or even the Gascon dialect.

Here my journey towards the south ends; and for the sake of the only post road in this part of France, I was obliged to retrace my route as far as Auch, in my way to Toulouse.

... and slept at C...  
near forty miles distant; it  
and situated on the Royal C...  
XIV. to join the Mediterranean.  
The Saracens, who conquered  
during the decay of the Roman  
have been its founders. In  
mile from the place, is the spot  
late Duke of Montmorenci, co  
and thrown from his horse, a  
in 1632. I lamented as I sto  
of so heroic and so amiable  
the Ruffel of France, who fel  
stern and unrelenting policy of  
Richlieu.

It is about five-and-twenty m  
nandari to Carcastone, where I  
of the ensuing day

most astonishing instances of superstition and of atrocious barbarity to be found in the annals of the world\*.

When the royal power was nearly annihilated, during the reigns of the last kings of the Carolingian race in France, most of the cities of Languedoc erected themselves into little independent states, governed by their own princes. Carcassonne was then under the dominion of viscounts. At the time when Pope Innocent III. patronised and commanded the prosecution of hostilities against the Albigenes for the crime of heresy; Raymond, the reigning viscount, was included in that proscription. Simon de Montfort, general of the army of the church, invested the city of Carcassonne in 1209. The inhabitants, terrified at the fate of several other places where the most dreadful massacres had been committed, demanded leave to capitulate; but this act of mercy was only extended to them under a condition, equally cruel and unparalleled. The people found in the place, were all obliged, without distinction of rank or sex, to evacuate it in a state of nudity; and Agnes, the viscountess, was not exempted, though young and beautiful, from this ignominious and shocking punishment.

I continued my journey on the 11th to Narbonne; the country from Toulouse to the gates of that city is far from being inviting; it is a vast plain, open, naked, and in many parts barren, where scarce a tree is to be seen except olives; and even those are neither large nor numerous. On one hand appear the Pyrenees at a considerable distance; and on the other, the chain of

\* See Allix's Churches of Piedmont.



rocks, called the Black Mountains, which divide Languedoc from the province of Rouergue. The population is very thin, and the appearance of the country bleak and inhospitable. I went about a league out of the road near Carcassonne, to a little town called Trebé, where the Royal Canal passes over the river Aude, and arrived at Narbonne in the afternoon.

This city retains scarcely any marks of its ancient grandeur. Narbonne, which pretends to the most remote antiquity under the Celtic kings, in ages anterior even to the Roman conquests; which under these latter masters, gave its name to all the Gallia Narbonensis, and was a colony of the first consideration, is now dwindled to a wretched, solitary town, containing scarcely eight thousand inhabitants, of whom three fourths are priests and women. The streets and buildings are mean and ruinous; it has indeed, a communication with the Mediterranean, from which Narbonne is only about three leagues distant, by means of a small river which intersects the place; but its commerce is very limited, and chiefly consists in grain. No vestiges of Roman magnificence remain, except some inscriptions in different parts of the city; and if the churches did not keep employed some hundred ecclesiastics, who are occupied in chanting requiems and vespers, it would probably cease in a few years to have any existence whatever.

The see of Narbonne, which is archiepiscopal, is said to have been founded by Charlemagne, but the present cathedral is far more modern, *though only the choir of it remains, which is built in the finest style of the Gothic edifices. In the centre of the church, before the high altar, is*

the tomb of Philip the Bold, king of France, son of St. Louis. It is composed of white marble, and the king is represented lying at full length. His face is that of a man in the prime of life, the features regular and pleasing; he has a beard on the upper lip and chin, and his hair falls in great quantity on his neck. In his right hand is the *Dalmatique*, resembling a pastoral staff; and in the left he holds a sceptre. He has a crown on his head, supported by a cushion, and his feet rest on a lion. Behind, in the old black letter, is this inscription.

“ Sepultura bonæ Memoriz  
 “ Philippi,  
 “ quondam Francorum Regis,  
 “ Filii beati Ludovici,  
 “ qui Perpignani calida Febre  
 “ ab hac Luce migravit,  
 “ 3 Non: Octobris,  
 “ Anno Dei 1285.”

The distance from Narbonne to Beziers is twenty miles. The mountain of Malpas, which was cut through, to admit the passage of the Royal Canal, lies only a mile out of the road. It was impossible to pass so extraordinary and celebrated a work without visiting it. The effect produced by it on the spectator is very striking and sublime. I descended by a large flight of steps into the excavation, and walked through the mountain along the side of the canal. The length of it is exactly two hundred and ten paces, or more than six hundred feet; and the perpendicular height, from the water to the surface of the incumbent mountain, is two hundred and two feet. A great part of the arch has been vaulted at a prodigious expense, from the dread of its falling in from the  
 weir

weight above; and the annual necessary repairs amount to a large sum of money. The breadth of the canal itself is at least twenty feet; and though the distance hollowed through the ground is so considerable, yet the light is every where perfectly admitted. This was the greatest obstacle to completing the junction of the two seas, and its execution has immortalized the famous Riquet, whom Louis XIV. employed in the enterprise\*.

Beziers is an opulent and considerable city, containing above twenty thousand inhabitants, and is situated in a delicious country. It occupies all the sides of a very steep and lofty hill, on the highest point of which is built the cathedral. At the bottom runs the river Orbe. The prospect is extensive and beautiful, bounded to the north by mountains, and terminated on the south by the Mediterranean. It is esteemed one of the most plentiful and eligible places of residence in the kingdom; all the necessaries and elegancies of life being procured here at the most moderate prices.

Beziers is said to have been a Roman Station, and was used by them as a place of arms. The siege, which happened during the crusade against the Albigenses, was one of the most memorable and bloody which distinguished that flagitious war. The garrison defended it with determined bravery; and every other means having failed in the attempt for its reduction on the part of the besiegers, a resolution was taken to storm the city. The papal Nuncio, assisted by Guesman the

\* The junction of the Severn and Isis, through Salween Hill, is much more extraordinary than this.


Spaniard, who is better known in ecclesiastical history under the name of St. Dominic, exhorted the troops to behave with courage in this pious enterprise, and promised them remission from all their past offences. After a long and obstinate struggle, Beziers was entered by the victorious soldiery, who massacred, in cold blood, sixty thousand of the wretched inhabitants, without distinction of sex, rank, or age, and afterwards reduced the city to ashes. I leave the reader to make the natural reflections on this horrid catastrophe. I do not permit myself to comment on such an affair, to which there are but too many similar in the history of the Romish church. That religion has doubtless ever been unfavourable and unpropitious to the happiness of the human race, which nourishes in its essence the seeds of theological controversy, and metaphysical subtleties; disputes which, however contemptible in themselves, necessarily produce that spirit of intoleration and persecution, which uniform experience proves to be the certain consequence in modern ages, of a difference in opinion on sacred subjects. Happy the Romans and the Greeks, who established no crusades to convert the provinces which they subdued! who massacred no people for their adherence to the superstition of their ancestors, who knew no points of scholastic or polemical divinity; but who, with open arms, received the gods of the conquered nations, and admitted Isis and the dog Anubis to a place in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus \*!

The

\* While we admire the liberal and enlightened principles of our author, in regard to persecution, we see no reason for e  
r

The cathedral of Beziers contains nothing remarkable, except the tomb of the Pri Blanché of France. Philip of Valois here fell at the age of fifty-six, fell in love with Blanche d'Evrenx, the most beautiful princess in Europe. She was only sixteen years old; but this disproportion in their ages did not prevent the nuptials. The king enjoyed his bride a very short time, and died the ensuing year, of the same disease which proved fatal to Louis XII. king of France, and to Don John, son to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. The queen was left pregnant, and brought into the world some months afterwards the princess Blanche, who, when she had attained her twentieth year, was betrothed to the Count of Barcelona, but died at this city on her journey to Catalonia.

Pursuing my route, I reached Montpellier, a delightful place of residence. I staid there several days, and left it with excessive regret. The city itself is by no means beautiful, the streets are almost all narrow, winding, and ill-planned




and melt away into the sea to the south. Though winter had almost stripped the trees of their verdure, there is nothing melancholy or desert which presents itself to the eye. A sky serene and unclouded, an invigorating sun, a keen and wholesome air spread a gaiety over November itself, which here is neither accompanied with fogs nor rain. Montpellier has, notwithstanding, lost, within these last thirty years, that reputation for salubrity which conduces more to the support of a place, than any actual advantages it may possess; and the number of strangers, who visit it from motives of health, diminishes annually. Some trade is still carried on from thence by a small river called the Les, which empties itself into the sea at the distance of a league; but the Mediterranean has been retiring these three centuries from the whole coast of Languedoc and Provence. Frejus, where the emperor Augustus laid up his galleys after the battle of Actium, is now become an inland city.

The country from Montpellier to Nîmes, is like a garden, level, and every where cultivated. The peasants were just beginning to gather the olives, which were very numerous; and the trees are planted with the same regularity as our orchards in England. I cannot but envy the inhabitants this genial climate and these fertile plains, and am ready to accuse Nature of partiality in the infinite difference which she has placed between the peasant of Languedoc and of Sweden. In vain shall I be told that the Amor Patriæ, the attachment we naturally bear to that country where we were born, renders them equally happy, and extinguishes all other distinctions. I know the force of this principle; I feel and cultiva

taste it with the greatest ardour, but it has led me to the infinite superiority with certain climates are endowed, above others.

I passed three days at Nîmes in the sight of magnificent and beautiful remains man greatness which yet exist there. They have been described a thousand times, and it is in vain to fatigue the reader with a repetition of them. The amphitheatre, and the mausoleum, are known throughout every kind of Europe. The first of these impresses the mind with the deepest veneration: the latter excites the most elegant and refined delight. Indignant against the barbarians, who could violate these glorious monuments of antiquity, and mix with the fictions of every superstition, can scarce believe that Charles Martel, faithful to the Roman name, had the insolence to fill the corridors of the amphitheatre with wood, to which he set fire with an intention to destroy it; though it surpassed his malice to build so vast an edifice. Yet, notwithstanding





in its construction. This superb temple is now converted into a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, ornamented with gilding, and other holy finery, able to such an alteration.

At a quarter of a mile from the city of Nîmes another temple, much decayed, which immemorial tradition has consecrated to Diana; but which, by antiquaries, is generally supposed to have been sacred to the Dii infernales, as it is said that no light was admitted into it. In the inside, are numbers of mutilated statues, columns, capitals, and inscriptions, which have been found there from time to time. Close to it is a very copious fountain, which may vie with that of Vaucluse in beauty, though not in fame. The channel through which it flows had been obstructed in a series of ages by sand and gravel, the inhabitants of Nîmes undertook some years ago to cleanse and restore its course. In the progress of this work they discovered a number of Roman coins, rings, and other antiquities, several of which are equally rare, and well preserved. On the summit of the rock from whence the fountain issues, stands a building, manifestly Roman, and vulgarly called *La Tour de Nîmes*. Its exposed situation has conduced to hasten its decay; but at what time it was built, or what purposes it served, are now totally unknown.

Nîmes is an ill-built place, containing in it nothing extraordinary or remarkable. Numerous fables are related concerning its origin, which is carried into times anterior by many centuries to the Roman conquests; and it probably does not occupy at present the fourth part of the ground on which it formerly stood.



The view of the Rhone here is very  
On one side in Languedoc, stands  
considerable town, with a ruined cas-  
ing a rock; on this side is situat  
with a correspondent castle, far m  
able, and washed by the waves. T  
is much broader than the Thames a

I scarcely ever remember, even i  
ern climate, a colder day than tha  
continued my journey from Taras-  
seilles. Winter seemed to have tal  
of the face of nature, before its t  
Remi, a little town only four league  
con, I turned about a mile out of th  
the remains of the monuments of  
Consul Marius, as trophies of his  
the Cimbri and Teutones. Thou  
ages have elapsed since their conf  
yet forcibly recal the idea of Roman

It was night when I arrived at


sacred to Priapus, the inscriptions on which indicate their gratitude to that deity, for his supposed succour and assistance. I saw nothing in the cathedral deserving attention, except the tomb of Charles of Anjou, last of the great Angevin line, kings of Naples, and counts of Provence.

The distance from Aix to Marseilles is only twenty miles. There is, notwithstanding, a considerable difference in the climate of Marseilles, which is milder in winter, and cooler during the heats of summer, from its vicinity to the Mediterranean. Nature seems to have designed this place for commerce. The entrance of the harbour, which is extremely narrow and surrounded by lofty mountains, protects and shelters vessels, during the most violent storms. The port itself forms a delightful walk at this season of the year, as it is open to the southern sun, and crowded with vast numbers of people; not only of all the European nations, but of Turks, Greeks, and natives of the coast of Barbary. The whole scene is one of the most agreeable that can be imagined, if the chains of the galley slaves, heard among the din of business, did not tincture it with the hateful idea of slavery. The galleys themselves, useless and neglected, rot peaceably in their respective stations; having long ceased to be of any utility to the state.

I was forcibly struck with the wide difference between the genius of the Provençaux, and that generally attributed to the French. The common people here have a brutality and rudeness of manners more characteristic of a republican, than of a monarchical and absolute government. Their language, *so famous* in ancient romance, is a corrupt Italian, more intelligible to a Neapolitan

the dead. Some small human bones, to be hers, and a leaden box which a scroll of Italian verses, obscurely a Petrarch's attachment to her, were all paid the monarch's curiosity. Laura, it died of the plague which desolated the part of Europe in 1347, and the sorrow and of which Boccace has drawn the mated and dreadful picture which came up to human contemplation.

It seems impossible to recognise the or the adjacent country of Avignon as appear at present, under the melancholy colour which Petrarch has portrayed them. The plain of the Comtat Venaissin in which stands, and the rich banks of the Rhodan, described by him as a frightful desert, there pours a river, swept by continual winds and pests. Ovid has given us the same hour of the coast of the Black Sea, a climate testibly one of the finest of the earth, and with an almost perpetual spring. The




less than a quarter of a mile in length ; but being so narrow as not to permit two carriages to pass, in any part, it had previously become almost useless ; and motives of policy prevent the construction of a new bridge, while Avignon belongs to the papal see.—On the farther side of the Rhone, in Languedoc, stands Ville Neuve, a considerable town, with a magnificent monastery of Benedictines, seated on a rock, correspondent to that on which is built the cathedral of Avignon. The high mountain of Ventoux, in the province of Dauphiné, covered with snow, and which Petrarch has described, appears to the north ; and the savage rocks of Vaucluse bound the view to the eastward, at the distance of fifteen miles. Beneath spreads an extensive cultivated vale, watered by several rivulets, which lose themselves in the Rhone.

The city of Avignon itself is in general ill built, irregular, and devoid of beauty ; but the Gothic walls and ramparts with which it has been surrounded by different pontiffs, are well preserved, and are objects of high curiosity. Several popes and antipopes, who, during their lives, shook the Romish church with violence and mutual altercation, repose quietly near each other, in the various monasteries of the place ; and in that of the Cordeliers, almost opposite to Laura's, is the tomb of the brave Grillon, so well known for his invincible courage, as well as for his unshaken attachment to his sovereign, Henry IV.

The fountain of Vaucluse, immortalized by Petrarch, and to which he so often retired to indulge his grief and hopeless love, is only five leagues distant from Avignon. Meadows of the most lively green skirt its sides, above which r

abrupt and lofty rocks, that seem designed to exclude it from human view. The valley gradually narrows toward the extremity, and winding continually, describes the figure of a horse-shoe. The view is at length terminated by an enormous mass of rock, forming a barrier across it, of a prodigious height, and absolutely perpendicular. Through its vast recesses run the streams which supply the fountain of Vaucluse; and at its foot appears a basin of water, several hundred feet in circumference, stretched like an expanse, silent and tranquil. The sides are very steep, and it is said that in the middle no bottom can be discovered; though attempts have been often made for that purpose. Though the fountain is clearer in itself than crystal, yet the incumbent rock casts a continual shade, approaching to black, over its surface. The water escaping from this state of inaction by a narrow passage, is immediately precipitated in a cascade, down a rocky channel, where it foams over a number of vast, detached stones, which intercept and im-



less than a quarter of a mile in length ; but being so narrow as not to permit two carriages to pass, in any part, it had previously become almost useless ; and motives of policy prevent the construction of a new bridge, while Avignon belongs to the papal see.—On the farther side of the Rhone, in Languedoc, stands Ville Neuve, a considerable town, with a magnificent monastery of Benedictines, seated on a rock, correspondent to that on which is built the cathedral of Avignon. The high mountain of Ventoux, in the province of Dauphiné, covered with snow, and which Petrarch has described, appears to the north ; and the savage rocks of Vaucluse bound the view to the eastward, at the distance of fifteen miles. Beneath spreads an extensive cultivated vale, watered by several rivulets, which lose themselves in the Rhone.

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ab

blem of immortality.—Petrarch is  
middle life, of an engaging figure,  
bound with laurel.

I returned to Avignon in the  
quitted it on the morning of the  
At Orange, where I breakfasted, it  
ble not to dedicate an hour to the r  
Roman theatre, and the triumphal  
us: edifices the most august and  
though injured by the lapse of near  
years. I continued my journey to  
the eastern bank of the Rhone.  
ed north, the weather became mo  
piercing; while the bize blew wi  
keenness, and chilled the spring  
just opening. I arrived at Lyon  
days journey. My road from the  
mont, lay through the provinces  
and Forez, the first of which, th  
finely cultivated. Between Lyons:

let is seen in several miles; and the silence, the depopulation, and romantic solitudes, through which I passed, strongly reminded me of Sweden or Finland.

In my way I halted at Thiers, a considerable town, situated on the steep side of a mountain, from whence is beheld a most delicious landscape. The country extends, for many leagues on all sides, in a cultivated plain, terminated by another range of mountains; and Clermont itself is distinctly seen at the distance of five-and-twenty miles. This rich tract of the Auvergne, is denominated La Limagne, and forms a basin, completely surrounded by rocks and hills. The soil is uncommonly fertile, and inferior to no part of France. Several fine streams intersect it, and add to the beauty of the landscape.

The situation of Clermont is agreeable, on a gentle eminence, the ascent to which is gradual and easy. The city itself seems to have been built in an age the most barbarous, the streets being so narrow and winding, that no carriage can enter them, and the buildings are of correspondent antiquity; but the suburbs are charming, and the houses modern and elegant. I visited the petrifying spring, which Charles IX. of France is said to have surveyed with so much pleasure and admiration. It is only a quarter of a mile from the town. In the course of ages, this spring has formed a ridge of stone, or incrustation, not less than sixteen feet in height, above a hundred feet long, and in some parts near ten in thickness. As it impeded, and at length totally stopped the current of a little rivulet, which intersected its course, the inhabitants were obliged to open passage through it. The stream is now direc-



into another channel, and has begun to form a new bridge across the rivulet into which it falls.

It was my intention to have penetrated farther into this romantic province, but the season was too early to permit me to ascend any of the highest mountains of Auvergne. I should, however, certainly have gone to Usson, which is only ten leagues distant, if any considerable remains of the castle had still existed. A gentleman, who resides at Issoire, near the spot, gave me this description of it.


“ The castle of Usson, stood upon the summit of an almost inaccessible rock; at the foot of which flowed a little river. Margaret of Valois, queen of Henry IV. by a masterly piece of address, expelled the Marquis de Canillac, to whose custody she was confided, and rendered herself mistress of the place. Some ruins of it yet remain in the last stage of decay, which the vulgar apprehend to have been formerly sacred to religious purposes, and which they denominate, *les Chapelles de la Reine Marguerite*. It is true

ays, might yet be discovered some of the shepherds of poetry and romance. The count was not at home, but I was received by his lady, in a manner the most noble and polite. She did me the honour to detain me five days, which I passed in a way never to be erased from my remembrance.

At Montpensier, I stopped to view the mount where formerly stood the castle, now totally demolished; and which is rendered famous in history by the death of Louis VIII. king of France, and father of St. Louis. He died there in 1226, on his return from the siege of Avignon, and as was commonly supposed, of poison administered to him by the Count de Champagne.

I arrived the ensuing day at Moulins, which stands in a fine plain close to the river Allier; along the sides of which are planted walks of elm, poplar and aspin. The city, though the capital of the province of Bourbonnois, is mean and ill built. I viewed the church of the nunnery of the Visitation, where I saw the the Mausoleum of Henry Duke of Montmorenci. It was erected to his memory by the duchess, his wife, Marie Felice des Ursins. I looked at this superb monument, with sensations of the deepest pity for the unfortunate hero, to whom it was raised. The tomb itself is composed of the most beautiful and costly marbles. The duke appears in a reclining attitude, his left arm supported on his helmet; and by him sits his widow, her eyes directed to heaven, and her hands clasped, in an attitude of sorrow strongly marked.

It is a delightful ride from Moulins to Nevers, through the provinces of Bourbonnois and Niver-



a superb couch, the curtains of which  
back, and supported by cupids. Half  
half voluptuous, half contemplative,  
dressed in a negligent dishabille,  
floats down over her shoulders and  
ringlets. Her head rests on her hand  
and one of her feet is concealed by her  
other, which is naked to the middle  
which the painter, with great taste,  
employed all his art, is placed on an  
cushion.

I passed the river Loire at La Charre  
I entered the province of Berry;  
from thence to Bourges is about twenty leagues.  
The country is much inferior, in cultivation,  
to that between Moulins and Bourges.  
The far greater part consists in thin  
barren heaths destitute of inhabitants.

exile, and his misfortunes. Over the portal is a fine statue of Charles VII. under whose reign he flourished; the king is habited in complete armour, and mounted on horseback. That prince usually held his court here; from which he was called by our victorious Henry V. *Le petit Roi de Bourges*, by way of contempt.

During my stay here, I went to see the tomb of Jane of Valois, daughter to Louis XI. and wife to Louis XII. from whom he was divorced, to marry Ann of Bretagne, on his accession to the crown of France. The repudiated princess retired to this city; and having dedicated her remaining days to piety, died in the convent of St. Jane, which she had founded. One of the nuns shewed me, through the grating, her slippers and nuptial robes, which are preserved with great care; and she added, though not to my conviction, that innumerable miracles had been performed by her relics and intercession.

The cathedral of Bourges is a most magnificent edifice, though the external architecture of the building does not correspond in beauty or symmetry to its interior. The church is of prodigious dimensions, and the quantity of painted glass which it contains, is scarcely inferior to that at Gouda, in Holland. John, duke of Berri, and brother to Charles V. king of France, lies buried in the subterranean chapel, under the cathedral, beneath a marble tomb of costly workmanship.

Few other objects present themselves to the eye, in this city, except ruins.

If Charles VII. could revive, I am persuaded he would perfectly recognise the place, which appears to have undergone very little alteration.



have been rooms of state, might almost be inhabited at present. The chamber where, as it is said, the unhappy king expired, is in one of the smaller towers, the entrance into which is obstructed by the stones which have fallen from above. The whole edifice is composed of a stone nearly equal to marble in whiteness and durability, and is surrounded by a deep ditch. In the centre stands the chapel, the workmanship and delicacy of which are astonishing. This castle is one of the finest monuments, now existing in Europe, of the taste and style of architecture in the fifteenth century.

I pursued my journey through the provinces of Berri and Sologne to Orleans, where I arrived the ensuing day. The entrance into it is noble and striking from the south, over a fine bridge across the Loire, of nine arches. The city itself is, in general, very meanly built, and the streets narrow; one only excepted, which leads from the bridge, and is composed of modern, elegant buildings. In this street stands the celebrated monument, where Charles VII. and the Maid of Orleans are represented on their knees before the body of our Saviour, who lies extended on the lap of the Virgin. It was erected by order of that monarch, in 1458, to perpetuate his victories over the English, and their expulsion from his dominions. All the figures are of iron. The king appears bareheaded, and by him lies his helmet, surmounted with a crown. Opposite to him is the maid herself, in the same attitude of grateful devotion to Heaven. It is a most precious and invaluable historical monument.

In the *Hotel de Ville* is a portrait of the same extraordinary woman, executed in 1581, which



bonnet enriched with pearls, and  
white plumes, tied under her chin.  
About her neck is a little collar,  
upon her bosom, a necklace of  
links. Her dress fits close to  
cut, or flashed at the arms and  
her waist is an embroidered girdle.  
In her right hand she holds the sword  
which expelled the enemies of her  
country.

The environs of Orleans, more  
the province of Sologne, to the south  
are very agreeable. It is in gen-  
eral, covered with corn and vine.  
Near there I visited La Source, a  
small town by the abode of Henry St  
Lingbroke, who passed the chief  
of this retreat. Near the house,

taste. Instead of a dark and gloomy hollow, shaded by deep woods, and adapted to the genius of the scene, in the midst of which the spring formerly rose with violence out of the earth, he has enlarged the opening from whence it issues; and it now only appears to bubble up without force, in the middle of a shallow artificial basin. No trees of any kind conceal or shelter it from view; and after first passing through a narrow channel, it is dispersed in the form of a looking-glass before the house.


I left Orleans on Sunday the 12th, and arrived at Blois the same evening. Curiosity to visit the tomb of Louis XI. who is interred at Notre Dame de Clery, induced me to take the road through that place, though less direct. I passed the bridge of St. Mesmin, memorable for the assassination of Francis duke of Guise, with Brantome in my hand; and attempted, from his minute and exact description, to ascertain the precise spot where that illustrious prince was killed by Meré Poltrot, during the civil wars of France under Charles IX.

The church of Clery was built by Louis XI. who had always a singular and capricious devotion for the Virgin Mary, to whom it is dedicated. From a similar superstition, he ordered his body to be interred there, under a monument, which he had himself erected. The Hugonots, in the civil wars under Catherine of Medicis, broke open his tomb, and scattered the bones about the church with a savage ferocity. Louis XIII. caused the present monument to be constructed in 1622, which is composed of white marble, and well executed. The king is on his knees, in an attitude of prayer, his hands raised to heaven. His queen, Charlotte of Savoy, was originally



ried in the same tomb, and Charles VI his own heart to be deposited there, no other's remains.

I crossed the Loire again at Beaugency, and spent the whole afternoon in the gay groves of Menars. This was the seat of the celebrated Madame de Pompadour, who improved the place, and bequeathed it at her death to the Marquis de Marigny, her only son. The situation is of unparalleled beauty, and the eye is continually entertained on every prospect the most extensive, delicious and cultivated. Towns, palaces, and castles, intermingled with forests, hamlets, abbeys, and vineyards spread below; while a noble river pouring into the plain, diffuses plenty and fertility in every direction. The gardens themselves are laid out with great taste, and adorned with a number of statues, chiefly presented to the marquis by the majesty, Louis XV. Monsieur de Marigny prodigiously improved the place since the death of Madame de Pompadour's decease. The



born; where Isabella of Bavaria, and Mary of Medicis, Queens of France, were imprisoned! within whose walls the Duke and the Cardinal of Guise were sacrificed to the vengeance of Henry III. ! where Valentina of Milan, where Anne of Bretagne, and Claude her daughter, died; and to close this august series of princes, where Catherine of Medicis, so renowned for her genius and her crimes, likewise expired!—I trode with reverence over the ground, rendered in some degree sacred; and viewed with a solemn delight the towers once inhabited by queens and monarchs, now tending to decay, or covered with ivy, which spreads a twilight through the apartments at noon-day. An air of melancholy and departed greatness is strongly diffused through the whole palace, and increased by the silence which universally reigns around.

The castle of Blois stands on a rock, immediately above the Loire, and commands a view of the most captivating beauty. The ancient Counts of Blois held their constant residence here, and constructed the original castle, of which no remains now exist, except one large round tower. The eastern and southern sides, as they now subsist, were built by Louis XII. and over the grand gateway is an equestrian statue of him, habited in a coat of mail.

The style of architecture merits great attention; and some of the figures, which support the windows, are of a nature so very indecent, that in the state of refinement to which modern manners have attained, it excites our surprise how a prince so virtuous as Louis XII. or a queen so rigid and so reserved in her manners as was Anne of Bretagne, could ever have permitted them to be placed

placed in the most conspicuous part of a palace. It is a striking proof of the gross unpolished manners of the sixteenth century, though not of the morals.

The northern front of the castle was built by Francis I. soon after his accession to the throne of France. A more splendid style, a workmanship approaching, in delicacy and elegance, to the Greek and Roman architecture, discriminates it from the former, and marks a more refined and liberal age. The apartments are all spacious and magnificent, though now dismantled and ruined. I was shewn the celebrated chamber in which Henry duke of Guise was assassinated in 1588, by order of Henry III. The stones which were tinged with his blood, have been scraped away by the curiosity of successive conquerors. At the western extremity of the castle is the tower of Chateau-Regnaud, famous for having been the scene of the murder of the Cardinal of Guise. I descended into the dungeons where that ambitious and unfortunate cardinal passed the night previous to his execution. His companion, the Archbishop of Lyons, was confined in doors of massy iron open into a gloomy chamber vaulted, and into which the light is only admitted by one small window closed with iron. In the middle of the floor is a round hole sufficiently large to receive the body of a man. Under it are three ranges of dungeons, one above the other. The cardinal himself was confined to death in a sort of recess hollowed into the wall on the day following that of his brother, the Duke of Guise. They both perished as martyrs of their inordinate ambition.

At the eastern termination of the northern front is the Salle des Etats, where Henry III. assembled the states, twice during his distracted reign. It is a vast hall, now disused, and almost in ruins. In the chimney, the bodies of the Duke and Cardinal of Guise, after their assassination, are said to have been consumed to ashes.

The western front is the work of Gaston duke of Orleans, son of Henry IV. and brother to Louis XIII. It is a beautiful and magnificent edifice, but was unhappily left incomplete by his death, in 1659. Mansard was the architect whom he employed in its construction; and more than three hundred thousand livres were uselessly expended on this sumptuous building, which is uninhabitable, and already far gone in decay. Gaston himself foretold the future state of incompleteness and ruin in which it would be left; and in that conviction exclaimed, as he lay expiring, "*Domus mea, domus desolationis in eternum!*"

The gardens of the castle, which were formerly very extensive, are now converted into private property; and the superb gallery, which was constructed by Henry IV. to divide the upper and lower gardens, is only to be traced in its ruins. The walk of Catherine of Medicis, however, still subsists; it is of a prodigious length, extending to the forests of Blois, and forming an avenue to the castle, truly royal.

I went to visit Chambord, the famous palace of Francis I. which is about four leagues from hence, on the southern side of the Loire. It stands in a low situation, surrounded by deep woods, and has all the appearance of one of *Tasso's*, or *Ariosto's*, enchanted castles. The magnitude of the whole structure, together with the  
numerous



times.

1812-1813. Thick ...

and in the front scarcely flows a  
the Centre, black and full of fe  
is covered round, in the gloomy  
when it was built: but the ar  
though thickly Gothic, is full of  
genre. A grand staircase in th  
for a long time to the different  
the rest, and by a singular contr  
of the design, so that two perso  
could sit at the same time, witho  
meeting each other.

The chambers, though now  
has long ago had the injurious e  
of a very early stage descent. Th  
owned by the late Maréchal  
the most interesting, and in  
the most interesting. In many of  
the most interesting to support the  
of the Maréchal, who had been  
the most interesting.

1540. Henry II. made some additions to the palace. His father's device, a *Salamander in the flames*, is seen in almost every part of the building.

Since the decease of Marechal Saxe, Chambord is hastening to decay. Louis XIV. made several visits to it, to enjoy the pleasure of hunting; but his successor totally neglected it, and many hundred thousand livres must now be expended on the palace, before it could be rendered fit to lodge and receive a sovereign.

The city of Blois is meanly built, and many of the houses are coeval with the castle itself. It stands on the declivity of the hill, along the northern bank of the river, and is joined to a considerable suburb, on the opposite side of the Loire, by a modern bridge. No language can describe the beauty of the Loire, or the fertility of the country through which it flows. The extreme poverty and misery of the peasants, in the midst of a delicious paradise, producing, in the greatest abundance, all the necessaries and elegancies of life, impresses one with pity, wonder, and indignation. There is much magnificence, but still more distress; one princely chateau surrounded with a thousand wretched hamlets; the most studied and enervate luxury, among the higher orders of society, contrasted with beggary and nakedness, among the people, forcibly strike the contemplative mind.

The road from Blois to Tours is one of the most agreeable in France, and lies along the bank of the river Loire. Hills, whose sides are covered with vines; forests, among which appear spires and villas; or wide plains, cultivated with the greatest industry, continually diversify and enliven the scene.

summer of Louis XII. was 1  
and the devices of his family  
be traced on the great towers

Henry II. made a present  
mistress, Diana de Poitiers, c  
nois, so celebrated in the ann  
improved and enlarged it very  
the death of her royal lover,  
of Medicis, who had long env  
sion of Chaumont, rather co  
quested, the duchess to renoun  
but by an act of generosity  
she presented Diana, in ret  
Chenonceaux-sur-Cher. Soon  
Catherine, Chaumont fell into  
Viscount de Sardini, a Lucque  
had married a lady of the hou  
tantly allied to that

on 11

Wars of religion in France. The castle is situated on a craggy rock, extremely difficult of access. At its foot flows the Loire, which is divided into two streams by a small island. Only two detached parts of the ancient castle now remain, one of which was constructed by Charles VIII. and the other by Francis I. From the hill behind the castle, is seen another of those enchanting landscapes, which these provinces of France continually exhibit, and where the eye is delighted with a profusion of natural beauties.

I proceeded the ensuing day to Chanteloup, the palace of the Duke de Choiseul, about a mile from Amboise. Neither the situation nor the views are attractive. The prospect which it commands is very limited, and the Loire, although at so inconsiderable a distance, is scarcely seen even from the upper apartments. The rooms which I was allowed to view, though splendid, were equally destitute of any production of painting or of sculpture; and fell far short of the magnificent ideas which I had been taught to preconceive of Chanteloup. The duke has, notwithstanding, spent immense sums on this palace, and is employed in constructing additional chambers, which will surpass all those already finished, in grandeur and elegance.

From thence I continued my journey to Tours, which is built in a fine plain, on the southern bank of the Loire. The surrounding country surpasses in fertility, and every eminence, within several miles of the place, is occupied either by convents or villas. Among the former, is the celebrated monastery of Marmoutier, from whence *Isabella of Bavaria*, queen of Charles VI. was



the tower of the Bastille, the machine through which the death of Louis was, in the usual phrase of confinement for the English nation. Its origin remained a mystery, nor is there any record as to a certain the name of the time of its construction, and its condition, and fortified by 1200 masonry. Charles VII. frequented the prison there during the reign of the Duke of Alençon, the prince of the blood royal, was there imprisoned by that monarch's court of the inhuman practices, and the Cardinal de la Baie years. This inhuman engine of 1200 masonry, not above eleven feet square. The machine released in 1481, at the time of the long


and in the midst of summer the rays of the sun enter through this opening, about the hour of noon, only for a few minutes. Over the chimney is the figure of a head, supposed to be Sforza's, covered with a helmet.

I quitted this chamber, and descended with my guide, by the light of a torch, into the Oubliettes, or subterranean dungeons. They are labyrinths hollowed into the earth, of a vast extent, and totally destitute of light. The air itself was so moist and unwholesome, that it almost extinguished the flambeau. The man who attended me, made me remark circular holes in many places of the incumbent rock, through which they let down the wretched victims destined to perish in these caverns. Doors of massy iron closed up the entrance, and prevented all possibility of succour or escape. I was glad to leave these dismal abodes of darkness and horror, to revisit the cheerful day. The greater part of the castle of Loches is now in ruins; but it is, notwithstanding, still used for the confinement of persons accused of crimes of state; and it then contained a gentleman who had been immured more than three years, but whose offence was unknown.

In the principal church of Loches, before the high altar, is interred the celebrated Agnes Soreille, mistress to Charles VII. who died in 1449. The monument is composed of black marble, and on it are her effigies, executed in white alabaster. If the figure may be supposed to resemble her, she was feminine and delicate to the utmost degree. The face is perfectly correspondent to the other parts, and conveys an idea of uncommon loveliness, mixed with exquisite fragility. Her hands, which are joined in the act of prayer, are

## WRAXALL'S TOUR.

of symmetry and proportion. Round her neck is tied a broad fillet, studded with pearls. A sort of necklace composed of the same ornaments falls on her bosom. She lies upon a bolstered cushion; her dress is simple and elegant, concealing her limbs from view, and her feet are placed two lambs, emblematical of her name, Agnes. Time has begun to injure and disfigure the figure and the tomb in many parts. She viewed it with extreme satisfaction during forty minutes, from the recollection of that magnanimity which actuated her conduct, and which she communicated into her lover, when sinking under the superior power of his enemies. Among the many favourites of princes whose names history has preserved, none appear to have been more worthy a monarch's attachment, and a nation's love, than was Agnes Soreille. A thousand fables, respecting her, are yet preserved among the inhabitants of Loches; her beauty, her liberality, and her power over the king, form the principal subjects of the traditions. It is certain, that she resided in a little town, only distant a few miles from where



I next visited the castle of Pleffez-les-Tours, so famous for having been the scene of the illness and death of Louis XI. in 1483. I felt a secret horror as I entered the court, and surveyed the walls once covered with iron spikes, where a continual guard kept watch during the last sad hours of the guilty and expiring monarch. Pleffez is situated only half a league from Tours, in a plain surrounded by woods, at a little distance from the Loire. The building is yet handsome, though only composed of brick, and now converted to purposes of commerce. In the chapel, on the right hand of the high altar, is a masterly and beautiful portrait of Louis XI. himself, dressed in complete armour. Within his left arm, which lies on his breast, is a standard; and with his right hand he takes off his helmet, in the act of salutation to the Virgin Mary and her infant. His harsh and unpleasing features are softened into a smile of pleasure and complacency. He seems to extend his left hand towards the child, whose eye is fixed on his with eagerness. These indications of tenderness have given room to suppose, that by the figures of Mary and of our Saviour, are designed Charlotte of Savoy his queen, and Charles VIII. his son. Her habit, which is royal, the diadem on her head, and more than all, a resemblance between the infant and the king, which is very striking, strongly confirm this supposition.

Tours is an unpleasant and ill-built city; but several projected improvements, some of which are already executed, will, probably, in a few years, materially alter its appearance.

At Langeais, about seven leagues from Tours stopped to examine the remains of the castle  
wh

which are yet noble, though decayed and in ruins. It is rendered celebrated in history by the nuptials of Anne of Bretagne with Charles VIII. which were solemnized there in 1488. I arrived at the city of Saumur the same evening. Five leagues from this place stands the abbey of Fontevraud, where Henry II. and Richard I. of England are interred. It is situated in a valley near the confines of Anjou, on the side of Touraine. Rocky hills rise behind it, and thick woods conceal it almost entirely from view. An air of melancholy and silence reigns on all sides, peculiarly characteristic of, and suitable to, the gloomy devotion of monastic life. As I walked under the high and venerable rows of elms in the gardens of the convent, it was impossible for me not to feel, in some degree, those awful sensations which are naturally inspired by these religious solitudes. The abbey was founded in the year 1096, by Robert d'Arbrissel. Its reputation for sanctity, and its vicinity to Chinon, at which city Henry II. died, were probably the causes of his being interred at Fontevraud, which was not the burial place of his progenitors, the Counts of Anjou. Sentiments of penitence and contrition for his filial disobedience, induced Richard I. to order, in his dying moments, that his body should be laid at the feet of his father, Henry. Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife of the one, and mother of the other, prince, lies buried in the same tomb; as do likewise Jane Queen of Sicily and Countess of Provence, daughter to Henry II. and Elizabeth of Angoulême, widow to John king of England. The figures of all these sovereigns are carved in stone upon the monument itself; but as that is inclosed within the grate, in the part of the choir

the abbess and nuns assemble for public  
 ion, no interest or entreaties could possibly  
 re me admittance into this sacred inclosure;  
 was consequently prevented from observing  
 th that minuteness and attention which I  
 have wished.

Antevrauld, besides the respect derived from  
 antiquity, has been ever considered as one of  
 most honourable and important ecclesiastical  
 ices in France. Many princesses of the  
 have successively governed it, and the re-  
 es are immense. The number of religious, of  
 sexes, under the abbess's direction, amounts  
 ore than two hundred, and her authority,  
 temporal and spiritual, is very extensive.

I returned back to Saumur the same evening,  
 left it again on the 25th of May. The town  
 all, but pleasantly situated on the Loire,  
 which is a long bridge, continued through  
 mber of islands. Saumur was anciently a  
 important pass over the river, and of conse-  
 ce was frequently and fiercely disputed by  
 r party, during the civil wars of France in  
 xteenth century. The castle overlooks the  
 and river. It is built on a lofty eminence,  
 has a venerable and majestic appearance,  
 h now only used as a prison of state. The  
 of Sicily, and dukes of Anjou, of the house  
 ois, who descended from John king of  
 re, often resided in the castle of Saumur, as  
 stituted a part of their Angevin dominions.  
 e distance from Saumur to Angers is about  
 en leagues, and the greater part of the road  
 long the banks of the Loire. Anjou appears  
 o yield in fertility or beauty to any province  
 kingdom. It produces wines of the most  
 delicious

delicious and exquisite flavour, among which that of Champigny, a little village near Fontevraud, is particularly admired.

I made a stay of two days in Angers. This city stands in a plain, and is divided into La haute and La basse ville by the river Mayenne, which winds through meadows, and falls into the Loire five miles below. The castle was built by St. Louis, about the middle of the thirteenth century. The walls, fosses, and numerous towers which yet subsist, evince its former magnificence; and its situation in the centre of the city, on a rock overhanging the river, conduces to give it an air of grandeur, though at present it is in decay. It was the principal residence of the kings of Sicily, as dukes of Anjou. The cathedral of Angers is a venerable structure, and although it has undergone many alterations in the course of ages since its construction, yet the architecture is singular and attractive. Here lies interred, with her ancestors, the renowned Margaret, daughter of René king of Sicily, and queen of Henry VI. of England. She expired, after her many intrepid, but ineffectual, efforts to replace her husband on the throne, in the year 1482, at the castle of Dampierre, in Anjou. The English historians seem to have paid little attention to this illustrious princess in her retirement and obscurity, after Louis XI. of France had ransomed her from Edward IV. She was the favourite child of René, who solemnly renounced, in favour of the king of France, all his claims on the province of Anjou and the duchy of Lorraine, to obtain her freedom. In his court, and under his protection, she remained at Aix in Provence, the usual place of that prince's residence, till his death obliged her to return home.

She was there received by Vignole, who had been her vice, and who afforded her the aid of Richmond, who was at Bosworth, and who was at Vannes, went from Vannes to her advice. She strongly tempted against the house of not survive to be a witness of the remains of that commanding and once possessed, accompanied of life. A French writer of Margaret when near, presses both with horror and the transience of beauty, years in their truest colours, of considerable size, but the are almost as mean and as ges. The walls, with which and surrounded it in 1214, remain and are of a very large cir-

h at La Fleche, a pretty town in Anjou. In the church which suits, are the hearts of Henry Medicis, which were deposited in command of those princes, since of Maine next morning, from La Fleche to Mans, through closed and finely wooded. The is very pleasant, near the junction of rivers, which wind through a land ascended to the top of the canon of the finest inland province conceived. Towards Normandy it is lost in clouds at a great distance.



distance, and on the side of Bretagne extends the forest of Mans, the scene of that extraordinary phantom which is said to have appeared to Charles VI. of France, and which was a principal cause of his subsequent insanity. The city of Mans is small, but preferable to Angers in elegance and regularity. It formerly constituted, together with the province of which it is the capital, a part of our Henry II's hereditary dominions, in right of his mother Matilda. In the year 1216, Philip Augustus conquered Maine from John, and annexed the province to the crown of France.

It was late in the day when I left Mans, and as Alençon is twelve leagues distant, I was obliged to stop at a little town named Beaumont-le-Viscomte, situated near the confines of Maine and Normandy, on the side of a steep hill, at the foot of which runs a rivulet, and from whence a delicious landscape is seen on all sides. I got to Alençon the ensuing morning. The place is of considerable size, washed by the little river Sarte, and stands in the midst of an extensive plain. I slept at Seez, an ancient city, and continued my route next day to L'Aigle, a small town; but well known in history by its castle, though scarce any traces of it now remain. Our annals inform us, that William the Conqueror frequently resided there in his visits to these his hereditary dominions.

Having crossed a considerable part of Normandy, I reached the city of Evreux, which is situated in a deep vale surrounded with lofty hills; and pursuing my journey, arrived at Rouen on the last of May. Rouen is too well known, and too frequently visited, to render any long descrip-

tion of it necessary. The Seine is beautiful both above and below the place, covered with little islands overgrown with wood, and running at the foot of a range of lofty mountains. Near its bank, at one extremity of the city, are yet seen the remains of the palace which Henry V. of England began in 1419, and which was completed under his unfortunate son Henry VI. in 1443. At a small distance from it is a tower, in which John duke of Bedford confined the Maid of Orleans previous to her trial. A statue is erected to her on the spot where her cruel sentence was executed, and an inscription engraven beneath it in her honour. Who would not die, to merit two of the lines which compose it?

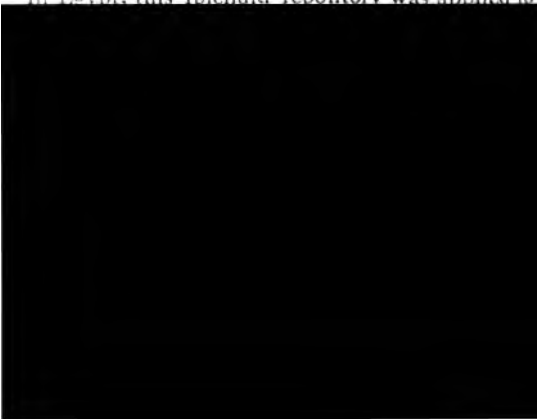
——“*Exuit flammis quod mortale,*

“*Supercst gloria nunquam moritura!*——

I went from hence to visit a little priory, called Notre Dame de bonnes Nouvelles, situated on the southern bank of the Seine, and which was founded by William the Conqueror, previous to his successful attempt on the English crown. It is said, that his wife Matilda being at her devotions in this church, intelligence arrived that the Duke of Normandy had gained the important battle of Hastings; and from this circumstance it obtained the name which it retains at present. Matilda, daughter of Henry I. and mother of Henry II. kings of England, was buried there; but six hundred years have totally erased the inscription on her tomb, of which there are now no traces discernible. This princess, as being duchess of Normandy, resided frequently at Rouen, and she constructed the ancient bridge across the Seine, of which the ruins yet remain

though it has long since become useless, as a means of communication.

The cathedral is one of the most magnificent monuments of Gothic architecture to be found in France. It was built under William the Conqueror's reign, and entirely completed in 1063. I trode with reverential awe among the tombs of the numerous kings and princes who are interred in different parts of the edifice. Here lies Rollo the Dane, founder of the Norman line, destined to ascend the English throne; a hero almost lost in the barbarism and distance of the times in which he flourished! Two of his descendants, dukes of Normandy, are buried near him. The heart of Richard I. king of England, which, when dying, he ordered to be deposited in the cathedral of Rouen, is placed on the right hand of the high altar. It was originally preserved in a shrine of massy silver; but during the extreme distress occasioned by the want of money to defray the expences of St. Louis's ransom, when taken prisoner at Damietta in Egypt, this splendid repository was applied to

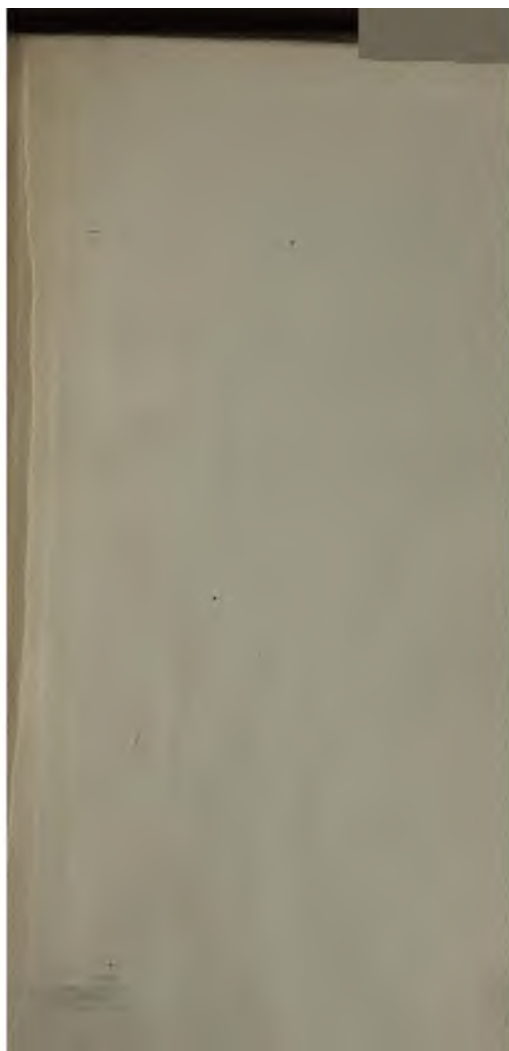


in 1531, is one of the most masterly and beautiful productions of the chissel. The figure of the count himself is extended at full length, and is beautifully executed. On one side is the Virgin Mary, and on the other appears his widow, the celebrated Diana de Poitiers, afterwards the favourite mistress of Henry II. She looks down on the body of her husband; in the attitude and dress of a mourner.

Rouen, though large and enriched by commerce, is not an elegant city. The streets are almost all narrow, crooked and dirty; the buildings old and irregular. It was fortified by St. Louis in 1253, but the walls are now demolished. The environs, more peculiarly the hills which overlook the Seine, are charmingly agreeable, and are covered with magnificent villas.

After a short stay at Rouen, Mr. Wraxall embarked for England; and concluded a tour of considerable extent, which no person of taste can read without pleasure and approbation.













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